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George Harvey's Letters—Edward G. Lowry—Richard Matthews Hallet
Eleanor Mercein—Violette Kimball Dunn—Sam Hellman—F. J. Griffiths

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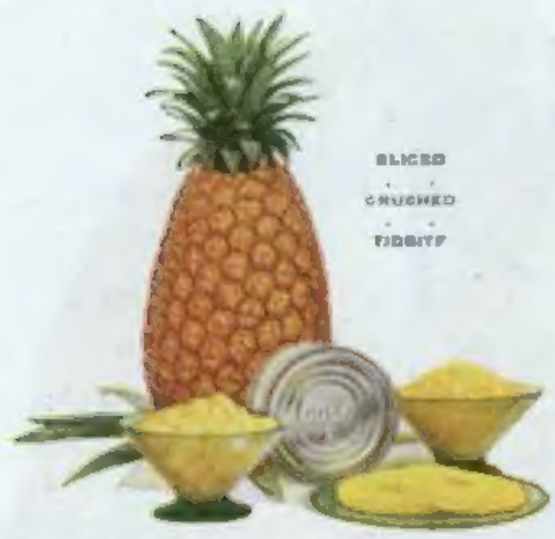

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GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

Warren G. Harding on the Summit of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, During the 1920 Campaign

HARVEY had said to Lodge that the Republican Party was the only organized force that could be looked to for the defeat of the League of Nations and Wilson's other objectionable policies. Inevitably, therefore, he allied or, perhaps, affiliated himself with it for the campaign of 1920, in which what he called "Wilsonism" was obviously to be the supreme issue. Wilson's health had been hopelessly broken in his vehement but futile efforts to enlist by personal appeal the favorable interest of the people of the West in the Covenant of the League; perhaps less by his actual labors, physical and mental, than by the bitter disappointment which he felt at the coldness with which his most impassioned utterances were received. In such circumstances it was manifestly impossible that he should himself be a candidate for reëlection, even had there not been the unwritten law against a third consecutive term. But his moral and intellectual dominance of the Democratic Party was still so far unbroken that he would doubtless be able to dictate the choice of a candidate and the adoption of a platform in harmony with his own policies and, therefore, in favor of American entry into the League of Nations. That, in accordance with Harvey's own philosophy of opposites, made it essential that the Republicans should, in candidate and platform, directly oppose those policies, and especially that entry.

Among several of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination—which he believed would be almost tantamount to election—he had ostensibly no preference, though he had seemed to incline toward Leonard Wood. Any of them would make a good President. In his Weekly he published a series of sketches of them, among which, it is of interest now to recall, was one of Herbert Hoover, whose commanding merits he fully recognized and for whom he forecast nomination and election at some future time, but not in 1920.

Mr. Lodge's Ticklish Bit of Navigating

ALTHOUGH he was still nominally a Democrat, the Republican leaders with one accord looked to Harvey to be the chief inspirer and director of their campaign, both at the National Convention and in the subsequent electoral canvass; precisely as they had accepted his leadership in the senatorial fight against the Covenant of the League. Thus, on May twenty-fifth, Lodge, who was to preside at the convention, wrote to him:

"I am sending you a copy of an uncorrected draft of the speech I hope to make at Chicago, subject to your revision and to any suggestions which you will have the goodness to make. I have to touch on certain very dry subjects, as it is a convention speech; but I cannot escape them, as you will realize, and therefore you will pardon the aridity.

"In regard to the League, no one knows better than you what a narrow channel I have to navigate in, with rocks on both sides. I want to condemn Wilson and all his works. That is comparatively easy, and I think I have done it. I also want to get the convention to give a full approval of all that the Republican senators did, drawing no distinctions between their differing opinions as to the final result. That is, I seek to make my speech, and, I hope, the platform, so broad that those of us who have fought the treaty for a year in the Senate can all stand upon it without any difficulty, and that we can use every argument, from Borah's down to McCumber's. I think the bulk of the convention and the mass of the people at the present moment are in favor of the treaty with the reservations which bear my name. But I do not want to make any pledge as to the future. . . . I am not ready, nor are the others, to bind our President—if he comes in, as I hope and believe he will—or our Administration, or our Congress, to their action of the Fourth of March, 1921. I want simply to have us backed up on all that has been so far accomplished, so that we shall have the party as nearly as possible solidly behind us in the fight. I feel quite sure you will approve the policy and you will, I am also sure, make allowance for the difficulties of doing it."

The Man Who Pulled the Strings at Chicago

IN JUNE the convention met at Chicago, and Harvey, though of course not a delegate, was second to nobody there in influence upon its proceedings. Certainly he dominated the private conferences at which its doings were largely devised and determined. His principal colleagues or coadjutors were Lodge, whom, perhaps, only advanced years prevented from being himself nominated for the presidency; Medill McCormick of Illinois, James E. Watson of Indiana, Reed Smoot of Utah, James W. Wadsworth and William M. Calder of New York, Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut, and Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania. All were United States senators excepting the last named, who was one of the foremost business men of the state and in close touch with Senator Penrose, the Republican leader. I imagine that not one of these gentlemen would have challenged the statement that more than anyone else George Harvey was their mentor and the chief director of their procedure, and that his rooms at the Blackstone Hotel formed the real center of the convention.

From the very beginning it was obvious to Harvey, as to some others, that not one of the leading candidates could—unless by a miracle, and miracles were out of date in

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Senator Lodge and the Senate Sergeant at Arms, David Barry, Calling on President Coolidge

Chicago—secure the nomination. A strong sentiment had been created against General Wood on the ground that a friend of his, without his wish or knowledge, had used in his behalf a considerable sum of money for entirely legitimate purposes in the primary campaign for delegates to the convention. There was also an insane prejudice against him as a militarist. His enemies had created the impression that he was in favor of compulsory military service for all men, after the fashion of some European countries, and that, if elected President, he would at once go to war with Mexico. Of course all this was utter rubbish. But thousands of women were still singing "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," and they gave their delegates to the convention to understand that if they voted for Wood they need not come home again. Harvey believed that it was such senseless prejudice that kept Wood from getting the nomination. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois was also handicapped by the fact that much money had been spent in his primary campaign. As for Hiram Johnson, of California, Harvey pretty truly said that "the very men who were voting for him did not want him."

Presidential Timber

THE serious feature of the situation, which Harvey perceived more clearly than any of the others, was the existence of a great mass of delegates who had come to the convention without instructions or pledges to support any candidate. They had no bosses, no leaders, and would have none. Nobody controlled them. Nobody could gain control of them. Nobody could tell them what to do or tell what they would do. But there was always danger of their being stampeded into some undesirable or even disastrous course. And the longer the deadlock among the leading candidates continued, the more imminent was the danger of such mob action. To that, the alternative was a convention indefinitely prolonged, with scores of futile ballots, extending through many days, and with an ominous increase of faction. And the weather in Chicago was ultra torrid!

In these little less than desperate circumstances, Harvey, with his rare gift of finding clews and keys and the solution of the insoluble, came into contact with the one man who could give him the aid he needed. This was Joseph B. Kealing of Indianapolis, member of the Republican National Committee.

He was not a conspicuous leader and was not the boss of the Indiana delegation. But he was very much in touch with the nearly six hundred independent and unpledged delegates. He had their full confidence and knew or could find out what they wanted. From him Harvey obtained invaluable information, and in him had an invaluable intermediary with the delegates. And so, in the quiet of his room at the hotel, he evolved his plan of campaign. It was perfectly simple. Since none of the Big Three—Wood, Lowden and Johnson—was acceptable to the independent delegates, and therefore none of them could be nominated, and since none of them would withdraw, the only course was to ignore them and to find some other candidate, for whom the delegates would vote.

Harvey imparted his plan to Brandegee at dinner, and readily secured his approval and adherence. After dinner, Lodge and Smoot joined them and were favorably impressed. They then sent out for the other leaders, and, one by one, Watson, McCormick, Wadsworth and Calder came in.

"Here's the Senate in epitome," observed one of them, "with a non-senator, in place of the Vice President, in the chair!"

Thereupon they began canvassing the list of also-rans—the men who had been spoken of and voted for by a few, but who had not approximated to the strength of the Big Three—in quest of an eligible name to send out, through Kealing, to the delegates. First they considered William C. Sproul, governor of Pennsylvania; a splendid man, who had carried his state by a quarter of a million majority. But of course any Republican candidate was expected to carry Pennsylvania; and there would be a cry raised that he was the candidate of the Pennsylvania Railroad. No, Sproul wouldn't do. Well, then, Senator Philander C. Knox, also of Pennsylvania; one of the ablest men in the land? Why, he was getting on toward seventy years and was in failing health. He would never do. In fact, he died the next year.

How about Calvin Coolidge, governor of Massachusetts? Probably the mention of his name warmed the cockles of Harvey's heart, for he was a fellow native of Vermont. But Coolidge had held no national office and was little known outside of New England. And a large part of the country still regarded New England as composed of Puritanism and blue laws. Pass him by. Then Lodge? The senator himself shook his head, half ruefully. "Seventy a month ago." Too bad; for he was one of the finest pieces of presidential timber in the country. Senator Irvine L. Lenroot? No, because he was from Wisconsin. Why, the very mention of the state was hissed by the convention that afternoon every time it was heard. Gov. Henry J. Allen of Kansas? No; to think of him was to think of the Court of Industrial Relations; and his speech nominating Wood was not auspicious.

Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio? He had been before the convention on every ballot, with a substantial number of votes. And his name had been in the minds of all these counselors in Harvey's room. Was there any handicap

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Lord Curzon Speaking Into the Microphone in His London Home, Carlton House Terrace

or obstacle in his case? None of the eight could think of any. Well, let us see how his name impresses the delegates. So Smoot went out to sound various delegations. New York was quite ready to vote for Harding. So were most of the New England delegations. Nowhere was any objection to him offered. Presently Grundy, of Pennsylvania, entered the room. He had not heard what they had been doing, but by intuition he jumped to the conclusion that they were considering Harding, and he instantly and heartily approved the choice. So, send his name to the convention?

"One moment, gentlemen," interposed Harvey. "Let us first speak with Senator Harding himself." For Harvey had received inklings of the whispering campaign of unspeakable insinuations against Harding, which in fact was widely developed a month or two later, but which was so

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Two Ambassadors, Herrick and Harvey, Meet at Rambouillet, France

base and baseless that Woodrow Wilson himself ordered it stopped, under penalty of being publicly repudiated and denounced by him. So Harding was sent for. He was told that his name was about to be presented to the convention in a way that would doubtless assure his nomination.

"But first, Senator Harding," said Harvey, with impressive solemnity, "I wish you to assure these gentlemen and myself, upon your sacred honor and before your God, that you know of no reason, arising out of anything in your past life, why you should not stand with confidence before the American people as a candidate for the highest office within their gift."

Harding was profoundly moved. He was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Gentlemen, I should like to be alone for a little while with my God." And he went into the adjoining room and closed the door. For nearly fifteen minutes he remained there, and then returned, still deeply moved, yet calm and confident. "Gentlemen," he said firmly, "there is no such reason!"

And within an hour he was nominated by the convention for the presidency of the United States.

No Guesswork About It

"THERE was," said Harvey afterward, "no popular explosion for Harding. There was little spontaneity. He was nominated because there was nothing against him and because the delegates wanted to go home. The delegates had become convinced that neither Wood nor Lowden could be or ought to be nominated, and they could not see anybody who would serve better as a candidate than Harding. There was no compromise about the matter. It was a fresh selection of the man whom the delegates considered the best in sight."

He added that, Democrat though he had been, he intended to support Harding throughout the campaign. "Unless, of course," he murmured whimsically, "the Democrats should renominate Mr. Wilson, in which event I naturally should want to sit down and think it over!"

To this authentic narrative of the nomination of Harding there is a striking epilogue which has never before the present, I believe, been publicly disclosed. About a year before the convention, in the summer of 1919, Harvey was among the guests at a house party given by one of the leaders of New York society at her Long Island home. During the evening conversation turned, not unnaturally, upon politics and upon the probable successor of Wilson in the White House; and the hostess suggested that all the company write in her guest book their predictions of the identity of the next President. Most of them did so, but when it came Harvey's turn he demurred.

"I have no business in this," he said, with a smile. "You are all writing down your guesses, but I have no guess to make. You see, I know who the next President will be. If you will give me a card and an envelope, I will write the name of the next President on the card and seal it up, for

you to open after the Republican National Convention has nominated its candidate." This was done, amid the hilarity of the company, who acclaimed it as "just a piece of George Harvey's fooling."

But a year later, when the news came of the result of the Chicago Convention, the hostess of that evening opened the envelope and read upon the card the name of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

After he had thus secured the nomination of Harding, at least as directly as he had eight years before secured that of Woodrow Wilson, Harvey felt it incumbent upon himself to give his services unstinted, as they might be asked or needed, in the prosecution of the campaign, and especially as a counselor and aid to Harding himself. He therefore made a brief visit at Harding's home, at Marion, Ohio, and there can be no impropriety in saying that he was of immense service to the candidate in many ways, notably in advising him concerning the League of Nations, which formed the paramount issue of the campaign. As he had been consulted by Lodge concerning the keynote speech at the convention, it was only natural that he should be similarly consulted by Harding concerning some of his more important utterances. It was probably as a sequel to such counseling that Harding emphasized the suggestion of an association of free nations, animated by considerations of right and justice instead of might and self-interest, and not merely proclaimed an agency in pursuit of peace but so organized and so participated in as to make the actual attainment of peace a reasonable possibility—this, in place of the hidebound, political-minded League of Nations.

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Colonel and Mrs. Harvey on Board Ship

A Candidate to His Counselor

IT WOULD be untruthful and unjust to both men, however, to suppose that Harvey spent much time at Harding's or was his constant coach during the campaign. That such was not the case is evident from some of Harding's letters, lamenting that he could not be in more frequent personal contact with him. Thus, in October, Harding wrote:

"You have been so helpful and so good in your support of the campaign that we have wished many times that you might be here, so that we could have the personal contact and the enjoyment of your companionship. Not only do we greatly miss you at the Harding house but the Marion fellows with whom you came in contact have all expressed a wish that you might have returned for a sojourn among us. I am sure you can understand why I have been reluctant to ask you to come. It is not due to any lack of confidence or any lack of appreciation, but I have been just a little sensitive at times about the recital everywhere that I have to call a council on every utterance I make; so that I have thought probably it was wise to avoid the appearance of too much manufacturing of speeches and statements by the 'council sent here by the National Committee.'

"These things do not in any way disturb my peace of mind, but I have been sufficiently sensitive to wish to avoid giving too much reason for unfriendly comment.

"You have noticed, of course, the criticisms of my statements relating to the Foreign Relations. Probably I do not understand myself, but in my mind they have been consistent throughout. I have at all times spoken in complete opposition to the Wilson League, and I do not know of a single speech in which I have failed to speak kindly of an association of nations based upon the rule of justice. Perhaps I have not been able to make the country understand me, but I have done the best I could, and am willing to let it go at that.

"We have the last week of the campaign before us, and it is a very difficult one to go through with poise and patience. There has been so much of the conscienceless lying and misrepresentation that I should like to forget for twenty-four hours that I am a candidate and meet it as one would wish in his private capacity. However, I shall go through it all patiently, and if we win, as I believe we shall, I shall very much desire advice with you about many important things."

Harding was duly elected, by a popular plurality of more than seven millions—by far the largest ever cast down to that time—and Harvey settled down at home for a much-needed and well-earned rest. In fact, his labors during the campaign had seriously taxed his strength and impaired his health.

Harding's Cabinet

HARDING presently went to the South, partly for a rest, largely to escape from the throng of those who were already seeking appointment to office for themselves or for their friends; specifically, to consider the composition of his cabinet. With him as an expert adviser went Will H. Hays, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, whom he eventually selected for his Postmaster General. He would have liked to have Harvey with him, but he could not go. Before going to the South, however, the President-elect offered to Harvey the post of Secretary of State; indeed, urged it upon him. But Harvey unhesitatingly declined it. Such an appointment, he told Harding, would and should provoke rebellion in the party. For, whatever his competence or incompetence for the place, it would never do to give it to a man so new in the Republican ranks, if indeed he was actually in them. No, it must go to some recognized Republican of long standing.

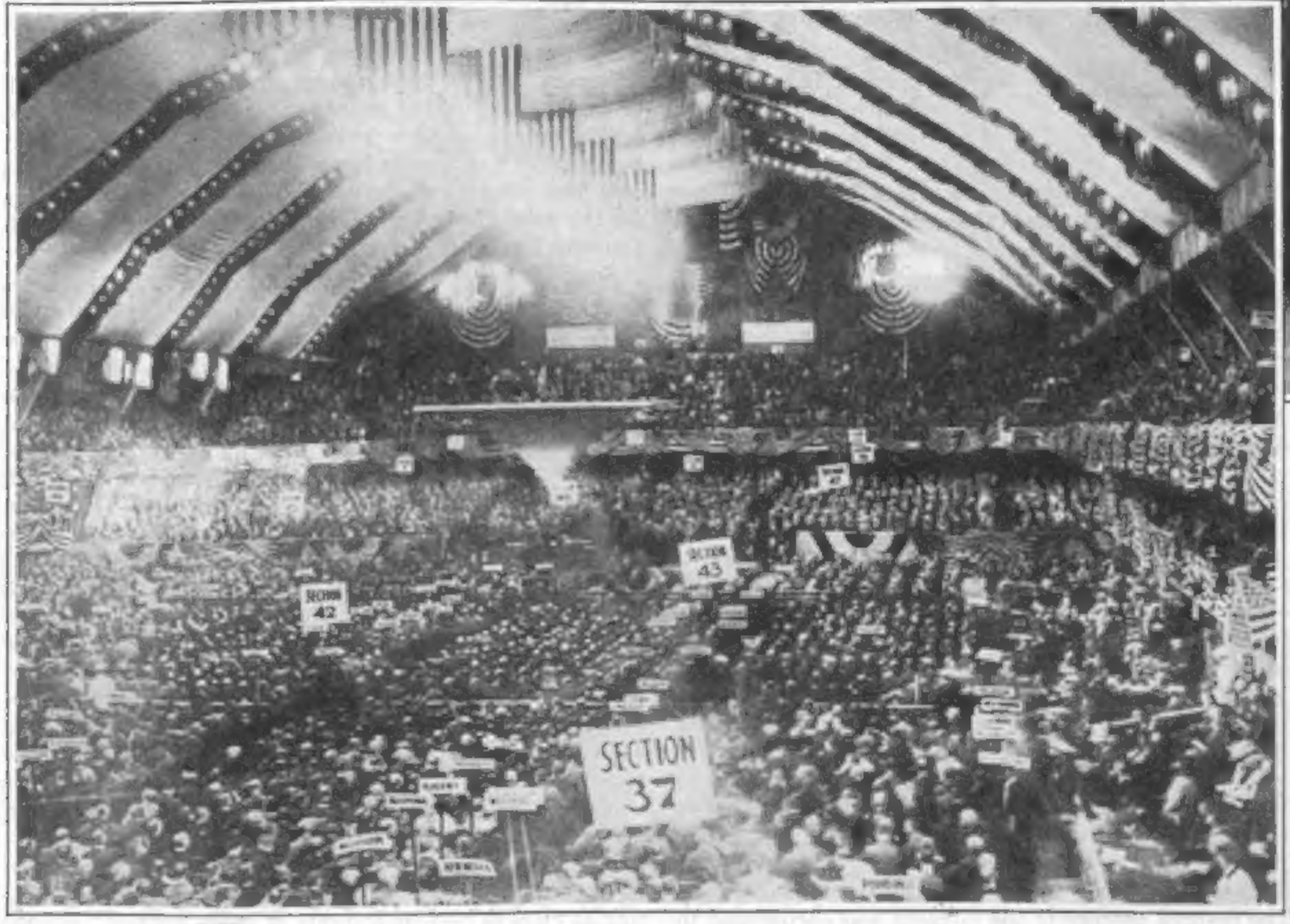
While in the South, Harding and Hays completed the slate of the cabinet, and one night called Harvey at his home, on the long-distance telephone, to read him the list and get his opinion, hopefully, his approval, of it. The first names mentioned were those of Charles E. Hughes and

Leonard Wood and Family at the Time of the 1920 Convention

Andrew W. Mellon, respectively for the State and Treasury portfolios. "Admirable! Perfect! You could not possibly do better!" exclaimed Harvey with genuine enthusiasm. Similar commendation was given to Hays for the Post Office Department, and in varying degrees it was accorded to the others, save two. About those two, each of them, he said: "That is not good. He will cause you trouble if you appoint him." Unhappily, Harding's commitments were already such—or so he conscientiously thought—that he would have to make those appointments. "Very well," said Harvey; "if you must, you must. But there will be trouble."

And there was, serious trouble; so that the two men to whom Harvey had objected were compelled to retire from the cabinet in unpleasant circumstances.

(Continued on Page 29)



The Chicago Coliseum During the 1920 Convention That Nominated Harding

HOMBRE DE AMOR

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Eh, Ciaro, Had I But the Picture of Such Beauty," He Declared Fervently, "I Should Say My Prayers to It!"

LADY JOCELYN, leaning out of her studio window into a Mediterranean sunrise, was aware that she looked rather like the Blessed Damozel at the gold bar of heaven; though it had been some years since she might have qualified as a damozel. Not every complexion, however, could so dare the keen brilliance of an island morning. If her hair was no longer quite as yellow as ripe corn, it was the fault of her maid Dawson, who had a respectable British complex against peroxide. Her beauty happened to be of the late Rossetti type, which fades well, rarely fattening in middle life. Middle life—the hideous thought! She put it from her hastily and concentrated with determination upon Beauty. As a man thinketh so is he; other things, of course, being equal.

In Majorca it was easy to concentrate upon beauty; people came there for that express purpose. Almost too much so; those charming *Isles Oubliées* of the Spanish seas, the classic Hesperides, seemed to be coming back rapidly into favor. Quite a number of people besides Lady Jocelyn were discovering their souls' climate in the Balearics—stodgy English one did not care to cultivate; the usual avid prowling Americans, with their smart clothes and their shocking accents; those ubiquitous impoverished Germans who never seem too impoverished to nose out all the spots worth nosing and make themselves comfortably at home there. But these confined their activities chiefly to the hotel region; whereas Lady Jocelyn, fortunately, never needed to bother about hotels. She usually bought herself little houses in vicinities which took her fancy, and went native.

In the more untrammeled years since her husband's death—she was still wearing grays and graceful lavenders and the less-trying shades of violet for Sir Lionel—she had gone in for Art; which seemed to her more worth while than golf or running a hat shop, and quite as smart—so many people one knew doing it nowadays. Not that Lady Jocelyn did art herself, exactly; but she encouraged it in others, and paid the bills.

At Deyá, because one got them so ridiculously cheap, she had bought two houses; one quite a spacious establishment called Son Torres, in which to accommodate, under Dawson's managerial direction, the various protégés who were so far her chief contribution to art; the other a very small one just below, as a studio in which to express herself—quite innocently, of course. Lady Jocelyn was deliberately unmodern in such ways. She had learned long since that there is more freedom inside the conventions than outside them. But Dawson as a duenna was somewhat inhibitory to self-expression.

Millicent Jocelyn enjoyed being domestic. She liked to cook little experimental dinners, native fashion, on the floor of the ancient chimney place, in a tiny sort of oven called a *fogon*, fed by small twigs of olive which were poked farther into it as they burned, while the fragrant smoke of the olive twigs wandered casually about the little house and presently out of a hole in the roof above.

The favored protégé of the moment was encouraged to sit in the deep chimney place, or *bomba*, and regale himself with these picturesque messes, while Lady Jocelyn herself, being of a fastidious digestion, was fed on manna from above; where Dawson managed to maintain, with the aid of imported servants, an almost British kitchen. But he had his reward in one kind or another; if only in the sight of Junaïna, the pretty native maid in attendance at the studio, dimpling at him with the artless sweetness of a young Luini madonna. Lady Jocelyn could still afford to keep pretty maids about her, and often did so; her cult of Beauty was quite genuine. She even allowed the protégés to paint Junaïna, since it saved them models' fees—Junaïna with the tall Greek water amphora on her shoulder, climbing sturdily up from the village fountain, or Junaïna dressed for mass, in her long scarlet skirt and striped apron and *rebosilla*—a dainty net frill about the shoulders, running up into a sort of pointed cap on the back of the head. Junaïna suffered at having to wear the *rebosilla*, much as a more civilized housemaid might suffer at being obliged to appear in public with mutton-leg sleeves or a hoop skirt; but she would have suffered worse things for the sake of her *señora*, having the wholesale Spanish capacity for self-immolation.

Sometimes the protégés did more than paint Junaïna; they made love to her; but never seriously. Nobody made love seriously to other women when Millicent Jocelyn was about; her enemies said they did not dare. The fact remains that she had but to smile her famous Rossetti smile at the renegade, or to ruffle his hair with quasi-maternal hand, or even, if necessary, to give him her eyes for a deep, ineffable moment; and allegiance returned to her with such a rush as to be quite embarrassing. For Lady Jocelyn never encouraged ardor on the part of protégés—not obvious ardor.

One liked it to be there, of course; but restrained, kept well in hand, sublimated whenever possible into Art. When not possible, it was necessary soon or late to let the offender go; regretfully, even tenderly, with sympathetic pressures of the hand and a kiss on the brow, or thereabouts, indicating forgiveness. Usually the dismissed ones came back again on her own terms, sadder but wiser protégés; sometimes they failed to do so, and married other people. These she never quite forgave, after sending them impressive wedding presents. But, as the late Sir Lionel—good easy man—used to say of his Millicent: "No harm in it, you know; likes to maintain a string of young 'uns, just as I like to keep up a stable of green hunters—mostly for exhibition."

Perhaps, she thought pensively, leaning over her window bar, that was what seemed to be the matter lately—they were such very green hunters! In all her life—with the exception of Sir Lionel, who did not count—there had never been a man; merely boys.

Soul's children, she thought delicately; sons she had borne to Art, she who could do so little else for Art. She knew that now, looking with the candor of self-communion about her studio at certain abortive efforts of her own. She had suspected it even before her latest protégé told her so, becoming quite brutally frank over his dismissal.

"Art!" he had said in his crude modern fashion. "What you're after, Lady Milly, isn't art, you know; it's just a kick. And you can't get your kicks vicariously!"

Couldn't she? Lady Jocelyn wondered plaintively. Perhaps he was right. Certainly, now that she had at last discovered the really perfect background for her painting colony, and filled it with the most delightful native furniture, and imported to it at some expense only the more promising of her chosen beneficiaries, she was beginning to feel bored again—a dangerous symptom.

There were moments, indeed, when she felt more than bored; she felt frightened. The years had a way of slipping surreptitiously one into another that was rather nasty. Here on this remote island, drifting like a becalmed ship in the tideless swing of the centuries, she had hoped to escape a certain growing sense of haste, of impermanence. On Majorca seasons do not change, except in color—mauve-white under the February avalanche of almond blossom, silvery-gray when the levant wind stirs the olive leaves, an enamel of gold upon azure when mainlands parch with midsummer, but never green, in the northern fashion—green, thought Millicent Jocelyn with a shiver, like a lush cemetery. Nor do the dwellings change, neither lofty and spacious *son* nor humble peasant *casa;* alike thickly walled as fortresses, clinging sturdily to their steep terraces as in the days when peace-loving Moors strove in vain to defend their final fastness from the barbarians of Europe.

Yet in all this changeless serenity of permanence, she herself felt as impermanent as ever; also quite unimportant, almost trivial—a new sensation to Lady Jocelyn!—she who had intended to be such a factor for uplift in her chosen community, a missionary, as it were, from civilization; encouraging its crude folk crafts, directing its simple pleasures—pageants, community dancing, all that sort of thing—inspiring Majorca, in fact, as she had inspired many, to rise and shine. But Majorca seeming quite content to remain uninspired, she had concentrated upon her art colony.

Lady Jocelyn sighed. People get out of life, was one of her favorite maxims—she rather went in for maxims—exactly what they put into it. Wherein, then, had she failed? She decided not to put into it any new protégés for a while at least; they disappointed.

Along the road directly opposite her window—for Deyá is built in horizontal walled layers, so that chimney pots and pedestrians are frequently on a level—passed a burro with a man astride its haunches, singing; his voice making elaborate arabesques around each long-held note after the fashion inherited from Moorish, or gypsy, or perhaps even more remote ancestry. He had the arched features and deeply melancholy eyes and teeth flashing white in a dark unshaven face which one might have encountered anywhere in the Orient; and his gaze, wandering observantly along the house front, came to rest with obvious satisfaction upon the English lady in dishabille, her hair falling golden over bare white shoulders like the hair of a Magdalen in the holy pictures. They have on Majorca, as everywhere in Spain, a never-failing appreciation of *rubios* women.

"*Buenas, señora!*" he called softly, breaking off his song. "How one envies the girl Junaïna to be in the *señora's* service, that she may often see the *señora* as one sees her now!"

The lady flushed and gathered the hair she was engaged in brushing more closely about her bosom, flattered rather than otherwise by this naïve impertinence. Natives of other lands than England never appeared to her quite human; they were in the class of clever dogs or performing mountebanks, amusing or otherwise, as the case might be. Nor had she found hitherto on the part of Mallorcan natives any such eagerness to enter her service. Friendly enough they seemed, even obliging, but curiously indifferent to opportunity. They had resisted—always with perfect courtesy—any attempt on her part to play the patron, even as they had resisted Art; accepting benefactions amiably, but, to the lady's dismay, immediately returning them in kind—as when she had once kindly supplemented with more substantial provender Junaïna's cherished perquisite of fish heads and coffee grounds from the Son Torres kitchen, only to receive from Junaïna's mother, in retort courteous, certain anomalous inner portions of the family pig; it being the season for hog killing.

Also, while such service as Dawson was able to procure from the village had proved willing enough, there seemed no certainty whatever of its duration.

"Ah, *señora,*" they would protest, "how is it possible to engage ourselves to work for you by the week or month, when there is no telling what the morrow may bring forth? Perhaps our olives will need gathering, or we might feel for labor a disinclination, or a fiesta may occur, or—*qué, se yo?*" So that she was rather flattered by this youth's expressed envy of her service, and returned his lingering smile with her own, which had turned steadier heads than Mañolito's.

"*Caspita!*" he addressed the universe, ceasing to smile, but not to gaze. "What glorious teeth have the English—pearls set in pomegranate! What bosoms of snow!"

Unaccustomed to Spanish extravagance of compliment, she was aware of an unwonted little ripple along the spine. Was this what the late protégé had vulgarly referred to as a "kick"? She leaned farther out of window.

"Then why," she asked reprovingly, "if you really aspire to enter my employ, don't you come to build the well curb I ordered for my garden here?" For she had recognized the fellow as the village stonemason, engaged some time since for that purpose.

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She Felt the Strange Throbbing of His Voice in Her Own Throat, and Could Not Look Away From Him

DEMONS OF THE SAND

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. JOULEN

"The Wife of the Bey of Biskra," the Sheik Muttered, With a Slight Trembling of His Giant's Body. "You Will See Her in the Caravan Tomorrow"

UNVEILED—unveiled," the Sheik Jabour whispered.

Capt. Arad Whitney, master of the ship Water Witch, lying at Mogador, narrowed his eyes against the flash of the walls and towers of Morocco. The woman on the flat housetop adjacent to Tesar Solimo's gardens was on her knees, playing with her head, the hair unbound, after the fashion of certain Arab women. The sun burned on her shoulders; and, it was true, as Jabour said, her face was veiled only by her hair, a part of which she had taken in her teeth. Her body swayed viperlike to the tiny sound of a slave's bagpipe.

"Who is she?"

"The wife of the bey of Biskra," the sheik muttered, with a slight trembling of his giant's body. "You will see her in the caravan tomorrow. She goes to meet the bey, who is returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. Night of power, that such a woman should be permitted to unveil herself."

"He who forgets the beauty of horses for that of women will never prosper," the blind dervish said with his twisted smile.

"True, Ben Moussa. That is a writing of the prophet."

The Sheik Jabour closed his fingers tighter round his bright iron spear and stroked the hind quarters of his horse, Sabok, whose head was buried in the pomegranate bushes with their red and yellow jewels.

The Atlas Mountains were like a running wave against the white wall, closing in the garden with its rows of olive trees. Water running in a stone channel blended magically with the Arab tongue—the language of heaven, in the opinion of Believers—and certain herbs breathed aromatic odors which kindled in each breast its secret nostalgia.

Jabour's eye sent another fierce flash at the woman on the housetop, but his deep voice inquired dreamily:

"Where is Tesar Solimo?"

"He is killing time," the dervish answered.

"In what wise?"

"By weighing gold and counting little piles of coin—silver coin."

The sheik's brow was like a cloud charged with electric fire.

"He is the father of his belly—a pepper dealer. Money cannot be eaten. It cannot be drunk, except molten. Without my protection, could he have returned from his pilgrimage to Mecca with that shipload of blessed shrouds and turbans which has made him rich? And what am I still, with my starving Arabs, but a protector of caravans? I live by my spurs, and keep lean. Tesar is rich—and fat. Let Allah judge. . . . You have bought ostrich feathers of him, Reis Whitney?"

"A hundred bales. To say nothing of the senna and elephants' teeth. But my mission was to make a treaty of commerce between my country and the sultan of Morocco," the Salem captain added.

"And you have succeeded?"

"I have succeeded."

"The sultan will make you a present then."

"By Allah, this horse would be a present," the blind dervish said, laying hold of the tail and pulling hard against it. The horse's ears pointed forward, but he stood rooted like iron.

"He cannot be bought," the sheik said. "His sire was a full-blooded black Arabian, but the horse has likewise the hardihood of the Barbary breeds. He has been fed camel's milk from a foal."

"I will give you three hundred Spanish dollars for him," Captain Arad said promptly.

"It is not enough," the sheik said, but in a less positive voice.

"I only offer so much," Captain Arad affirmed, "because, in the desert, en route, poverty is the protection of the trader. If it comes to burning powder I might be better off with a horse like this under me than with a weight of gold on a camel's back."

"Save this horse from what is in front, and he will save you from what is behind!" the sheik shouted.

"Speak thou first."

"Nay, speak thou."

"Was he bought or reared?"

"Reared in my tent like one of my own children," the sheik asserted. "Is it not written that an Arab should love a horse as his own heart, and sacrifice for his keep the very food of his own children? He is pure gold. By Borak, Mohammed's blessed mule, this is a horse created out of the south wind as Adam was of mud. Note that his tail trails the ground. He is eight years old and fit for combat. He is a steed for dark days when the smoke of powder dims the sun. His pace is easy."

"A mare's is easier," Arad interrupted him.

"A mare's. Yes, but she will founder sooner. Sit him. Thou shalt see that on his back thou canst drink coffee from the cup and spill none. In the day when horsemen crowd together and stirrup knocks against stirrup, he will save thee, Christian."

"Sell; thou wilt gain."

"Buy; thou wilt gain. His foot is light. He will dance on the breast of thy love, who sleeps, and not bruise, not waken her with these black hoofs."

"Was not a dark chestnut preferred by the prophet?" Captain Whitney asked the sheik playfully. "This horse is black."

"Black, but with white stockings on all but the off foreleg," the sheik stormed. "At midnight, his eye will see a black hair floating in a pot of pitch. Look thou at the chest. This horse is an air drinker, he will go fully loaded all day without food or water, and if necessary drag a dead body behind him. His bones are massive."

"His nostrils are wide," the shipmaster agreed.

"As a lion's den. A good sign. He sweats only on the chest and ears. See! The lips are thin, the flesh lean over the veins of the head, the ribs bare, the belly hollow and the tail thick at the dock. He will travel forty parasangs in a day. As this hand of mine shall one day be withered in death, I avow it."

"Three hundred Spanish dollars."

"Five hundred," groaned the sheik. "This horse, remember, is the resource of the caravan, the ornament of the tent, the honor of the tribe. He is worth all Tunis and Mascara."

"Three hundred."

"It is said that you have still a thousand dollars hidden in the mattress on your camel's back. As you say, poverty is your protection."

"But you, Jabour, are the protector of the caravan. Why should I fear?"

The sheik snatched at the bridle of his horse and plunged through the crimson-painted horseshoe gate in the deep wall of Tesar's garden.

Tesar Solimo sat cross-legged before the low table in his cool dining room, the lime-washed walls of which were hung with sabers and muskets—weapons which had for Tesar himself only decorative interest. Between the fat little merchant, in his blue-and-white-striped gown, and Captain Arad were placed broiled squabs, lamb cutlets, strawberries and cherries. Tesar's black slave interrupted the first mouthful to say that the Sheik Jabour was at the gate with more of his men.

"Tell him I am not at home!" Tesar cried. He stroked his glossy black beard with a hand that shook. "Not at home, you hear? *Bago, bago!*" And the word "*Bago, bago, bago,*" could be heard shouted from room to room of the house, getting more distant and shattering finally, but vainly, against the horseshoe gate. There was an increasing tumult, and the giant sheik, at the head of nine starveling Arab foot soldiers, came brusquely in.

"Ah, is this life—to be humiliated?" the merchant asked dismally. "Take my money, my goods, my jewels, my camels. Strip the ornaments from my women ——"

Jabour began, "Are there robbers in this street? No. You, Tesar, are free to buy and sell at all hours. You are at peace, you sit weighing money. And are we not your protectors? Why, then, can we not eat as the price of your protection?" He pushed forward his soldiers.

"Allah protect me from my protectors," the merchant said resignedly. The nine villainous soldiers, after gabbling a fierce prayer with swayings of the body, were already squatting and thrusting their fingers into the food. In their dirty white cloaks and red sugar-loaf hats they looked uncommonly like those demons of the sand against whom the blind dervish had warned the Salem captain. Tesar Solimo sat with his hands crossed on his stomach and the lids drooping over his enameled eyes. This begging by force, these alms wrung out of him with the spear point all but at his breast, had the dry taste of involuntary charities.

"He who eats little is beloved by God," Tesar murmured.

"Such a one has a Koran stomach, it is true," the sheik agreed. He was smoking darkly and sulkily in one corner of the room. He was not himself eating with the rest of these unbidden guests, since that would be lacking in dignity; and, moreover, he had had a tooth decay through an exclusive diet of dates, and the farrier of the caravan had that morning made a halfway job of pulling it out with the pincers used for taking nails out of horses' shoes. His bare-legged soldiers finished and stood up softly and lithely in their yellow shoes. He scattered them with the flat of his broadsword.

"These are only the hungriest," he muttered. "Who knows how the others will be fed?" He showed his teeth and tapped them. "Allah, who made this mill, must find corn for it to grind."

"Sell me your horse, and feed your men before they fall down of their own weight," Captain Arad urged.

"Five hundred Spanish dollars, Reis."

"Three hundred."

The sheik took himself angrily away and Tesar Solimo ordered more food.

"Have you seen the sultan or the old prince?" the Yankee trader asked him.

"Both."

"Are my presents acceptable?"

"They are acceptable."

"And the caravan is returning to Mogador?"

"In the morning. Your senna is being packed in palm-leaf sacks, the ostrich feathers are already baled. The elephants' teeth will be boxed by morning."

"Good."

When they were done eating they went into the garden, and immediately the sheik came through the gate trailing his monstrous spear and leading his horse by a silken cord, such as dealers used who wanted to make a good impression.

"As well," growled the sheik, "be sheik of the slaves and a slave myself as sheik over these soldiers. Better for me to pound date stones into camel physic with the women, better for me to bow my forehead on the flints and spread my pallet on the desert's naked bosom. These beggars are still hungry. How can they protect the caravan in this condition? Reis Whitney, give me four hundred Spanish dollars and take my horse."

"Three hundred and fifty," said the trader, and stroked his big arms. His blue eye gleamed in the shadow of a Leghorn hat.

"Thou infidel! Money will be poured molten down thy throat in the beyond. Three hundred and fifty then. Give me the money."

But they were interrupted by a messenger from the sultan, leading a white charger. It was the old prince, who said graciously that the sultan, in full divan, had decided to present the President of the United States with a male lion. This was the highest mark of respect that could be accorded to a brother potentate.

As if by prearrangement, the air was split with shouts of congratulation from the swarms of fierce beggars, who crowded forward, shouting, "Give! Give! Of what use is money in the desert?" Captain Arad beat them back with an olive-wood club such as hunters used for knocking over ostriches; the din was infernal; they seemed to think that the happy recipient of this lion would at once fill the air with silver coins.

"Where is this lion?" the ship captain yelled.

The old prince by gestures showed him that it was chained somewhere in the imperial gardens; and there in

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"May the Pillars of Sand Bury You and Your Money Too," Lilla Fatma Flung at Him With Wrath in Her Eyes

MR. HOOVER AT WORK AND AT PLAY—By EDWARD G. LOWRY

President and Mrs. Hoover Receiving the Delegates to the Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution

IF YOU were privileged to come in upon President Hoover at the end of one of these glowing, furnace-hot, humid Washington summer days, you would not think he had such a good job. You might come into the circular room in the Executive Offices of the White House, where the President sits and does his day's work, at 6:15 o'clock in the afternoon of a day that had every single individual pore in the human skin carrying its peak load. I mean a hot and sweaty day. That was the sort of day and that was the hour that fell to my lot just a little while ago. Mr. Hoover had been at his desk for nine hours and thirty minutes, with an interval for luncheon. The south windows—the only windows in his room—were open. On his desk was a telephone, a glass vase with flowers in it, a box of cigars and a pad of paper heavily and intricately covered with geometrical and conventional circular designs; truncated cones, an imperfect sort of rhomboid and many, many circles patiently divided into quadrants and smaller sectors seemed to predominate. The signs were plain and clear. This pad was convicting circumstantial evidence that the President had been receiving one of those village pests known variously by the official Washington secretariat as "gypsy moths" or "boll weevils." They put a blight on the rose leaves on which the official great are supposed to recline. This one, responsible for all the involved designs, has a sort of fame or notoriety in Washington for his lack of terminal facilities; he has no more than a scenic railway. His mind and his conversation just go round and round and round. He is earnest and pure and high-minded, an advocate of the better things, and gosh, how he can talk! The only reason for imbedding him in the amber of this narrative is that he has access to Presidents and that he is one of a species. I use him briefly as an illustration of what Presidents are exposed to, and then throw him into the discard. He is not the type we need know more about.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

With His Dog Tut

Mr. Hoover suffers these fools not gladly but stoically; there may be a grain of wheat among all the chaff. He lets them talk while he looks fixedly in a patient silence. Meantime, without seeming to know what he is doing, he fills pages of white paper with involved and intricate designs of curves and angles and circles. His secretaries have besought him to turn these time eaters adrift without hearing, but he has always declined. "People have a right to call on me and I have no right to be impatient," he tells his staff. "I am a public servant. This is a public office. If people are interested and if there is reasonable presumption of their having something to contribute, they should have a hearing."

Of the nonproductive and unhelpful visitors, those the President dreads most are the peevish Papa Pettengills who come in to tell him in all kindness and good will that whatever he has done is wrong. One of these went to the White House the other day, at some trouble to himself, to point out in sorrow a great mistake that had been made. Mr. Hoover that forenoon had given out to the newspapers the news of an appointment to a responsible and dignified office. The man who had taken the job had yielded to solicitation and had agreed to come into the government service at the sacrifice of money and ease. Mr. Hoover was congratulating himself that he had been able to induce such a man to leave private life. The appointment had been received with general acclaim. The crape hanger came in to say that it was all wrong. He came from one state, the besought new officeholder came from another, yet this sorrowing brother and friend knew "the organization" in the appointee's state was incensed and inflamed at the choice that had been made.

Mr. Hoover by actual count took forty-five minutes to discuss with this weeping willow all the circumstances and background of the appointment. He showed him that "the organization," instead of being incensed, had put the man chosen at the head of its list of possibilities, and so on and so on.

If Mr. Hoover did not have a great stock of courtesy, forbearance, patience and consideration for others, if he was not lacking in harshness and arbitrariness, if contact with people devitalized him as it did Mr. Wilson, he could not do his day's work as easily and quietly as he does. What it comes to is that the President all his life has been accustomed to doing a great deal of hard work involving continued detail and drudgery and contact with all sorts and manner of people whose services and interest had to be enlisted and integrated in a common large purpose. As he sits in the White House his old habits of work rest lightly upon shoulders accustomed to the burden. This is clear gain for him and for us.

A President's daily routine as now arranged does not comply with any of the modern standards and requirements

The President Is Presented With a Codfish Weighing Over 40 Pounds

of efficiency and scientific office management. Maybe Mr. Hoover will change this, if it can be changed. Under the prevailing practice, as it has grown and developed through the years, the President has too much drudgery and routine thrown upon him. I venture the assertion that not a single business executive of the first rank anywhere in the country is afflicted with as much detail, with as many interruptions and with the long hours of close application to his desk that is the lot of any President of the United States. He does not punch a time clock when he comes to work in the morning, but he might just as well, for his whole day is ordered and arranged for him on a routine that he can only slightly vary. What he dodges or avoids one day, he must do the next. The work piles up.

The ancient king who cried out "Wouldst thou be the slave of slaves? Then be a king" knew what he was talking about. The President is one of the most powerful of rulers, yet all his working hours are ordered for him by a systematized compulsion of public duty and public demand. The compensations of the presidency are elsewhere than at the Chief Magistrate's desk. If it wasn't for the great power, the great prestige, and the large opportunities for service and lasting fame offered by the office, the

President would have one of the worst jobs in the world. All the honor and glory is paid for in hard, dreary work and incessant demands that sap at his strength and time.

The President may not escape these demands upon him, from the daily exercise in the morning to the last visitor at night. He may not escape his doctor, who is charged by law and public command to treat him as if he were a Thoroughbred in training. He may not escape his secretaries, through whom the human tide of good will, advice, information, expostulation, supplication and inspiration is channeled to him from the outer world. He may not escape his stenographer, through whom the world attacks him by mail. Nowadays he may not escape the telephone operator, at whose mercy President Hoover—the first of the Presidents to do so—has put himself by placing on his desk a telephone within arm's reach. He may not escape the newspaper correspondents, the chief channel through which the outer world seeks to draw back to itself his reactions, thoughts and feelings. He may not escape the photographers, through whom the outer world wishes daily to search his thoughts again, by their imprint upon his countenance. He may not even escape entirely from the general public at large—his good-hearted and unintentionally inconsiderate fellow citizens, who feel they must give their President the encouragement of a warm handclasp. And he may not go out of the White House yard for six days at a time.

Waving to Children Rolling Easter Eggs on the White House Grounds

Receiving a Mammoth Box of Candy From Members of the Associated Retail Confectioners

Brought to the Nation

EVERY new President, acting within this iron-bound frame of prescribed routine, lends his distinctive color to the picture of national government that it incloses. A strong and original President can master this mechanism of the presidency, as Mr. Hoover has already mastered it, and use it as an instrument; or, if he be weak and commonplace, he can be its passive slave.

Herbert Hoover has brought to the office a personality, even yet partly veiled from the public by the sensitive shyness he has never been able to overcome. He has brought to the presidency also a practical and efficient intellect, one of the really good thinking instruments in the world today, as he has demonstrated many times in the past fifteen years. He has brought to the presidency also a warmth of feeling, a depth of emotion so easily stirred that he consciously camouflages them behind the display of his intellectual powers, the love of children and of flowers, the capacity for giving affection and the eagerness to receive affection, that his close friends all think of first when asked to describe him

And finally, he has brought to the presidency a definite and constructive policy, meditated and matured during the eight years in which he sat in the cabinet and studied the nation's problems and the governmental machinery by which they are met. Don't forget that. It is important. It has a definite bearing on his conduct of his job and all his present actions and policies. Mr. Hoover did not come into the White House unexpectedly. There were clear signs and portents of the coming event. From his advantageous seat at the cabinet table, Hoover had eight years to study the President's office—its duties, its responsibilities, its problems and its conduct. There can be no doubt that he came to have ideas of his own about the job. These formulated ideas and plans he can now put into execution. Some of the proposals the President will make will appear to be novelties to many persons, but they are matured and seasoned recommendations, long thought out and based on close observation and intimate experience.

This long-prepared background for the actual duties of the presidency accounts in part for the change in the routine and atmosphere of the White House offices which all the correspondents were so quick to note. For example, the energy that he has brought to the office of President unlike anything that has been seen there since Roosevelt's day—would appear to be only a display of activity, were it not first understood that it is energy concentrated by a driving will and directed by an ordered intelligence toward definite ends.

The first sensation that the observer gets, seeing President Hoover at work, is of this pulsating, energizing, directed and directing power.

Turning Work Into Play

The physical and intellectual labor that he puts into the day's work, the pace at which he drives himself and leads his staff—and his office hours are from 8:45 in the morning until six and sometimes seven at night—would rack a man who did not function so frictionlessly or one with less resiliency.

The working title of this piece is The President at Work and at Play, but it may as well be said at once that to President Hoover the best play of all is work. He enjoys fishing and motoring, but they are pleasures that speedily exhaust their attractions, and, as soon as they have served their brief purpose of relaxation from what he has called "the pneumatic hammer of other personalities" on his, he instantly turns again to work, which is the one thing that wholly fascinates and preoccupies him. The daily morning exercise, to be sure, has come to be relished by him, but not particularly because it is play but because it is a brief interlude—forty minutes at the most—in which he may meet other men, not as a President, nor as a working mind grappling with other minds for mastery of problems, but, during the twenty minutes of actual play, as simply a healthy animal at strenuous physical labor, and during the other twenty minutes over the coffee table as simply a private citizen exchanging small talk and humorous anecdotes at ease with familiars and friends.

There are other moments of relaxation that can be listed under the general term of play; such as the quarter hour after dinner in the upstairs hall of the White House watching the news-reel motion pictures, or the hour or two in the middle of the night when he wakes from his first sleep and does a lot of reading before returning to slumber.

The only other play the President allows himself or enjoys is comprised in the pleasant intimacies of home. His family and his friends are not for the public eye. His private life has the informality, the peace and ease of any good American home.

But work, after all, is not only Mr. Hoover's vocation; work is also his avocation. His ideal of a happy Saturday afternoon is—when he can—to watch a baseball game or to wade hip-deep in the tangled seclusion of a trout stream. But when he must deny himself these pleasures he seizes the opportunity to gather up all the side-tracked or unfinished odds and ends of a busy week and to take them to the pleasant quietness of the study upstairs in the living quarters of the White House, to the desk beside the window where he can overlook the south lawn, his eyes invited on out to the Washington Monument, to the placid Potomac

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The President Throwing Out the Ball at the Opening of the American League Season in Washington

A MARRIAGE BELLE

By Violette Kimball Dunn

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

NATALIE MANNING was going down for the third time in a sea of wedding presents. They had inundated the upstairs library, they had overflowed her mother's boudoir, and now the tide had swept them into her bedroom—the one place that was her own. She came in from one of the endless showers people were giving her, and there they were. Something gave way and she opened her door again with a jerk.

"Who put this junk in my room?" she called to the world at large. She was too sunk to find out, so she just stood and called.

"Oh, darling! You're back!"

Her mother's voice crackled through rustling paper in the library. They were making another gesture of clearing the room. A maid appeared down the hall. Natalie snickered hysterically. Wasn't there something about men like trees walking? Jennie walked like a bundle of paper, trimmed in strings. All you could see of her was part of a frilled cap and two neat legs.

"Did you have a good time, sweet?"

Natalie, translating, answered crossly, "There are sixteen packages in the car, if nobody's brought them in. . . . I said, who put this junk in my room?"

"Sixteen? There were twenty yesterday. . . . I don't think I should call it junk." Her mother's voice was like something disembodied. It seemed to follow her wherever she went.

"Twenty people came yesterday; only sixteen showed up today," Natalie stated succinctly. From the library the sounds continued—rattling, crunching, rustling. Then silence and footsteps. If Amy saw the open door —— She rushed back and shut it stealthily. By the time she had stripped off her hat, her mother spoke from the hall:

"May I come in, darling?"

Natalie fled into her bathroom and called from far:

"I'm having a shower. Sorry. Then I'm going to sleep. I can't get through the Alexanders' racket tonight unless I have some sleep. I'm just gone—faded out."

"I don't think 'racket' is a nice word," said Amy severely. "No girl who came out when you did has made such a showing. You're getting the result of all the years I've worn myself out making a place for you."

"I know. Thanks—sorry," Natalie called back. It almost always worked. Just admit everything and don't argue. She waited, quiet as a mouse, but there was no answer. Amy had given up and gone back to her sorting and placing. Natalie shivered. She hated the pouncings and purrings. She hated the well-bred bragging in her mother's best near-English accent. It made her think of something horrible, but she couldn't stop long enough to find out what it was. She stripped off her clothes and fled under the needle spray. The cold water stung her into fragmentary awareness, but by the time she was dry the deadly sense of inertia was back, blotting out thought. She pulled a lacy negligee out of something, and crawled under her satin coverlet. She smiled foolishly as her eyes caught the priceless film over her arms.

"Gosh! Part of sacred trousseau," she muttered. "Amy—hell to pay." But even this prospect slid off the surface as she went down—down.

It seemed no more than a flash, and Jennie's voice was at the door. Natalie dragged her eyes open. Did they want to kill her? Why couldn't they let her alone?

"That's All Right," She Said Politely. "Stay as Long as You Like"

"What is it now?" she asked. Her voice sounded drugged.

"I'm sorry, Miss Manning. Mrs. Manning asked me to call you. It's seven o'clock. Will you come down for dinner, or will you have a tray in your room?"

"I'll be down," decided Natalie. As well go as be fussed over with a tray. "If anybody should ask," she said aloud, "my next husband will be nabbed by the city magistrate or county clerk, or whoever it is. What does this get you, and what's it all about?" She stretched her young slimness far into the satin and linen that covered her. Her body ached, she imagined, as a beaten body must. Her eyes were purple shadowed, and each lid felt weighted to her cheeks. The nerves in the middle of her stomach jumped raggedly; and if anybody spoke to her suddenly, she was overwhelmed with a desire to strike them or with a childish desire to cry. And the wedding still ten days off.

"I hope I last," she told herself, "but I wouldn't put any money on it." She dragged herself out of bed and threw off the negligee. Then she remembered, folded it carefully, and put it in its scented case.

"You're a mess," she said. "Three hundred dollars! They'd never have put it over if I'd had my senses." She dragged out a tea gown, slipped it over her head, and began to comb out and flatten the waves of her hair. Her face was ghastly. "I'm the type that needs home decorating, all right," she thought; "but I won't do it until later." She patted some powder into her face and went downstairs. The rest were already at dinner. They put down their bouillon spoons to a man and looked up expectantly. "All because I'm going to be married," thought Natalie bitterly. Her youthful desire for the center of the stage had gone. A dim, impregnable corner was all she wanted now. She slid into her seat without speaking.

"Good Lord, Nat," commented her brother, "what's the pale-face idea? You look a thousand. They'll say you're a cradle-snatcher."

"Many thanks," said Natalie. "Maybe we'll take you on the honeymoon to cheer us up!" But instant tears stung her lashes.

"Your sister has a lot on her mind," said Amy complacently to her son.

"Maybe she's just plain tired out," said Pat, her father.

"Good old scout; he got it," thought Natalie, with a rush of gratitude. "*Et comment*," she answered flippantly.

"As we Parisians say," teased Bob. "If it's so painful, why do it?"

"Ask Amy," said Natalie.

"Well, take it all out on Nat. When I grab off my woman, it'll be in the City Hall."

"I hope you'll learn to speak English first," said his father.

Amy put down her fork in terror. "My darling, what nonsense! You terrify me! Don't even think such things. Marry? Why, you're nothing but a child."

"I'm only two years younger than Nat," he told her. "How long do you think it takes to cut your eye-teeth? I thought you'd be glad. You're making plenty of whoopee getting Nat off your hands."

"I've given my life to my children, if that's what you mean. If this is for Natalie's happiness, I'm trying to be resigned, that's all. But if you ——"

"Don't let him kid you," said Natalie, coming to life for a moment. "He's just getting your goat. He wouldn't waste a look at a girl. And if he did, she wouldn't return it."

"Is that so?" said her brother airily. "That's as much as you know."

"Well, don't talk any more about it," said Amy hastily. "I can't bear it. My nerves are bad enough as it is."

Natalie pushed back her fussy, carved chair, and got suddenly to her feet. "Excuse me, everybody, will you?" she said. "I'm going back to bed, if nobody minds."

"But you haven't eaten a thing," said Amy shrilly.

"Sorry. I made up for it at luncheon. I hope I find out sometime why women eat the gooey tripe they do when there's no man about."

"Your language is disgusting and ungrateful. Fancy the Dingleys taking all that trouble for you, and that's all the thanks they get."

"Not really," said Natalie with feeble flippancy. "I lied like a man, and was my own sweet self. I don't know how I did it—but I did. And ate—ugh!"

"What did you have?"

"Some other time, if you don't mind. It's too present just now." She was almost at the door.

"Four dresses came from Cecile's while you were gone," Amy told her inexorably. "You can't go to sleep. I'll be up presently to help you try them on."

Natalie stopped and faced them. She looked from face to face, and in her father's found the courage to speak.

"I've got to have some sleep," she said desperately. "I'm going upstairs and go to bed. Sorry to upset the family manners, but if anybody gets into my room, they'll have to break in the door."

She turned and flew up the stairs. It was a good sprint, but not fast enough to escape the high-tension complaint of her mother's voice or her father's placating tones. She had kicked off her mules and was sitting on the satin cover trying to command her aching muscles to crawl under it, when there was a furtive footstep outside her door, and a hushed "Nat?"

"Break it in. It's the only way," Natalie called back fiercely.

"Don't know the technic," said Pat's unexpected voice. "Come on and open the door. I won't stay long."

She jumped up, turned the fantastic key, dragged him in, and locked the door again, too astonished for speech.

"Sweet lamb," she said at last, "whoever'd have thought of seeing you!"

"I was all set to have a try at breaking in." He laughed. "You probably knew it wasn't meant for you. Sit down." She looked around. Chaise longue, boudoir chairs, everything with a flat surface, bore its burden of packages. Natalie swept a big armchair clean with a savage hand. From the pile as it hit the floor came a faint, reproachful tinkle of breaking glass.

"The rate of exchange on chairs is going up," said her father, lounging, comfortable, into it. Not a single "Oh, darling, how could you?" Not even a "What have you done?" She wished suddenly that they could find a desert island together and stay there a thousand years.

"It'll go higher if they don't keep this junk out of here! Nobody's ever been allowed to mess my room up before!" Natalie spoke with a sense of outrage.

"Maybe they think it's your junk, after all," said Pat tentatively.

Natalie looked at the sprawling boxes balefully.

"Did I ask for the stuff? Do I want it?" she demanded.

"I don't know. Do you?"

"I do not."

He took a cigarette case from his pocket and held it toward her. "Mind if I smoke?"

"Thanks. Love it," she told him, taking it. He blew a thin smoke film at the ceiling. Through it, his eyes looked tired, but very wise. Now that there was a moment to think, she remembered he had looked tired for a long time.

"So you don't want your wedding presents," he said casually after a while.

"No, I don't—and neither would you. Who wants a lot of stuff they had nothing to do with choosing? Or things dragged from trunks of put-away presents the owners wouldn't own. Oh, I know the wedding-present game! I've played it myself. But no more!"

"Seems to me you know rather a lot of games for your age," he said thoughtfully. "Let's see. How old are you?"

"Almost twenty-one," answered Natalie, not even thinking it strange he didn't know. She had managed to crawl under the covers at last, and lay blinking at him in the lamplight. She felt relaxed, somehow, and her nerves had stopped their fantastic twitching.

"That's right; so you are. Shall I go now? Do you want to sleep?"

"No, please. Now, it's too late; I—I wish we had had more times like this."

"I'm beginning to wish so, too," said Pat suddenly. He looked very young and slim, she thought, in the soft focus of the light. "The guy who said we have to muddle through a lifetime to be fit to live another, said—what would you call it—a mouthful?"

Natalie snickered. The lamb, with his *démodé* slang.

"Whatever you say is O. K. with me," she said, "but that's rather old stuff. You'll have to brush up a bit on language after I'm gone. Though Bob will probably keep you up-to-date."

"I dare say. I suppose you're happy? They seem to be making a big fuss over you. Parties and presents, and parties again. I like young Chester, Nat. He seems pretty real—as long as we have to lose you."

To his complete horror, Natalie buried her face in her arm and burst into a passion of sobbing.

"J-just n-nerves," she stammered rackingly. "Maybe you'd b-better go, a-after all."

"Maybe You'd Like to Tell Me About It," He Said Presently

He lifted his lean length out of the chair, went to the bed and picked her up, coverlet and all. Then he went back and sat down, putting her carefully on his knees, blue satin cascading around them to the floor. Natalie dropped her head on his shoulder and stopped crying.

"Now I know there's a Santa Claus," she said, and sighed from the depths of her. Suddenly she reached a half-ashamed arm around his neck. Pat tightened his hold and revived old memories of a long-legged little girl before "hard-boiled" meant anything but eggs.

"Maybe you'd like to tell me about it," he said presently.

"If we'd just got together before ——" she said. "I guess I thought I knew it all. I guess I was too fresh."

"I guess I was too busy keeping the bank balance a lap ahead of the bills. It—it isn't young Chester, by any chance?" He spoke warily.

"Randy? No. I was—I am completely sold on Randy—if I could just take a trip to the moon before we're married."

"You mean, you don't want all this—this ——"

"Want it? What do you think I am?"

"Then why ——"

"Poor simple old Patsy. Because, darling, it's the thing to do—that is, by our class. And the world would probably blow up if we got out of our class!"

Pat shivered. So much bitterness in the voice of twenty-one!

"But, surely, if your mother had only known, dear ——"

Natalie squirmed up to where she could see his eyes. Then she put her head back on his shoulder.

"I wanted to see if you were just blahing, or really talking," she explained. "You know as well as I do what a time mother's giving herself. She's been waiting for it ever since I was born. . . . Could you afford to send me to Meremold? You could not. Then why did I go? To meet the right girls. And why should I meet the right girls? Because right girls have right parents—at least, smart ones. . . . Could you afford my school in Switzerland? No. . . . Did I go for education? Not a chance. I went because Amy was tired of the European chorus without being able to join in. Why did she give three rousing cheers when Randall and I fell in love? Don't ask! One of the Chesters, of Chesterfield, my dear! Not only family but twenty millions if they've a cent! Gosh, Pat, you've lived with Amy longer than I have."

(Continued on Page 76)

"Who Put This Junk in My Room?" She Called to the World at Large

SO'S YOUR ZODIAC

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"When I Ask You to Do Something You Do It, and Without Any Argument"

AND the hour?" asks Olivia.

"Search me," I shrugs. "Of my own knowledge I can't even give you the date, but my mother, who was present at the time, says it was October thirtieth. What's the difference?"

"Very little in your case," she returns. "You were undoubtedly born under the sign of Scorpio in its most baleful aspect. I'm sorry, but any relation between a Scorpio man and a woman of Virgo would be unthinkable. Scorpio natives are overbearing and tyrannical, untrustworthy ——"

"Me!" I exclaims. "Me overbearing and tyrannical! Me un——"

"You're bound to be," interrupts Olivia calmly. "It is so written in the stars and planets. By the signs of the zodiac ye shall know them."

"I suppose," I remarks, sarcastic, "Dan Coogan picked a good one for himself."

"Dan," she replies, "was born on May first, which places him with Taurus, the sign of the Bull."

"I could have guessed that," I growls. "Any reason why a Taurus boy shouldn't play along with a Virgo gal?"

"Quite the contrary," answers Olivia. "Taurus and Virgo are in beneficent conjunction. Theirs is the perfect partnership. They have the same likes and dislikes, the same sympathies and the same aspirations."

"As far as aspirations go," says I, reaching for her fingers, "you couldn't tell mine and Coogan's apart through the Lick telescope."

"I know," she comes back gently, "but it is not to be. Scorpio should seek its mate in Gemini. Gemini women are meek, complaisant, long-suffering and self-effacing."

"You got me wrong, girlie," I cuts in. "I'm not in the astral market for a meek Millie. I want a skirt with spirit, one who would not be above bouncing a waffle iron off my dome or bending an andiron around my brow."

"In that event," says Olivia, "a Sagittarius or a Leo native might meet the requirements. Neither we Virgos or Geminis are given to physical violence. Perhaps a Libra ——"

"How," I asks curiously, "did you get yourself wound up in this bank of hay wire? One of Coogan's bright ideas?"

"Dan," she returns stiffly, "had nothing whatever to do with my interest in astrology. It is the world's oldest science, and the most accurate. Are you at all familiar with the signs of the zodiac?"

"I didn't even know they were sick," says I. "As a kid, though, I do remember seeing in an almanac gotten out by Doak's Kidney and Dandruff Cure a layout I think was the zodiac. It was a picture of a guy in his birthday suit set in a circle with a lot of hen tracks around the rim. That it?"

"Nobody but a Scorpio native," sniffs Olivia, "would so crudely describe the sublime guide of our lives."

"Admitting for the sake of argument," says I, "that I am just so much riff-raff ——"

"Where," she inquires coldly, "is the argument?"

"I don't know," says I. "It was here a minute ago; but tell me: Is this bright and intelligent audience to understand that every man born on October thirtieth is overbearing, tyrannical, untrustworthy and otherwise a pain in the ethics?"

"Not only those born on October thirtieth," replies Olivia, "but all those born between October twenty-fourth and November twenty-third come under the influence of Scorpio."

"Quite a lot of territory," I observes. "And there's nothing we 'uns can do about it?"

"Practically nothing," says she. "It's possible for a strong-willed person, made aware of his shortcomings through a horoscope reading, to circumvent some phases of his destiny, but ——"

"Ah," I exclaims, "then I still have a chance to give old Zoe Zodiac the run around."

"I'm afraid not," smiles Olivia sorrowfully. "I've taken the trouble to check up on your numerology and your case appears quite hopeless. You vibrate to Number Five ——"

"I do what to which?" I demands.

"Vibrate to Number Five," repeats the girl friend. "Number Five folks lack will power and are victims of self-indulgence. Obviously a person of such weak character can do nothing against the verdict of Scorpio."

"It appears," says I, "that I'm a total loss no matter how you figure me. . . . What is this numerology gag?"

"Everybody vibrates to a certain number from one to nine. By substituting numbers for the letters in your name we arrive through a simple equation at your particular unit of vibration. Yours happens to be Five."

"How about Dan?" I asks. "Did he also draw a deuce spot in the baptismal deal?"

"Dan," she returns, "is a Six—kind and true, and with a great capacity for affection and sacrifice."

"That's a ha. Coogan wouldn't throw his mother a drink of water if she were drowning. Are you taking me for a ride, honey, or do you actually believe this hoop-la?"

"I don't know what you mean by hoop-la," comes back Olivia severely, "but if you are referring to the sciences of astrology and numerology, I most certainly do believe that ——"

"Listen," I interrupts. "There must be something like a million John Smiths in the United States and Brooklyn. Would every one of them vibrate to the same number?"

"They would," says she, "and they'd all partake of the same general character."

"Despite the fact," I points out, sarcastic, "that one John Smith's in the pulpit and the other's in the pen."

"What of it?" retorts Olivia. "Offhand I don't know the vibration unit of the John Smiths, but couldn't a convict be courageous and a man of the cloth a coward, as the case may be?"

"They could be," I admits, "but even so it's all hamburger, no matter how often you run it through the meat grinder. I personally happen to be acquainted with a couple of John Smiths. One of 'em's a selfish souse while the other's a big-hearted Larry. There's otherwise about as much resemblance between their characters as there is between a glue factory and apple-blossom time in Picardy."

"The resemblance exists, nevertheless," insists sweetness. "Any well-informed numerologist could show you ——"

"Show me, your lipstick!" I snaps. "People's characters are not sprinkled on 'em. They're formed by environment, training and kicks in the shins. Why do you imagine I was named John Francis?"

"Because," replies Olivia promptly, "you came into the world with a certain set of vibrations and the name had to be one that contained those vibrations."

"I laugh in your pretty face," says I. "As a matter of fact, the folks had it all framed to slip me Jeremiah for a handle, but there was a quick shift just before the christening. Uncle John Francis had suddenly returned from Alaska with a lot of money and high blood pressure. And you fall for this vibration bunk! I got half a mind to give you the air and let Dan Coogan get stuck with you."

"Perhaps," she suggests, ignoring my threat, "a little study of the subject would change your views. Suppose you take this book on astrology and numerology home with you tonight."

"Oh, all right," says I, stuffing it into my pocket, "but this astrology is even more to the Camembert than the numerology gag. Imagine everybody born over a thirty-day period having the same qualities whether he's a Lowell of Harvard or a cannibal of the Cameroons. What happened to all the men born the same day Napoleon was? Hell, I've even seen twins who were exact opposites in every respect, and so have you. Laugh that off."

"The book," promises Olivia, "will explain everything."

He's Dictating to the Very Efficient Miss Whitmark When I Pops Into the Office

"Gosh," I grumbles. "And they call a feller's mother his best friend. Not only am I hexed with a blah-blah birthday but I'm given a name that doubles me as a good for nix. Things sure broke badly over my cradle. Would it have made any difference if I'd been christened Jeremiah Joshua instead of John Francis?"

"Let me see," says she, doing some rapid figuring on the back of an envelope. "Oh, yes. It'd have made you vibrate to Number Nine, giving you a much more positive character, and, since I'm a Number Two ——"

"A Two!" I cuts in, all atwitter. "That's great! I'm a Five and you're a Two. Between us we roll a Seven—a natural! That settles everything. Shall we have the living room done in bird's-eye maple or would you prefer a quiet wedding at the curate's?"

"Numerology," remarks Olivia freezingly, "does not deal with digits in addition; only with digits in conjunction and opposition. Nothing could be more hostile to a Virgo Two than a Scorpio Five."

"That's fine," I enthuses. "Maybe it'll explain how I can get the cream of the Virgo crop to do a little vibrating in my direction. There's an idea for a song in this When a Virgo Meets a Scorpio Along the Milky Way, or You May be Your Mother's Darling, But You're Only a Zodiac Bull to Me. . . . Don't forget, you have a date to go riding with me Saturday."

"I'm afraid I can't keep it," says she "Mars and Uranus will be in conjunction with the watery sign of Pisces and it's very inadvisable for natives of Virgo to stir out of the house at that time. You may call in the evening though. Dan's coming ——"

"Not me," I growls. "I'm in conjunction with a poker game on Saturday night and I'll do all my calling there."

II

IT DOESN'T take more than a half hour with the book on astrology to show me just what a collection of fromage it all is. To begin with, no horoscope can be properly cast unless the hour and even the minute of the person's birth is known, which practically bars everybody from a correct reading, including untaxed Indians and six-fingered Scandinavians. And that's not all. Should you learn that you came into the world at 9:01 Greenwich mean time with corrections for daylight savings and relativity, there are still a flock of buts, ifs and howevers, any one of which can turn your lucky star into so much planetary punk.

You might, for example, be an Aries native and sitting on top of the world, when all of a sudden it develops that Venus and Mercury had met over a noggin of nectar at the split second of your nativity, and your destiny's all changed. Instead of having the makings of a violin virtuoso and of a regular Casanova with the cuties, as was indicated on the first rough examination, you are now fated to become a nonunion steam fitter with a tendency toward lumbago and hair in your ears.

In the back of the book is a section devoted to numerology. On one page it's shown conclusively by numbering the vowels and consonants of his name that Henry Ford of Detroit and the Wayside Inn couldn't help being an organizing genius and a man of large wealth, but no attempt is made to explain why laddies with a similar count wonder where the next meal's coming from and couldn't organize a game of solitaire.

Just for pretty fun I apply the figure test to Napoleon and discover that he was of the stodgy-stay-at-home type whose life is without color or interest, while the village whittler I knew as a boy works out as the sort of chappie who grinds empires beneath his heel and is dominated by a restless urge to seek the new and unexplored.

I'm so grouched at Olivia for letting herself into this mish mash, I make no attempt for several days to get in touch with her. By the end of the week, however, I begin to wonder as to what's going forward between her and Coogan, so I drops in on her uncle, Joe Brice, a grand old guy, who's been sitting in my corner of the triangle. He's dictating to the very efficient Miss Whitmark when I pops into the office.

"Tell Her," I Barks, "That I'll Come In When I'm Good and Ready"

"What's the matter with you?" asks Brice, sensing the blues.

"My birthday," I grunts.

"Ha!" says Joe. "So Livy's sicked the zodiac on you."

"She has," I admits; "and if I were you I'd take those paper clips and elastic bands off the desk and put them under lock and key. I'm untrustworthy, have no regard for the property rights of others and believe that everything I see is mine. In short, I'm a Scorpio Five, undoubtedly the lowest form of life."

"Why, Mr. Tevis!" exclaims Miss Whitmark. "How you talk! You're not that kind of man at all."

"When," I inquires, "were you born? Never mind the anno domini—just the day and month."

"June second," she returns in some surprise at the question.

"I thought so," says I. "You're a native of Gemini."

"Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania," corrects Joe's secretary. "Gemini's the place down in the West Indies where they land the bootleg booze, isn't it?"

"That's Bimini," I tells her. "You were born under the sign of Gemini, and that's why you don't believe the write-up I just gave myself. Gemini gals are confiding and easily imposed upon. They're the sort who buy stock in a concern for making silk out of sea water as a widow-and-orphan investment."

"Yeah?" chimes in Brice. "You'd better take that zodiac of yours and have the valves reground. Anybody that slips over anything on Miss Whitmark'll have to get up so early in the morning it'll practically be noon of the day before. I've seen her put up sales resistance against a gift of blotters."

"I can't help that," says I "She's a Gemini and her destiny's been mixed like a salad in the bowl of heaven. Her fate's to be a sucker By the way, talking of suckers, I see in the book where Scorpio men mate very prettily with Gemini women. Would you object, mademoiselle, if I were to make some sappy passes in your general direction and breathe heavily of love and moonlight on the old piazza?"

"No objections at all," Joe Brice's secretary comes back amiably. "What kind of a Greek are you when it comes to bearing expensive gifts?"

"Sons of Scorpio," I assures her "are high, loose and liberal, but what's the use? You probably have an Aquarius, a Sagittarius and a Pisces with a pompadour reaching right now for the third finger of your left hand. Even so, I'd sign on ——"

"Except for the slightly disconcerting fact," interrupts Miss Whitmark, who's hep to the Olivia line-up, "that the ring you've in mind's already been tailored to another's measure."

"Yeh," says I, "but she's got the zodiac around her finger and I can't pry it off even with soft soap." I turns to Brice. "Can you tell me why a girl with a brain otherwise all to the Binet'll let herself get bogged down in this horoscope and numerology bilge?"

"No, I can't," he confesses, "but you'd be surprised at the number of seemingly intelligent folks who are that way about it. There's a merchant down the street here who wouldn't buy even a gross of hairpins unless the sun and stars were in auspicious aspect. He even picks his caddies by their birthdays. Then there's Sim Ginsberg who had his name changed to Seumas McGinley because his old name didn't click with his inner self. Later on he changed it again—this time to Cyrus Gifford."

"Why the second alteration?" I inquires.

"So if anyone asked him what his name used to be," explains Joe, "he could say it was McGinley."

"Very interesting"—I scowls—"but not very helpful What am I going to do about Olivia?"

(Continued on Page 36)

Snatching Her Around the Waist, I Lifts Her Into the Machine. Simultaneously the Driver Steps on It

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

A Smith Family Group About the Executive Mansion Fireplace, Albany, 1923

AFTER the session we made preparations to attend the Democratic National Convention. That it was to be held in San Francisco delighted me, because it gave me my first opportunity to visit the Pacific Coast.

The first national convention I ever attended was in St. Louis in 1904, when Alton B. Parker was nominated for President on the Democratic ticket. It was quite an experience. I had never been so far away from home before. Strange to say, I never got into the convention itself, although I was deeply interested in its outcome.

In 1908 I attended the national convention at Denver, at which Bryan was nominated for the third time. In 1912 I attended the memorable convention at Baltimore, where Woodrow Wilson was nominated. Being by that time a leader of the assembly, I was in the inner circles of the party. The New York delegation under the leadership of the then governor, John A. Dix, on the first ballot cast its lot with Judson Harmon of Ohio. Champ Clark, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, was well in the lead and was supposed to have behind him the backing and influence of the Bryan forces. It was the consensus of opinion, however, among the leaders to whom I spoke during the progress of the convention, that Bryan was never really and sincerely in favor of Clark. He was rather seeking to bring about a condition which would make possible his own nomination. Governor Dix asked the New York delegation to give Harmon a complimentary vote. Nobody in Tammany knew anything about Harmon. They merely followed the leadership of the governor of the state. After doing this they turned to Oscar W. Underwood. This caused Bryan to attack the New York delegation and Tammany most bitterly, charging that the Wall Street interests and reactionary elements of the country controlled the delegation. His bitter attack did not help Bryan or Clark with the New York delegation.

More Silver-Tongued Than Bryan

DURING the Baltimore convention it adjourned once on Saturday afternoon until the following Monday morning. Instead of remaining in Baltimore I came on a sleeper to the Pennsylvania Station in New York and went right out on a Long Island train to Far Rockaway, went to church, had a swim, had dinner with Mrs. Smith and the children and jumped back to Baltimore the same night.

I was again in St. Louis in 1916 when Wilson was renominated.

We went to the San Francisco convention in a private car. Mrs. Smith, my daughter Emily and my son Alfred, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Murphy, Judge and Mrs. James A. Foley, Gen. Charles W. Berry and William Humphreys, called the Chief, a friend of mine from Albany, made up the party, which assembled at Chicago. The male members spent the week previous at French Lick Springs.

We went over the Overland Limited route. I saw the Great Salt Lake and the snowsheds of the Sierra Nevadas for the first time. Until the convention closed I had very little opportunity to see anything of the far western country. I stole two hours out of one day to buy a pair of cowboy saddles for the two ponies that were at the Executive Mansion at Albany, the property of my two younger boys, Arthur and Walter.

The convention was very tame and there were only a few characters in it. The leading personality of the convention was W. Bourke Cockran. To begin with, Cockran's debate with Bryan on the wet and dry plank was the one thing that livened up the convention. Cockran had the best of the argument. He overpowered Bryan both by reason and logic. He was an infinitely better orator than the Boy Orator of the Platte. Of course Bryan won out as a matter of party expediency and because of the overpowering influence of the South and West on the dry question. All the congressmen and senators from the Democratic states had voted in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The Governor and Daughter, Emily, at the San Francisco Convention, 1920

A Proponent

COCKRAN'S speech nominating me was in his best vein. He was just tuned up for it. I met him at the St Francis Hotel the night before, and, putting his arm around my shoulders, he pulled me to one side and said, "I am about to achieve the joy of my life. For as long back as I can remember, at national conventions I have been fanning the wind either against somebody or against something. At last I have an opportunity to be for somebody." He took Judge Morgan J. O'Brien into a side room and sat up until 8:30 in the morning, rehearsing what he was going to say.

His concluding remark was: "We offer him to you as President of the United States. We will accept no compromise in the convention. If you take him we will give you the state of New York, and if you reject him we will take him back and run him for governor!"

Cockran was in the height of his power, in the eventide of his life. He had been out of Tammany Hall for a long while on account of disagreements with Croker. He had come back under Murphy's leadership and had been elected to Congress. He was rejuvenated and went into the 1920 convention with great spirit. He was there to accomplish something and not to oppose something, as he had been doing for so many years. He threw his whole heart into that speech for me and then the band struck up with—thinking they had a Harrigan and Hart melody—"East side, west side, all around the town." Since then I have probably heard The Sidewalks of New York one million times, all over the Atlantic seaboard, through the South, the Middle West and in Butte, Montana.

It was not in the cards, of course, that I was to be nominated. I was not actually in the convention hall during the demonstration which followed Cockran's speech. At least I hid there—I was not in sight of the delegations. I wasn't so well known in 1920 throughout the country. I had accomplished comparatively little in the governor's office that would give me national prominence, and I always believed that most of the credit for the San Francisco demonstration was due to Bourke Cockran for his speech of nomination

I never spoke to Bryan until 1924. I met him at the dinner held in the Hotel Commodore, given by the city administration to the visiting delegates to the national convention. I paraded for him in 1896 and 1900, and was at the convention in 1908, when he was nominated, and cheered for him, but had never met him. He was for years a powerful figure in the Democratic Party in the nation.

Bryan was an opportunist. Bryan did the thing that helped Bryan. When he found it convenient for his own purpose to assail Tammany Hall and Wall Street, he did so, but when he was a candidate himself no man ever cultivated the support of Tammany Hall more than he did. When returning from one of the

conventions, he met the Tammany Hall delegation en route, and he said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is her prophet." When he was a candidate himself, he not only declared himself in favor of Tammany Hall, but he was for Richard Croker too. If he could not secure the nomination or did not get the support of Tammany in the convention, he immediately linked her up with big business, sordid politics and everything that was mean and rotten.

Bryan was a man who was never for anything new, except to help himself. In not one of his three campaigns for the presidency did he ever speak in favor of woman suffrage or about prohibition. It always seemed to me that Bryan invented issues to get a nomination, but after getting it he never said anything about them.

One of the strangest things about him is that in his earlier years he advocated governmental reforms about which he said nothing when he was a candidate for the presidency. In fact, I have in my possession an old-time campaign badge from Nebraska showing him running at one time on the ticket opposed to prohibition.

The great difficulty with Bryan as a candidate, to my way of thinking, was that he talked over the heads of the people. He referred to himself as the "Great Commoner," as a man of the common people; but his fluent oratory was too much for them, and the very people to whom he appealed never definitely understood the major issues for which Bryan fought. I would be willing to venture the suggestion that not one in ten thousand voters, or maybe one in fifty thousand voters in New York understood what he meant by the coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one.

His famous speech in the Chicago convention which won him the nomination in 1896 is a gem of English and oratory, but it stops there. It is carefully pasted into my first scrapbook. Bryan claimed that he spoke for the hardy pioneers who "braved the dangers of the wilderness," who "make the desert to blossom as a rose," who "rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds." But I could not find in the speech a specific place where he definitely promised what he was going to do to better their lot in life or where he even outlined what their complaint was. He stated simple and palpable truths. For instance, "Turn down the farmers and grass will grow on the streets of your principal cities." What that refers to would be difficult to tell from his speech.

There was nothing unusual about Bryan's form of political oratory. With the exception of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson, most of our public orators talked in such general terms that it is quite difficult for the ordinary man, after he leaves a political gathering, to remember for any length of time anything he has heard.

Wordmongers

AS A BOY, I can remember the campaign orators. The Republican orator talked about "the immortal principles of Lincoln," but failed to say what application they had to present needs and necessities. The Democratic orator, like his opponent, talked about "the undying principles of Jefferson," but likewise without any application to present-day problems.

At the close of the 1920 convention we visited Los Angeles. I went out on the steamer to Catalina Island, where I had my first swim in the Pacific. While at Los Angeles we visited one of the movie studios. The party was photographed as we proceeded from one building to another. Our pictures and scenes from the different pictures then in process of being made were incorporated into a film and the reel was presented to me. I brought it back East for the amusement of my friends.

Back on His Truck

William Fox, of the Fox Films Company, at Christmas of 1923, presented me with a moving-picture machine and a portable screen, which was in use in the Executive Mansion all the years that I was there. The moving-pictures were the delight of the small children in the immediate vicinity of the Executive Mansion. Walter, my youngest son, was president of the Capital Athletic Club, and his club members had choice and preferred seats in the audience. The main stairway served as the gallery and was always filled to capacity. When the playmates of the different children assembled, there was a good-sized audience for each production

We returned to New York over the Santa Fe System, stopping at Denver, Colorado. I made my second trip up Pike's Peak at that time, in an automobile. My first ascent had been in 1908, on the old cog railway that ran up the side of the mountain, when I made my first visit to Colorado.

Those who participated in the national campaign of 1920 will never forget it. Probably never in the history of this country was there a campaign waged upon such gross and palpable misrepresentation. Under shrewd and clever leadership the Republican Party throughout the country for months before had been sowing the seeds they hoped would ripen into a harvest of votes.

Each Plank a Promise

THROUGH their agents and through publications, and particularly through the foreign newspapers, they led the German element to believe that the election of a Republican President would mean the removal of some of the harsh terms of the Versailles Treaty. They promised the Italians to give Fiume to the Italian Government. They started a successful agitation among the Irish people to blame President Wilson for not freeing Ireland while he was giving freedom to Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. They never at any time let the people to whom they appealed know that these were countries which had been under the domination of the fallen enemy. They went so far as to promise that a Republican President would recognize the republic of Ireland.

At the conference of leaders, which took place in Saratoga in 1920, to name the ticket to run in the primary for the governorship of the state, it was not difficult to convince the Democratic leaders to accept practically the entire report of the Reconstruction Commission as part of the party's definite declaration of policy, notwithstanding that the body which originated it was nonpartisan and contained almost as many Republicans as Democrats.

It has been a well-established policy for political parties to present a platform which is made up of the principles and promises of the party, and upon which the candidate bases his appeal for votes. The platform of a political party is really its declaration of fundamental principles and its promise to the voters of what it proposes to do constructively, if given the power to improve the government.

I have always regarded each plank of the Democratic platform as a definite promise made by the party to the voters, for which the party, as such, assumes responsibility. Practically all the constructive reforms under my administration were parts of the Democratic platform or of the Democratic promises in the event of success at the polls. All the Democratic legislative leaders and, for that matter, all the Democratic members of both houses supported me vigorously in obedience to the platform declarations of the Democratic Party

The popular impression is that platforms are hurriedly drafted during the excitement and tumult of a convention. So far as the Democratic

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The Smiths and Their Two Daughters, at the Monmouth Beach, N. J., Club

LADY CAN DO

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

VI

ONE by one the sleepy, cross guests gave their stories. Mr. Delos sputtered indignantly over being treated as a suspicious character. Miss Eames yawned as she languidly, briefly, answered the questions. The gargoyle proved to have theories and cackled excitedly until the chief shut him off. Not one of the lot had any really illuminating facts to offer. The evening had been and would remain a good deal of a haze in their minds.

Gradually Elsie found herself catching something of the impersonal atmosphere in which these determined men were going at their task, and even found herself, during the brief rests while the officials were talking, mentally piecing together the odd bits of evidence that came to light here and there. Toward noon the sergeant entered and announced that the reporters had begun to arrive from New York.

He brought also a blood-stained hatchet. They had found it in the shrubbery under the den windows. It was the sort that can be bought at any hardware shop. Chinese gunmen might have brought it or it might have been picked up in the Cuppy cellar. You couldn't say.

"Keep those reporters out," said Atkinson as he examined the hatchet. Carlock looked it over next through a pocket microscope.

"That goes," remarked the chief to the sergeant. "Keep them clean off the place. If you need more men call up headquarters."

Mr. Wong was brought in. Again, as Elsie considered the elderly figure and the crushed expression on the round, wrinkled Oriental face, she felt simplicity and honesty in the man. Then Mr. Carlock again took up the burden of question.

"You arrived here late last evening, Mr. Wong?"

"Yes. So I did. I have come on the 10:40 train from New York."

"And you rode out here in a taxicab from the local station?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you come? You had not been invited to the house party?"

"No. But I have had a telephone call."

"From whom?"

"I don't know."

"Man or woman?"

"It is a man—a Chinese man."

"What did he say to you?"

Mr. Wong sat motionless for a long moment, thinking. The men about the table watched him intently. Finally he said, "If I can do I will tell the story."

"In your own way, you mean? Very well. Do so."

"I am interest', much of us in this country are interest', in the Nationalist Party of Canton. The party of Sun Yat-Sen and Chiang Kai-shek. I have give money. For it is war in China. Men feel." He put his hand on his heart. "Men are excite'. Chiang is at the Yang-tse River. But he must have money. More and more money it is all the time. Men of our party in this country give too much. A little time ago I am told that Hung Lo—he is Shanghai man now—Hung Lo sent to Ting Pao."

"Who is Ting Pao?"

"New York man, Ting Pao. Very big man."

"And connected with the Nationalist Party?"

"Oh, yes! Hung Lo send the wonderful pearl cap of Empress Tsz'u Hsi—what you call empress dowager. He has ask' Ting Pao to sell the cap because New York is city of too much money. Ting Pao has talk' with me because I am merchant. He has said I am man who finds rich buyer. And then Ting Pao send the money to Hung Lo in Shanghai. And Hung Lo give money to Chiang."

"Then the pearl cap was to be sold to raise funds for Chiang's military campaign?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And this pearl cap was really of considerable value, Mr. Wong?"

"Oh, yes!" The Chinaman's hands fluttered upward. "Very great! Maybe two hundred thousand. Maybe three hundred thousand. I have said I will sell for most possible. And I ask no commission. It is matter of great hurry. No time. I think of Mr. Cuppy. He buys too much Chinese beautiful things. All the time he buys." The slanting eyes swept about at the cabinets full of carved jade and nephrite and rock crystal that stood about the walls; at the long scroll paintings that hung, under glass, above them; at the richly ornamented screens, the old bronzes, the exquisite porcelains, the snuff bottles, the carved furniture.

"Last night when I am eating my dinner, I am thinking about Ting Pao. The pearl cap must have come. I wonder. Then I sit a while. Then I am called to telephone, and the man tells me that if I do not give back the cap before midnight, I am to be killed by hatchet men. That I cannot escape, the voice tells me. Naturally I am surprise'. I cannot think what he means. I ask him to tell me, for I do not know. He says to me I do know. That I am liar. But I make him tell. He says to me after long talk that men steal the pearl cap and sell it to Mr. Cuppy. He says to me I know these thieves. He says I make them do it and keep all the money myself." Mr. Wong struck his breast with both hands—trembling hands. "Never before do they say this—that I, too, am thief. Never in my life do they say that of me. And they say I will give back the pearl cap before midnight or I am killed by hatchet men. So I take the train here. I try to see Mr. Cuppy. But Mr. Cuppy is sick. In there." He pointed excitedly to the den. "And no can see Mrs. Cuppy. I think I will buy the cap. I think of myself. And I think of Chiang Kai-shek too. I am not rich man. I have my home. And I have bonds. Maybe one hundred and sixty-seventy thousand. I get all my bonds. They are in my safe. I bring them here." He struck his chest again "I give all my bonds to Mr. Cuppy if he will give me the pearl cap. No can do. They take me to sleep in his bed because he is sick down here. That is all I know."

"You think these hatchet men followed you here, Mr. Wong?"

"Oh, yes! I think so."

"But why should they kill Mr. Cuppy?"

"I cannot think. But maybe they think he is me. Maybe they come in by the open window ——"

"Oh, you know about the open windows?"

"Oh, yes! All this morning I hear the people talk. Too much talk. Maybe"—eagerly, this—"maybe they climb in the window. They hear a man sleeping. Maybe it is me. They kill him." He was keen, this old Chinaman; despite the tragic emotion in his breast his brain was clear. "Then they hunt in this room. They find the pearl cap and take it away."

"Why do you think the servants all ran off?"

"These boys? Oh, they find the body of Mr. Cuppy. They are scared. They run. They think the police arrest them. You see, Chinese man never takes responsibility if can help—because if he do, then must keep his word until they kill him. These boys are afraid. So they run."

"You know these boys of Mr. Cuppy?"

Something Sobering, Haunting, About His Gray Eyes. "I Haven't the Faintest Notion What It's All About," He Began in a Slow, Low Voice

"Oh, no. Only one. Often I am here. They know me. I speak to them. But Sin I know. He work for me until last year. I have give him to Mr. Cuppy last year."

"Do you think you could find him?"

Mr. Wong looked doubtful. "It will be very hard. I do not know."

"Is he, in your judgment, the sort who would run away?"

"Sin? I do not think so. Oh, no! I do not understand that."

"Thank you, Mr. Wong. That is all."

"Then I can go. It is very important. I must go home."

"Not quite yet. By evening, perhaps. As soon as we have cleared up our work here."

"Thank you. Thank you too much." At the door he hesitated, turned back. His face worked. There were tears in his eyes. "It is time too hard, too dangerous, in China. Chinese men in America are too excite'. There is, we say in English, hot blood." With which, slowly, he went out.

When the door had closed on his bent figure, the men looked at one another.

"A rather interesting theory," remarked the chief

"Still," said Carlock, "there was no ransacking of the place. Whoever took the pearl cap knew where it was. Nothing else was so much as touched. I have sent that table in town to be examined for fingerprints. We may find a lead there."

"A curious angle," observed Atkinson, "is that we have learned so far of only two persons who knew where the cap was hidden. One is Dane. The other"—he turned, courteously enough, to Elsie—"is you, Miss Penn. And, frankly, I haven't the slightest suspicion of either of you. Or, naturally, you wouldn't be here, in our confidence. I know something, too, of John Dane. I happen to know one or two of his friends in town. I have long admired his work. I am quite willing to accept him as a gentleman."

"There is still," said Carlock, "the possibility of a third person in the room when Miss Penn and Dane hid the cap."

"Yes, there is that. We'll keep an eye out for developments there. But let's go on with our questioning. We have three left: Mrs. Cuppy, Stromberg and Dane. Doctor Obry, how soon will Mrs. Cuppy be able to talk?"

"Certainly not until later in the day, if then," replied the physician. "She is in a pretty bad way. I have given her a bromide. And I have a nurse up there."

"We'll have Stromberg in." The attendant officer left the room. "This fellow is an odd one," said Atkinson. "A Dane or Norwegian or North German. Hard to place. An adventurer, I rather think, who has worked round the Cuppys. They finance these expeditions of his, I've understood. Some of you may remember the queer publicity when he was lecturing last year on his Tibetan show. He claimed to have climbed some tremendous mountain out there. But stories drifted back that he didn't climb it. And there was a story got round that his motion pictures, presumably taken from the peak, really showed a familiar view from another and much lower peak that a lot of people have climbed. Some expert even figured out that he couldn't possibly have carried the picture machine up there, along with other supplies and the oxygen tanks, with the number of porters he had."

"And wasn't there," asked the doctor, "some trouble about a member of his expedition that died under unexplained circumstances?"

"That's right. That English boy."

The door opened. A police sergeant appeared. "Chief," he reported, "the pillow that was found in the hall belonged on the bed of Sin, the butler." The chief merely nodded, and Elsie made a note.

A moment later Stromberg was ushered in.

VII

HE WAS tall, lean, strong, and moved with the grace of a wild animal. But Elsie didn't like his face. It was thin and very keen. She considered the close-set, bright eyes as they took in the circle of officials. A good deal of sharp thinking went on, surely, behind them. But he told his story well enough, in a slightly foreign accent, of the evening party, the costumes, the collapse of Mr. Cuppy About the sequence of minor events he exhibited a measure of confusion, but admitted that he had drunk a good deal At about two o'clock, he said, they all went upstairs. Of what may have happened after that he knew nothing until he was roused by a policeman. Once or twice he looked directly at Elsie, but plainly didn't know her. His room, he said, was on the second floor in the rear, next to that of John Dane. They shared a bath.

Mr. Carlock asked, "Do you recollect seeing Miss Penn when she put away Mrs. Cuppy's pearl cap?"

"I remember meeting her in the hall. I had been dancing with Mrs. Cuppy and was cut out. I wandered into the hall with a glass in my hand, I think. Miss Penn came through with Mrs. Cuppy's cap in her hand and went into this room. Dane followed her. I sat down in the hall and finished my drink. Then I went back to the living room."

Dane was called. Elsie found herself bridling a little. It had seemed, at breakfast, as if he should have recognized her. He'd certainly seen more of her than Stromberg. He'd talked with her, looked at her, kissed her. At the thought a touch of color crept into her face. She hoped these men wouldn't notice. They apparently didn't. She must compose herself. This flutter of the nerves was absurd.

He took his place without as much as looking at her. Took her for granted. She might have been a piece of furniture.

"Well," she thought, bridling again, "I like that!"

Dane's story was the simplest and clearest of all. He knew precisely what he had and hadn't seen during the evening; and he seemed gravely eager to help. Elsie noted the good impression he made on the men about the table.

(Continued on Page 46)

"As You Gentlemen Know, I Never Saw Mr. Dane Before Last Evening. He is Nothing to Me. Nothing to Me at All!"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 31, 1929

A Great Day's Work

THE ratification of the Kellogg-Briand peace pact is still too near to us for us to be able to take in the full stature of its importance, but this we know—it is the most impressive and the most widespread effort toward universal peace that the world has ever made.

The negotiations which led up to this happy consummation reflect the highest credit upon all concerned; and they abound with evidence of the good faith and good will and the fixity of purpose which dictated every move. Mr. Coolidge and his former Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, share with Mr. Briand the honors for initiating this great undertaking. Senators Borah and Swanson were a real source of strength. President Hoover and Mr. Stimson ably assumed the responsibilities laid down when their predecessors retired from office.

The whole momentous affair was patiently managed and adroitly stage-managed. The words in which Mr. Hoover formally declared that the treaty had become operative had scarcely fallen from his lips when the British Premier announced the immediate abandonment of work on sundry cruisers and a general slowing down of dockyard activities. Mr. Hoover's instant proposal to put the brakes upon our own naval construction gave an added fillip to the news of a great day's work. These dramatic responses to the spirit of the new treaty ushered it into existence under the happiest auspices. The forthright declaration of the British Government that it regarded war with the United States as inconceivable and had no intention of entering into competitive naval programs with it awoke echoes of American good will no less hearty and sincere.

The brevity and simplicity of the treaty, together with its freedom from the clutter and tangle of legal verbiage, invest it with a strong appeal to those of us who are neither lawyers nor diplomatists. It simply declares in unmistakable terms that the subscribing nations, whose populations constitute some ninety per cent of the civilized world, renounce war as a national policy in the settlement of international disputes. This was the simple and clean-cut proposal submitted to each member of the family of nations. They were free to take it or leave it, to accept it or reject it. Their acceptance of it is, we venture to believe, a sound indication that civilization, whether moved by a quickened conscience, by fear of ultimate destruction or worn out by the age-old menace of war, has risen to a higher level than it has ever before attained.

There are plenty of cynics to remind us that human nature never changes, that it is the same in one age as in another, that treaties are mere scraps of paper, and that the hands of self-interest may still tear them up at will. All these things may be true, but they are no proof that the world has not become a little wiser than it once was or that self-interest is not becoming more enlightened and is learning to think in terms of centuries rather than in those of decades. Only those who believe that the world never moves can fail to be impressed by the ratification of this treaty. If it appears to them less momentous than it really is, it is because it has been reached by such slow and painful progress, and has so long been in sight on the distant horizon, that its attainment brings no jolt of surprise. Yet, if we go back only three or four generations, or even for one generation, we can perceive the change that has come over the mind and heart of mankind. Civilization is learning. Self-destruction is its only alternative to the treaty. Learn or die is the law of life. There is no appeal from that law.

The Course of Empire

AS A RESULT of last fall's election the country has for the first time a President born west of the Mississippi, and it has for the first time a Vice President born west of that river. Naturally, also, Mr. Hoover is the first Californian who has occupied the White House. These facts have comparatively little significance except as they are taken in connection with the slow but general Western trend. All of us know that there is a gradual movement of population westward and that the increase has been marked on the Pacific Coast in recent years. No one suggests that Mr. Hoover's outlook is bounded by Western considerations. His Secretary of the Interior, taken from California, proposes measures of oil conservation which meet far more opposition in the Far West than in the East. The last thing of which the President would be accused is a sectional or limited or provincial point of view, but the fact that he was born in Iowa and considers California his home shows at least that material for high office is no longer confined to any one or few regions.

It was not very long ago, relatively speaking, that cabinet members from west of the Mississippi were a novelty. We were long an Atlantic-seaboard people, but that day has gone, and now there is a wholesome geographical distribution of political power. The Far West has a number of important Senate-committee chairmen, in the House there are numerous chairmen from the East, and the Middle West is well represented in the cabinet.

Real power these days, it is often said, is economic and not political. If that were wholly true the country should be ruled by states like New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and North Carolina, because of the enormous sums in Federal taxes which they pay. New York pays nearly one-third of all the taxes into the Treasury at Washington. North Carolina's high place is due to her production of cigarettes. New York's largely to the fact that the financial center is there. But we doubt whether these states exert power in proportion to their contributions, which is fortunate, because no state lives entirely unto itself. New York has the financial center, it is true, but all the country contributes to Wall Street. The ripening corn in Iowa and the cattle on the Arizona mesas—all the resources of a great nation contribute to a financial concentration. The wealth which condenses into Wall Street did nor originate there. Our system of governmental representation has its defects and antiquities, but there are distinct advantages in its checks and balances. There is no concentration of governmental power. Neither wealth nor population is absolute.

Speed

THIS is an age of speed and many are the paeans sung in its praise. But speed at the wrong time, in the wrong place, and practiced by the wrong person, may be anything but commendable. It is a mighty factor in the deaths and injuries involved in automobile operation, and therefore deserves the discussion and attention which it is receiving. There is a tendency at present to regard inattention, carelessness and other human failings as the basis or final cause of mishaps and to relegate speed in itself to a secondary place, or to regard it as a contributory rather than a primary factor. Surely the mechanical improvement in automobiles and the safer type of highway now under construction make feasible a higher speed than formerly.

Indeed, three states have already removed exact speed limits without serious result, as far as can be learned. In their place the driver is enjoined to maintain a speed which is reasonable and proper under the conditions existing. It is argued that these new rules emphasize the value of individual discretion and responsibility. If the maximum speed allowed is thirty-five miles an hour, it is said the driver is tempted to go at that rate where fifteen would be reasonable. There is the further practical consideration that no state, city or town can possibly employ enough policemen to enforce a fixed-rate system, and that most drivers follow any speed they care to, anyway. It will be interesting to watch the newer and more flexible laws.

Caution and prudence are just the words to keep in mind in considering this whole question of speed. The basic causes of accidents may be heedlessness and inattention, as most authorities insist, rather than speed, but, on the other hand, this particular physical attribute seems to attend nearly all accidents. These come when the drivers speed in going around curves, in topping hills, in passing other drivers, in crossing intersections, in coming out of side roads, in backing, in making corners, in being in such a hurry as to get on the wrong side of the road, and in many other situations.

Plainly, however, the insistence should be upon prudence and the adaptation of operation, including speed, to existing conditions. How to accomplish this, no one knows. Laws will not do it and there are not enough police in the world to do it. Education and self-government seem to furnish the only answer. Yet the results are painfully slow in coming. But perhaps these forces would have more scope to work if the states could only agree upon standard and uniform codes of motor operation and conduct. We have pointed out before that some unity in these matters must precede any satisfactory handling of the automobile-accident problem. First steps come first.

The French Debt

BETTER late than never is the best that can be said for the ratification of the Mellon-Bérenger accord for the liquidation of the French war obligations. What should have been a simple, straightforward business transaction was spun out wearisomely and became all but lost in the mazes of French politics and German reparations.

If our own negotiators were put to a vast amount of needless worry and annoyance, Mr. Poincaré was subjected to a campaign of obstruction, obstinacy and random sniping no less galling. The twistings and turnings of the Chamber of Deputies, the fulminations of demagogues and the ingrained hostility of the average French citizen to submission to added taxation except for the upkeep of the national military establishment all conspired to block the path to prompt and orderly settlement. Only the firmness and steadfastness of Mr. Poincaré and certain of his colleagues saved the day.

French genius for finance is everywhere acclaimed, but that genius is of small avail when the most carefully worked-out ministerial programs are exposed to every wind of popular opposition, and immediate self-interest is too long allowed to obscure fundamental notions of correct policy. Three years came and went between the signing of the debt agreement and its formal ratification—three years of wrangling, maneuvering and objection, complicated by reservations, provisos and ceaseless efforts to condition payments upon receipts of German reparations. During these years our admiration for the French people and our deep-seated sympathy for them went a long way toward allaying the irritation occasioned by the obstructive tactics employed to delay final settlement; but at the same time we learned an important lesson regarding the practical aspects of our position as creditor of sundry Continental European nations.

Industry's Foreign Dragon

By F. J. GRIFFITHS

Chairman, Central Alloy Steel Corporation

EUROPEAN industrial competition has been described so frequently during the past few years as a menace to American prosperity that in the minds of many it has taken on the aspect of a modern commercial dragon. Feeding on cheap labor and backed by the resources of governments in many instances, this creature has been pictured as in the act of destroying our markets at home and abroad with a veritable flood of merchandise. We have less unemployment than any other nation in the world, but with every report of a seasonal or local decline the alarmists tell us that American workingmen are to be thrown out of their jobs as our mills and factories, unable to compete, close their doors.

Nothing is said, of course, as to how our workmen are to pay for this avalanche of goods if their wages are cut off. The situation is being observed as if through a powerful telescope that throws one factor into high relief, out of all proportion to its surroundings. Pipe from England is being laid down in Texas. Philadelphia is getting cement from Belgium. The Germans are selling jewelry of steel that looks and wears better than our low-grade silvers. For evidence that this penetration is only the beginning we are referred to headlines announcing giant cartels and trusts in all the geometrical forms, to say nothing of the new glossary of such terms as "rationalization" in England, and their equivalents in France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, and a half dozen other countries.

Undoubtedly, as in the days of witchcraft, there are many politicians abroad and maybe a few at home who are interested in having us believe in the existence of the dragon. It requires only a few months' investigation of industrial conditions abroad, however, to convince the American industrialist that if such a menace ever did exist, it has since ceased to be an actuality and is now no more than a state of mind. This does not imply that we must not look forward to progressively increasing industrial competition from Europe. But I believe it can be demonstrated that we have much more to gain than we have to lose from such a development, and I am firmly convinced that even with the aid and encouragement of American business, it will be many years before European industrial expansion can reach a stage where it will have any appreciable effect on those phases of industry in which we have attained world domination.

The threat may sound like the voice of a giant, but it comes from the throat of a pygmy. Dollar for dollar and ton for ton, many of the great European industrial combinations which are blazoned on the front pages of our newspapers could be matched in this country and cause no more than a local or intertrade sensation. The ability of European nations to produce and deliver the goods is a quarter of a century back of their intentions. The tonnages they are selling in the American market are infinitesimal against the mountainous background of our own production, and since both output and consumption may be expected to keep on expanding, I believe we can take a great deal more from Europe and still keep our own machinery in operation.

Mass production as we know and practice it in the United States is the very foundation stone of American industrial prosperity, yet it is still a great deal of a mystery even in Germany, which has been making more rapid industrial progress since the war than any other European country with the possible exception of Czecho-Slovakia. So far, its significance has not been appreciated by the industrial theorists of England and France. All four of these countries have devoted a great deal of time to the study of American methods, particularly England. But all seem to be seeking some abnormal explanation for our amazing prosperity. Even in Germany, which in my opinion comes nearer than any of its industrial neighbors to an understanding of the American point of view, there has been as yet no more than an inkling of the tremendous home-market development which underlies our economic supremacy.

Every industrial country today acknowledges that American prosperity is based on high wages. The English, the French and the Germans admit also that the aggregate of our wage payments is what makes our tremendous national buying power—that our wealth, in a word, is in our pay rolls. They know, too, that the rate of wage increase is in definite ratio to the increase in per capita production. Yet they cannot see that in order to reach our plane of national and industrial prosperity they must first multiply the absorptive power of their home markets by making customers of their own workmen. Despite what they may say to the contrary about the desirability and ultimate advantages of higher wages, they still consider labor charges the only easily controllable item in industrial costs, and in times of stress adjust rates downward without hesitation—a step which the American industrialist would postpone until all other recourse had failed.

In my opinion, the greatest factor in European economic unbalance is this self-limitation of industry. Every reduction in home buying power decreases the actual energy which may be brought to bear on foreign markets. To put it in financial terms, the European is trying to make up abroad for what he doesn't get at home. When he cuts prices, it is with the ultimate intention of increasing them after he has succeeded in dominating a market. His position in foreign trade is the exact reverse of that which we occupy, since the more we get in volume the less we require in unit price.

I am well aware that conditions in Europe are not strictly comparable to those in this country. Every worker, every merchant and every industry in England or in any of the Continental countries carries a burden of

(Continued on Page 65)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Sight-Seers: "What College is This, Frederick?"

Survey

WHEN you're kind, and smile at me,
I'm in some warm Sicily;
When you frown, I'm on the shore
Of the bleakest Labrador.

Lips that wake your dreamy mouth
Taste the vineyards of the South;
Lips that draw no passion forth
Feel the cold breath of the North.

When composed of such extremes,
Life a sorry business seems.
Can't we compromise, my own,
On some pleasant temperate zone?

—Norman R. Jaffray.

The Interview

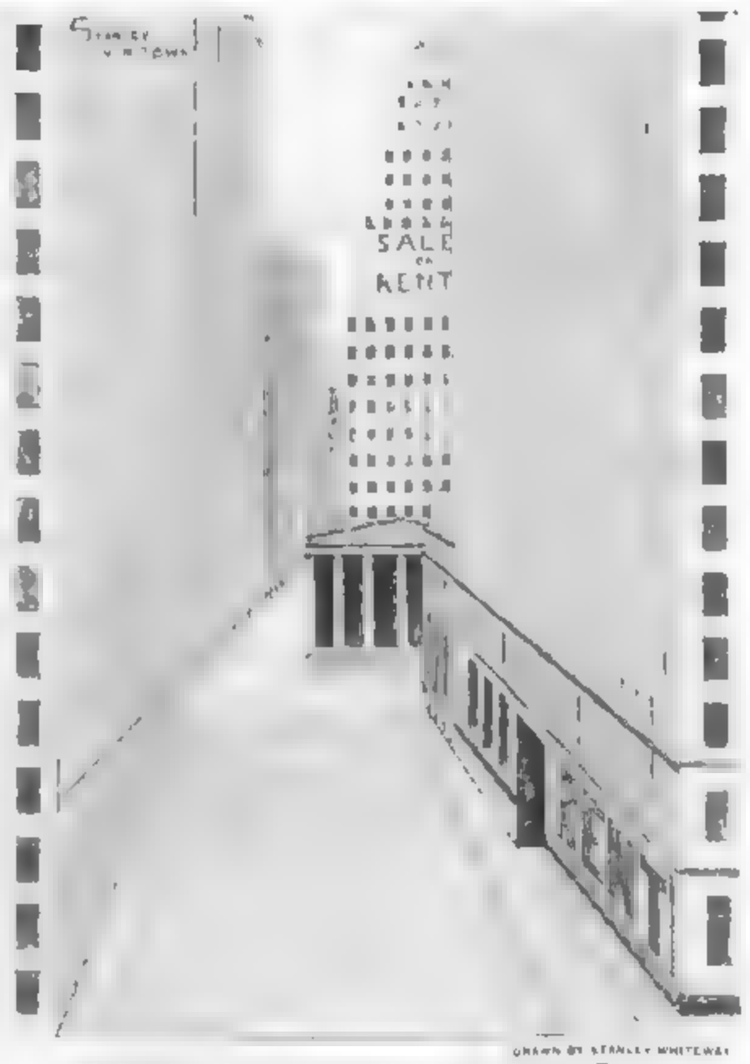
ERNIE wants me to speak to you, daddy, of his penchant for me. . . . Yes, I am the cream in his coffee. . . . Is he a desirable mate? I'll tell the world. He drives an expensive car. And wears garters. . . . No, I don't believe he plays a saxophone or uke. Camille would remember. . . . Who is Camille? His first venture, daddy. . . . Does he know any Scotch jokes? He must know around a thousand, being alive like he is, but calm your fears. He's quiet. . . . A bank account? Well, it isn't much account, but don't be out of step, daddy dear, and expect him to support me. I plan to become one more beauty expert. . . . Gee, daddy, I am so glad you think he'll do. We were married this afternoon.

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

Mythology

THE Centaurs looked
like horses, but their
upper halves were men;
The brazen Harpies nested
in the wild and rocky glen;

"Don't You Miss Me Just a Tiny Bit?"



If All the "New Yorkers" Who Came From Farms and Small Towns Went Home

The merry woodland Satyrs had the legs and horns of goats;
The Sirens lured the sailors with their sweet and sinful notes;
The Naiads dwelt in rivers and the Nereids in seas,
The Oreads in mountains and the Dryads in the trees,
And there were splendid Giants with a hundred heads apiece!
Oh, things were pretty lively in the golden isles of Greece!

When Zeus controlled the thunder and Poseidon ruled the brine
And Hades governed Ghostland, Dionysus made the wine;
And Ares marched to battle with the arms Hephaestus wrought,
And Hermes ran the errands while Athena planned and thought;

(Continued on Page 72)

"Why are They Throwing That Lady Out of the Woman's Club?"
"She Spoke Slightingly of the Craze for Dahlia Culture"

"But This Industrial Plan of Yours Contemplates a Minimum Wage of a Thousand Dollars a Week for Laborers!"
"Yes, But Just Think of the Purchasing Power That'll Give 'Em!"

It makes you feel healthy
From your head to your heels
When Campbell's Tomato
Is served with your meals!

TOMATOES are among the most valuable foods we can eat. The food experts tell us so. But do you know the most delicious and convenient way to enjoy tomatoes and get their extraordinary benefits? Campbell's Tomato Soup! Because it's all the rich, tonic goodness of luscious red-ripe tomatoes. And because it's already cooked. 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE

Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

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BEAN
BEEF
BOUILLON
CELERY
CHICKEN
CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA)
CLAM CHOWDER
CONSOMMÉ
JULIENNE
MOCK TURTLE
MULLIGATAWNY
MUTTON
OX TAIL
PEA
PEPPER POT
PRINTANIER
TOMATO
TOMATO-OKRA
VEGETABLE
VEGETABLE-BEEF

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

AFTERMATH

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FOR a girl who had just seen a man shot through the heart and his murderer beaten into insensibility by having his head thumped on a tiled floor, Miss Gordon Hammill seemed strangely calm. But it was the calm of one whose nervous reactions are deliberately held in suspension for the performance of certain predetermined acts, the first of which was managing to climb into a taxi—an open one—without collapsing. She let herself down slowly into the seat and in reply to the driver's raised eyebrows uttered the one word, "*Allez.*"

"But where?" he demanded.

"*Filez donc, tout droit.*"

Next to the Étoile, the Trocadéro is possibly the largest circular *place* in all Paris, and upon being told to travel straight ahead, the driver hunched his shoulders, threw out his hands and complained loudly to the world at large, "The lady thinks I'm a merry-go-round!"

"Or a ringworm," said Gordon.

The effect of this little-used word was magical. That a foreign lady should know it at all was a wonder, but that he should have understood it was also a satisfying marvel. What if she had fallen into the hands of one of the ten thousand bone-headed Russian interlopers whose sole advantage was that they could understand only execrable French? Her *mot* would have been completely lost, wasted. He nodded his head and proceeded to drive at increasing speed around the vast circle.

Presently she called to him to go to the nearest post office, and by the time they arrived she was able to descend with an excellent imitation of her natural sprightliness. She went to the telegraph counter and, after trying all the rusted pens, succeeded in printing out the following cable to the general manager of the Mercantile Conference Lines:

Herbert Roulin, Merconli, New York. All three jailed two robbery one murder penalties assured five years to life stop am quite well cable instructions and funds.

She signed the message: "Tomlinson."

Her hotel had two entrances on separate streets, and she had systematically been using the back one, but now she gave directions to go to the front door and even glanced around with subdued eagerness as she approached it. But save for a boy trundling a barrow who caught her eye, winked, and shrilled "What about this evening, sweetheart?" the street was empty.

A few minutes later she reached her room, slammed the door behind her, tottered to the bed, threw herself face down and almost immediately fell into a profound sleep. She slept for hours, limbs outthrown, face turned to one side, her head crushed against the pillow, but not upon it. It was not a happy sleep; she made a whimpering sound from time to time and occasionally an arm or a leg would twitch violently as if it had been caught in a vise and was trying in vain to free itself.

In her imprisoned imagination dreams mingled with reality. It seemed that a gust of fresh air poured over her body; was it dream or reality? That someone entered the room, stood over her, even spoke to her; was it dream or reality? A band of iron, slowly contracting, bound her head at the temples. She was powerless to move or speak, or even to say whether her eyes were open or shut, and yet she could see quite clearly. She could see Gaspard's dead body hunched across the middle of his adversary, pinning him down, and again she watched the wiry *sous-préfet* of Paris pounce on Rivers' lolling round head, seize it by the hair, and begin to pound, pound ——

But was it pounding or merely somebody knocking persistently on her door? A voice assailed her ears—a voice that would not be denied. It began far away and came nearer and nearer like an on-coming locomotive. It was undoubtedly Marie, the floor maid, but how could she make so much noise, and what on earth was she trying to say? Something important; evidently of great importance. By a superhuman effort Gordon freed her ears, her eyes, her limbs, and turned her head the fraction of an inch. Immediately she could not only hear but understand.

"Mademoiselle, do you think what you're doing to your hat—your so lovely hat? A ruin, mademoiselle—a ruin to make the heart bleed!"

Gordon sat up.

"Oh, Marie, thank you for waking me. What ghastly dreams, and according to the scientists, they all happened between your knocking on the door and crossing the room! What time is it?"

"Does time matter?" asked Marie with her nearest approach to sulkiness. "You have ruined your hat."

Gordon suddenly recognized the band of iron of her dreams. She dragged off the wrecked hat and tossed it to Marie. "There; you may have it. I never want to see it again."

"For me?" gasped Marie. "Mademoiselle is *folle*; two thousand francs if I know anything, and it is not so ruined but what I can make it like new. I restore mademoiselle's gift."

"No, you don't. All the better for you, Marie, if it can be repaired. I tell you I never want to see it again. I do not give it to you; I throw it away, and with it all closed cabs, all sneaking and lying, all staying cooped up in this terrible room when the sun is shining. I throw my hat over the wall and become free!"

Marie's eyes grew moist and her lip trembled. "Has this room then been so terrible?"

"Oh, no, no! How could I have said that? It has been my refuge, my one safe retreat. All my present happiness is based on this room, Marie, and on you with it, because I couldn't have stood it without you. I love the room; I love you both."

"I take the hat," murmured Marie, "and return a thousand thanks."

Gordon's eyes fell on her bag, lying near the foot of the bed, and she promptly sat up straighter than before. "Hand me my bag and bring me the telephone. But first tell me what time it is."

"It is after seven, for the sun has just set," said Marie, passing her the bag and picking up the telephone. "Shall I call the number?"

"One minute," said Gordon in an odd tone of voice.

She had opened the bag and plunged her hand to the bottom, only to withdraw it and sit for a moment as if all the functions of her body had come to a full stop. Then, very slowly and methodically, she began to empty the bag, article by article. Finally, with handkerchiefs, letters, scraps of paper, compact, cards, a gold pencil, a dozen odds and ends and quite a large amount in bank notes and change, scattered on the bed around her, she turned the bag upside down and shook it. Only a mirror, slipping from its receptacle, fell out. She sat for a long time without moving.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" asked Marie anxiously. "Have you lost something?"

"Set the telephone on the table and leave me, Marie. I want to think."

"Can I bring mademoiselle something to eat?"

"No. Do not come back unless I ring. But wait."

"What is it, mademoiselle? Please trust me."

"The window—did you open it?"

"No, I found it as it is when I entered."

"That's all; you may go."

(Continued on Page 26)

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" Asked Marie Anxiously. "Have You Lost Something?"

IT'S a secret shared by many clever housewives—that vegetables and fruits gain new goodness when cooked with Premium Ham. For Premium's delicate richness permeates them, giving an unexpected zest. And Premium's rare tenderness, its mild, distinctive taste make possible an endless range of delightful combinations like the one described below.

Boiled Premium Ham with Vegetables and Apricots. Cover a Premium Ham Shank with cold water and boil slowly, allowing 25 minutes to the pound. Skim off surplus fat. Half an hour before ham is done add green pepper rings and one-half pound of dried apricots which have been soaked in water. A particularly fine flavor is given by the addition of cauliflower broken in sprigs, or egg plant cut into inch cubes. Serve the ham on a hot platter surrounded with the vegetables and fruit.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS PREMIUM. Look for the blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The Blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary parchment wrapper. And the name Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side.

(Continued from Page 24)

Left alone, Gordon remained on the bed in a sort of tense immobility, all her powers of vision and deduction concentrated on the reconstruction of actual events in conjunction with her troubled dreams. She remembered with surprising distinctness the recovery of Kit Leffingwell's necklace. She could see every one of Monsieur Boudin's movements as he frisked the body of the insensible Rivers, finally drew the pearls from the lower left-hand pocket of the coat, arose, opened her bag and dropped them in.

Not only that, but when paying for the cable she had actually seen the pearls, and during the ride to the hotel she remembered feeling them more than once through the stuff of the bag. It had been part of her rejoicing, part of the formula by which she had striven to regain her poise and realize the full extent of her freedom. No longer, she had thought, would she have to dodge nice people like the Leffingwells or torment Ellis Boughton with point-blank refusals of his friendship.

At what moment, then, could the pearls have been taken? Certainly not before she reached her room; consequently it must have been after, and it was at this point that her dreams intruded into her calculations. Had she not dreamed of a gust of air pouring over her body? She knew she had not opened the window before throwing herself on the bed; on the other hand, she could not swear it was not open when she entered the room. However, maids are peculiarly bound by habit, and it was Marie's invariable custom to close all windows during the heat of the day.

Then there was the dream of somebody entering, standing over her, speaking to her—why speak to her? To make sure she was asleep? How foolish! Well, then, had it been a dream or hadn't it? Anyway the pearls were certainly gone, and their disappearance opened up an entirely new line of thought. She had never intended to lose them but had hoped she would. The very basis of possession, the one argument by which she had gained their custody, had been the greater probability of their being stolen.

They had served the purpose for which she had wanted them most admirably. With the same morsel of bait she had hooked Senator Meacham, Bertrand, the stool pigeon, and finally the great Colonel Rivers himself, and landed them in the clutches of the law on charges which would overleap the usual joke of deportation and doom them to years of Devil's Island. She was more than content, and it only remained to be seen whether Kit Leffingwell would be equally satisfied to hear that she could proceed to collect her insurance.

She took up the telephone and presently recognized Mrs. Leffingwell's volatile voice, explosive on the slightest provocation.

"Yes? Who is it? *J'écoute!* Are you there?"

"Kit, it's Gordon."

"Gordon! Gor——"

There was violent interruption at the other end of the line, and Mr. Leffingwell's voice took up the conversation: "Is that really you, Miss Hammill?"

"Yes, Leffie."

She could feel his gulp come surging over the wire as he controlled himself sufficiently to say, "May I ask where you are?"

"Not in that tone of voice. Besides, I don't want to talk to you; I want to speak to Kit. If she's busy I'll call up some other time."

"No, no!" he exclaimed with a touch of panic "Don't ring off."

A full minute passed before Kit took his place. "Isn't he funny, Gordon? I wish you could see him; he's changed so since day before yesterday. His eyes have grown so you'd hardly know him—out, I mean. He rumbles instead of talking, and he's been throwing one continual fit as to where you are, what's your telephone number, and what you have done with my pearls."

"One minute, Kit," interrupted Gordon. "If you'll only give me a chance I've got some good news for you."

"All right; I'll listen."

"You'd better. They are stolen this time—really stolen."

"What? When?"

"The pearls, of course. Up to now I've known exactly who had them, where they were, and more or less how I'd get them back But this time they're gone." She waited and waited. "Kit!" She waited again. "Kit!"

"Yes," said Kit in a totally changed voice. "Yes, I'm here"

"Aren't you glad?"

"N-no Oh, Gordon, please come at once. Please do."

"Of course I will," said Gordon, keeping her own voice steady only by a desperate effort. "Don't be frightened, Kit, and try not to tell him anything until I get there. I'll tell him myself."

"He's heard everything," said Kit almost in a whisper, and then continued, her voice steadily growing clearer: "He's had that extension thing at his ear all the time, but now he's dropped it, and I never knew him to look so white, poor darling. You see, Gordon, he's so nice and young and everything, he thinks you're a crook, so he says we'll never get a cent from the insurance people because it was as if I'd thrown the pearls overboard in exactly the middle of the Atlantic. And that reminds me; you know his father—the one everybody calls old Saber-tooth behind his back? Well, he's on his way over. To be perfectly truthful, Gordon, he gets here tonight."

"Don't let's talk over the telephone any longer," said Gordon firmly. "I've simply got to take a bath, but then I'll come straight down and tell Leffie exactly who I am and all about it. I know you're worrying, Kit, but stop it. If necessary I'll get the pearls back; I don't know how, but I will."

All the time she was bathing and dressing, her mind was leaping from one hypothesis to another. One dealt with paying for the pearls outright—a rather hopeless ambition. Another comforted her with the thought that they had been truly, legitimately lost, and she could prove it. The third had to do with the detection of the thief. Any outsider undertaking an investigation would undoubtedly say it was an inside job and would pick on Marie. Every circumstance pointed to Marie, and yet Gordon never suspected her. If she had been questioned as to why, all she could have said would have been that she knew it couldn't be Marie because she knew it.

The evening had turned chilly, so she chose a suit tailored in straight lines and with a single button at that exact point which makes all the difference between the commonplace and perfection. As she did so she reflected that however warm the night, she could have dressed in no other way for the imminent interview with James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr., for already she had ceased to think of Kit.

(Continued on Page 69)

"The Louis XVI Room, Madame," the Housekeeper Was Saying, "and Here is the Bijou." "It's Hard to Decide, Isn't It?" Murmured Gordon

Wherever machinery operates—on land or sea—good management looks to scientific lubrication to *keep* it running smoothly and economically. The Vacuum Oil Company has answered every call for scientific lubrication since 1866. In the marine field, for example

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PACKARD

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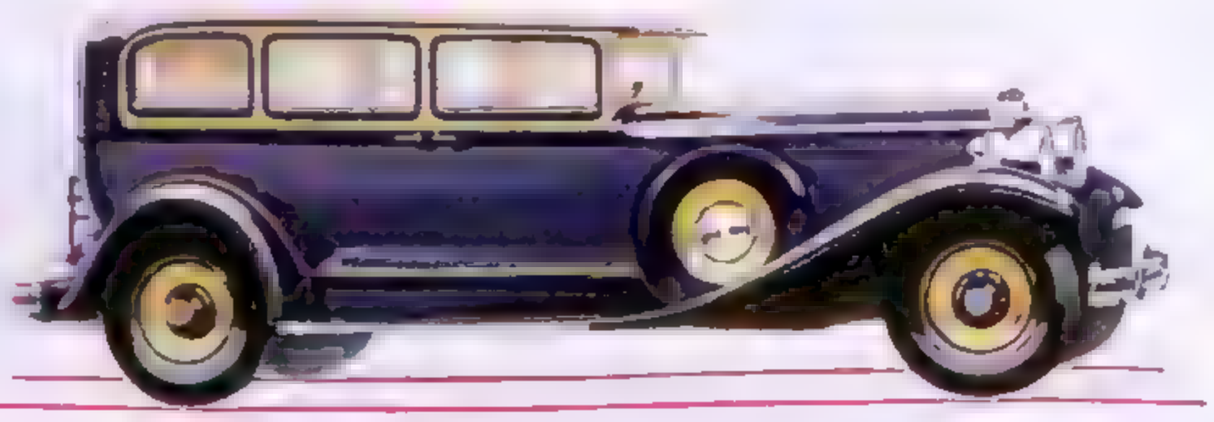
Today the Packard name stands for supremely luxurious transportation wherever fine cars are known and appreciated. Today's Straight Eight is acknowledged by motorists throughout the world as Packard's greatest achievement—the ideal combination of all that is fine in motor cars.

Luxurious transportation



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

(Continued from Page 5)

Since Harvey would not accept the Secretaryship of State, he was promptly marked for the ambassadorship to Great Britain. In all probability Harding would have given him that appointment entirely on his own initiative. But there were many men of influence to advise and urge it. Among them one of the most picturesque and earnest was Watterson. He wrote to the Secretary of State immediately after Harding's inauguration:

"*My Dear Mr. Secretary:* After making my official obeisance and expressing my personal satisfaction in the new Administration, may I not—without the suspicion of aiming or meaning to tell the President and yourself how to run the Government—make a suggestion?

"I have been much in England. Have made my living with my pen in London. I think I understand the European situation. We need a man to represent us, at the head of our Foreign Service, who is at home there. I know of no one so wholly suitable and equipped as George Harvey.

"The President must pay the debts. In Colonel Harvey he has had at once a loyal and useful friend, and he will have an ambassador made for the place; no stranger in the British capital; well known and highly considered there; especially able to deal with delicate and complex international affairs.

"Nothing is surer than collision between English interests and prejudices and American prejudices and interests. It may come sooner than many think. Root seeming disabled, I have looked in vain for a Republican to fill the bill. Indeed, save Herrick, I know of none, and Herrick should go back to Paris.

"Notwithstanding my fourscore and one, I can still sit up and take notice. I do not personally know the President, and he has never said 'turkey' to me. But we belong to the same professional guild, and he has no warmer well-wisher than I am. So, not being indifferent to passing events, I write to you as one Brown man to another; for, as the godlike Daniel once observed, 'Thank God, I, too, am an American!'

"Sincerely your friend,

"HENRY WATTERSON."

Marse Henry Takes a Hand

A little later, after the appointment had been announced, he wrote to Harvey:

"*My Dear George:* If I said you should not accept the English Embassy, I take it back. I was talking through my hat. 'Journalist' be dam'd! I might say, as John McCullagh used to relate, that, when he and Edwin Booth arrived together at the Pearly Gate, and he entered without question, old St. Peter pointing to a notice, 'No actors admitted!' Booth exclaimed, 'But you let McCullagh in!' and His Gateship replied, 'Oh, he's no actor!' I might exclaim, 'He's no journalist; jess one o' them —— liter'y fellows!' Only I know you are a journalist; which leads me to suspect they may make a fight on you in the Senate. In that event—in case you count noses and need reënforcements—I still have a little pull here and there and am ready at command.

"I recall the fight I had to make for my uncle Stanley Matthews—won by a single vote—and somehow I fancy there are dogs enough to try to give you trouble.

"Tell your new President that between him and Wilson, the two of them have almost made me a Republican. . . .

"Affectionately,

"HENRY WATTERSON."

The appointment of Harvey created little surprise, though it naturally commanded much attention and called forth much comment, pro and contra. The partisans of Wilson uncorked their vials of wrath in the Senate and in the press, in a frenzy of rage which Wilson himself did not seem to share. On the contrary, some of his old regard for Harvey was apparently revived. Some time later, when Harvey was showing much initiative and activity at the Grand Council and elsewhere, Wilson remarked with a smile: "Harvey has no more love for intrigue than a cat has for cream!" One of the most savage and incidentally untruthful—attacks upon Harvey was made by The Louisville Courier-Journal, from the editorship of which Watterson had retired and which was being conducted by an extreme partisan of Wilson; which shrieked aloud that he was chiefly known throughout the world "for his consuming hatred and persistent, malignant, personal abuse of two Presidents of the United States—Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt."

This roused Marse Henry to a reply which was none the less effective because it was couched in always courteous and often jocular terms. In a letter to the editor of the paper he "ventured to suggest," as "an old hand at the bellows," that in such "frivolous much ado . . . they discredit themselves and their calling. It is my opinion," he proceeded, "that the President could not have chosen a more likely representative to the Court of St. James's. . . . You speak of Colonel Harvey as 'a journalistic roughneck.' Must an upright and accomplished writer be so described for telling the truth as he sees it, and for calling a spade a spade? Why, it was because of such a habit that The Courier-Journal attained its celebrity and influence. . . . Do you think it perversion of talent to differ from you? Can independence be fairly stigmatized as lack of conviction? Is the well of English undefiled paved only with brickbats?"

Filling Wilson's Place

It would be superfluous to repeat here even a tithe of the commendatory and enthusiastic expressions which were published and which were addressed to Harvey personally. But a few samples will serve to indicate their extraordinary variety, coming literally from all sorts and conditions of persons. Prompt and conspicuous among them was a note of congratulation from Col. E. M. House, the very *fidus Achates* of Woodrow Wilson, who was sure that he would "fill this important place worthily" and in a way that would meet the expectations of his friends and well-wishers.

One of the earliest and most cordial personal greetings came from John D. Rockefeller, who wrote:

"Allow me to congratulate you on the news which reaches me through Mr. Inglis of your appointment as ambassador to Great Britain. I also congratulate our President on his wise judgment. You are entitled to this position. I join heartily with our citizens in expressing appreciation for the invaluable services you have rendered your country. I bear testimony not only to the good statesmanship you have shown but to your patience and forbearance under the very trying circumstances of these late years. But all that is past now. You have triumphed, and we all rejoice with you."

Elisabeth Mills Reid, whose husband had been one of Harvey's most distinguished predecessors in the ambassadorship, sent her "hearty congratulations and best wishes." Lord Bryce, who had been British ambassador to America, was prompt with a pleasant note of welcome. Bramwell Booth, then head of the Salvation Army, said: "I believe your appointment will, by the blessing of God, still further advance all that belongs to a good understanding between these great peoples." Justice Pitney of the Supreme Court of the United States wrote: "I congratulate you very heartily upon your appointment, and at the same time thank you for the pleasure and instruction I have had in reading Harvey's Weekly from its beginning to its final issue."

Harvey's mind and heart were supremely set upon the debt settlement, and it had been his hope to engage in that work as soon as he was fairly established in the ambassadorship. It was the most important thing to be done, and it should be done first. It was with that purpose that he devoted his attention during his voyage to England chiefly to drafting a tentative plan for such settlement—a plan which did, in fact, form the basis for the agreement which was effected two years later. But before he could take up that matter in earnest, there were other things of pressing urgency to be dealt with. It was necessary for him to take a hand in various negotiations among the European powers, in fulfillment of Washington's rule that America should "administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels." The delay in debt settlement was irksome to him at the time, but in the end it proved advantageous, because of the change in the British Ministry which meanwhile occurred.

At the very beginning of his ambassadorship, by virtue of a message from the President through the Secretary of State, dated the very day after his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner, he was designated as the President's representative in the deliberations of the Supreme Council; so that, through a strange touch of fatalistic irony, he was made to fill the identical place formerly occupied by Woodrow Wilson. He was instructed to participate in the consideration and disposal of "matters of world-wide importance"—and therefore of deep interest to the United States of America—but to refrain from those of "distinctly European concern"; and in case of doubt as to which category any particular matter concerned, he was to "play safe" by nonparticipation. Questions relating to the ownership of property accruing to the Allied and Associated Powers as a result of the war were to come within his cognizance where for any reason this country had existing interests to conserve, and not with any view to obtaining territory or disturbing arrangements not prejudicial to our welfare. Economic questions were practically all of interest to America, whether they related to the adjustments underlying the rehabilitation of Europe or directly to the trade of this country. He was to exert the influence of the United States for the recognition and maintenance of the open-door policy and equality of commercial opportunity. But of course the United States would retain its traditional policy of not becoming implicated in any purely European concerns. Moreover, it was to be understood that the American Government was not to be committed to any action by him without imparting to him special authority to that effect. And as it was assumed at Washington that the chief function of the Supreme Council would be to settle the matter of German reparations to the Allied Powers, in case Germany acceded to the Allied demands, occasions for the meeting of the council would not be frequent. It was especially desired that the United States should not be involved in any way in the dispute regarding the ownership of Upper Silesia.

A Cautious Step

Concerning the matter of German reparations, Harvey had already played a decisive part. The Chancellor and Foreign Minister of the Reich had in April written to President Harding, asking him to mediate between Germany and the Allied Powers and to fix the sum which should be paid by way of reparations; solemnly declaring that the German Government would pay whatever sum he might prescribe. Upon this, Harding sought Harvey's advice, which was given, with the result that he declined thus to act as mediator or umpire, though he expressed his deep concern "with the question of obtaining an early and just solution" and his strong desire for "an immediate resumption of negotiations" in which he hoped that Germany would "formulate such proposals as would present a proper basis for discussion." This wise and prudent decision may be considered as Harvey's first important contribution to the rehabilitation of Europe.

It may be added that apart from his close personal relations with the President and his rank as the premier ambassador, there was a special reason for the selection of Harvey as the American representative on the Supreme Council which may not have been generally understood at the time. That was his leadership in the opposition to American membership in the League of Nations. There was a not inconsiderable—though unfounded—feeling that American participation in the Supreme Council was tantamount to participation in the League itself; an impression that Harvey's appointment to the council would and did effectively dispel.

Minding the Nation's Business

A few days after his formal appointment Harvey wrote to the Secretary of State that there would soon be a meeting of the Supreme Council, and that the Silesian question would probably be the first to be taken up. There was no doubt in his mind that it should come under the classification of nonparticipation by the United States. But he was likely to be invited, and indeed urged, by the British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, to take part in the sessions, at least as a spectator, so as to keep the American Government perfectly informed of what took place; and he asked if that would be in accordance with the President's and Mr. Hughes' wishes. He added that it was quite clear that the Germans were shifting upon the Allies the responsibility for the Silesian troubles; chiefly because of the protests of the ex-service men against any more fighting.

The secretary replied, approving Harvey's participation in the council sessions as an observer, and saying that while the Government of the United States did not wish to interfere in the determination of mere boundary questions which concerned Europe only, it recognized that the Silesian dispute might give rise to serious consequences of world-wide importance. It therefore earnestly desired that a peaceful settlement might be reached, and believed that the American ambassador might materially contribute to that end without committing his Government to any action at variance with its established policy. Unhappily disagreement between the French representative and the British and Italian representatives in the council nullified the influence of that body and sacrificed the good offices which Harvey might have employed; much fighting occurred in the disputed territory, and in despair the council turned the whole matter over to the League of Nations.

Another meeting of the Supreme Council was held in Paris in August, at which there was brought up the question of the interpretation of neutrality in Asia Minor between the Turkish nationalists and the Greeks, and the proposed mediation by the Allies; upon which Harvey declined to express any opinion, deeming it outside the interests of the United States. On the matter of Russian relief, however, he declared that the American people were doing all they could to avert starvation, and he would be glad to lay before the council the scheme of future aid which the American Relief Commission had prepared.

Of the maintenance of the Antityphus Commission in Poland, Harvey stated that he felt sure that the American Government would in no way resent the proposal that the conference should appeal to the contributory powers of the preceding year for

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assistance in that work. The United States had not been one of those contributory powers, but that circumstance was not mentioned in the deliberations of the council.

With reference to the question of relief for Austria, Harvey was requested to give his opinion as to whether a direct appeal to the American Government might not result in its waiving its claim to any Austrian assets, in accordance with the Treaty of Trianon. This, he replied, he was not authorized to do, but he could inform the conference that the American Congress was at that time considering a bill which would authorize the President to extend the time of payments due from debtor governments; and he would have no objection to transmitting to the President a resolution of the conference embodying their appeal.

Finally, on the question of reducing the expenses of the Armies of Occupation and the various Interallied Commissions in Germany, Harvey and the Japanese ambassador, Viscount Ishii, agreed in regretting that they had not known that it was to be raised and had therefore secured no instructions from their governments concerning it; but they would be glad to receive, *ad referendum*, any resolution which the conference might adopt. Then, just before adjourning, Monsieur Briand proposed a resolution declaring that "in ending its labors the Supreme Council affirms once more its will to maintain the full agreement of the Allies, which it holds is more than ever indispensable for the maintenance of the peace of the world." This Harvey cordially supported, though he was compelled to confess that he felt that his share in the proceedings of the council had been very small for which he hoped the council would accept his excuses, realizing that it was not possible for him to do more.

Rathenau's Reparations Plan

It will be appropriate at this place to cite a letter to Harvey from Walter Rathenau, indicative of the extent to which Germany, as well as the Allies, looked to America for material aid in the settlement of the problems left by the war and in the rehabilitation of Europe. It was written just before the meeting of the Supreme Council at Cannes:

"*Dear Mr. Ambassador:* I am very sorry that I cannot shake hands with you in Cannes, as proposed. In fact I found out on Tuesday last that France would not be in favor of my journey, so I gave it up and leave Paris probably tonight in order to get home.

"All I experienced during the last weeks shows that no definite plan for European renewal can be carried through without America's help. It would make things look so much more hopeful if any American statement of the probability of such help could be made.

"In the meantime, Cannes could do a great deal of good if at least the year 1922 may be settled on a reasonable basis. . . . My own idea of reparations, as I had the privilege of pointing out to you, is still this:

"1. Reasonable settlement for 1922 to be found in Cannes.

"2. World's economic and financial situation to be studied by international economic conferences.

"3. Settlement—if possible, in 1923—of universal international indebtedness with help of America.

"4. Big peace loan to be raised by Germany with moral assistance of all countries as the ultimate and definite act closing all economic war policy, bringing on real world's peace, and settling reparation question. This loan will by the way anonymize German indebtedness instead of permanent tributes to be paid to neighbors.

"This of course is my simply personal and private view.

"Believe me yours faithfully,

"RATHENAU."

The year 1922 was a busy one in European diplomacy, and consequently an arduous one for Harvey, partly as a participant and partly as a mere official observer of affairs. His attendance at the brief conference of the Supreme Council at Cannes early in January was interfered with by a slight automobile accident, which disabled him for a few days. A month later he wrote to the Secretary of State that to a quite casual inquiry from the Foreign Secretary—Lord Curzon—as to whether he had heard if his Government had replied to the invitation to be represented at the Genoa Conference, he had replied that he had received no information on the subject, and then countered with the return question whether he—Lord Curzon—thought there was any occasion for a reply while "everything was up in the air." To this Lord Curzon answered no; and then expressed himself as most despondent concerning the whole outlook in Europe, India and Egypt; saying that the only light he could see in the whole world came from Washington.

Just as a Reminder

At the middle of March, Harvey called attention to the reports then current in the British press to the effect that Sir Robert Horne was the author or sponsor of the amazing proposal of the conference of finance ministers that the demands of the Allies for sixty-five billion gold marks reparations from Germany should be pressed only in case the United States insisted upon repayment of the loans which it had made to the Allies; the implication being that if America would cancel those debts, the Allies would cancel their demands for reparations. He was unable to interpret this otherwise than as an attempt to "shame America into cancellation of debts," and was apprehensive lest a wave of resentment at this "impudent request" should sweep through America such as would imperil ratification of important pending treaties. To avert this danger he suggested some official expression, temperate but unmistakable, of surprise at such a suggestion, which would be intolerable to the people of the United States and which the Government would, of course, wholly ignore.

The question then became acute of America's right to be reimbursed for the costs of her Army of Occupation in Germany before German reparations were made to the Allies. Concerning this, Harvey had a talk with Lord Curzon, whom he found quite ill and very much worried and despondent over the European situation.

Curzon did not hesitate to admit, however, that the United States was entitled to full payment of the army costs, and he regarded its reasons for asking it, as set forth by Harvey, as entirely satisfactory and convincing. In the face of further agitation on the subject in the press, Harvey rather grimly suggested that if the powers should ignore the American right to payment of the army costs, it might be effective to remind them that the American Government had never yet renounced its right to a share of something like five billion dollars of the German reparations!

In the latter part of March he wrote an informal but most informing letter to the Secretary of State about the general political situation in Great Britain, in which he said:

"Conditions here, especially during the last six weeks, have been so chaotic that no one could make even a guess with any degree of confidence as to what might be forthcoming on the following day. The whole business, of course, revolves around Lloyd George, and as he himself remarked the other day in a little speech in Wales, he has been living alone on the mountain top, and actually in the past few weeks has confided in nobody. One evening last week, for example, in the course of a quite intimate conversation after dinner, Chamberlain told me that, although he felt no certainty about it, he was convinced that the Prime Minister was going to carry on for a few months longer at any rate. Less than an hour later, at the Lord Chancellor's reception, J. H. Thomas, the Labor leader, an intimate associate of Lloyd George, told me that the Prime Minister had declared to him positively, just before he left for Wales, that he was going to resign within a fortnight. This is a sample of the many seemingly authoritative but contradictory statements that come along day by day from various sources.

"The truth of the matter I believe to be that Lloyd George did not himself know what he was going to do. He was excessively wearied and worried by the aggregation of onslaughts on himself and the Coalition Government, and lacked his usual mental and physical buoyancy. He has held autocratic power so long that he not only dreads but fears to put aside his authority, as others have done in similar instances before, even though all signs should point to his being called back within a short space of time. Philip Kerr, who knows him probably better than anybody else, told me last summer that Lloyd George's state of mind was such that he did not believe that he would ever drop the reins of power until actually compelled to do so; and all the inferences I have deduced from many conversations with him have tended to confirm Kerr's judgment. Consequently, when he regained his mental balance, and in a measure—though only in a measure, I am informed—his physical strength, he reverted to type and evolved the ingenious scheme of getting from the House of Commons a vote of confidence sufficient to serve as a pretext for making a characteristically dashing and daring bid for British popularity at Genoa. There is no precedent for the procedure which he invented, but there is also no inhibition in previous practice, and even his most bitter opponents concede the cleverness of his move.

"The one defect which I seem to perceive in his tactics lies in his announcing his program so far in advance. The ten days which he thus affords all of the opposing elements make for unlimited opportunities to effect powerful combinations. The mere framing of the unprecedented resolution in a way to hold the various factions is, admittedly, an extremely difficult task. A materially reduced majority would be fatal. He must make it appear beyond reasonable doubt that—in so far as Genoa is concerned, at any rate—he has a practically united country behind him, or his fat would be in the fire. Personally, I think he will obtain a sufficient majority to justify his claim, but the debate will surely fetch forth an avalanche of bitterness and denunciation that cannot fail seriously to impair his prestige."

The Key to the Conference

"Knowing him as I do, I doubt that he has formulated any very definite plan with respect to the work of the conference. He never does. It is his policy always to keep free from restrictions through the use of vague ambiguities, in order that he may utilize at any moment his extraordinary resourcefulness in his favorite rôle as an Opportunist. Generally speaking, however, I am convinced that I was not far wrong in surmising that he would endeavor to create for Europe a basis of common understanding, modeled upon the Pacific Pact, which still holds the admiration of Europe as the one outstanding success attained since the Armistice."

How well-advised Harvey's views were may be seen in the fact that Lloyd George's principal proposal at Genoa was for a Pan-European pact for peace, which, however, failed of adoption, and that he continued in office until the following October, when he was forced out because of dissatisfaction with his Irish and Turkish policies.

Writing to President Harding on April eleventh, the day after the opening of the Genoa Conference, Harvey said:

"Obviously the key of the whole Genoa Conference is the Russian situation. What will transpire cannot, of course, be foretold. One point, however, I feel ought to be emphasized—namely, that great care should be exercised to prevent any further commitments of our Government, pending the result of the deliberations of the conference. While our official attitude, as originally set forth by Secretary Colby, and since reiterated even more definitely, may be regarded as correct, I have no sense of surety that the time is not approaching when a certain modification may prove advisable. Everybody, of course, condemns the violent practices of the Soviet Government, but the realities arising from constantly changing conditions are bound to merit grave consideration."

A Good Word for Russia

"Fundamentally, of course, it is a part of our traditional policy to refrain from interference with any form of government set up by a people, so long as it does not transcend the rights of others—especially of ourselves. I think I am right in my recollection that in dealing with changes in South America we have held any government worthy of recognition after approximately two years of freedom from internal disturbance and of proper heed to its just obligations to the United States. It is only fair to note the fact that the Soviet Government has maintained this position, in a broad sense, for four years. That government, as everybody recognizes, was notably harsh and tyrannical at the outset, and was guilty of innumerable crimes, but whether, even as the result of so vast a revolution, its performances were more iniquitous than those of the autocracy which it superseded is a question. In any case, we cannot fail to recall the frightfulness of the rule of the Czars, which, nevertheless, for more than a hundred years retained our official tolerance. Moreover, that was a type or form of government most hateful to all of the fundamental principles which our people have professed since they themselves set up a government vested in the people.

"Theoretically, it must be admitted that the Soviet basis of the conduct of affairs more nearly approaches the American idea than that of its predecessors; consequently, both in logic and in morals, it is the better entitled to our sympathetic consideration, so long as it seems to be progressing along lines not incompatible with the requirements of civilization. It is only in its practices, therefore, that we can find justifiable grounds for complaint.

"The situation clearly resolves into a question of tendency and of degree. If real progress is observable, there would seem to be every reason why our attitude should be one of encouragement, rather than of obdurate disapprobation. Moreover, the possible alternative cannot be ignored. A radical change at the moment could not fail to produce either a complete dictatorship of a military nature or utter chaos. Are we warranted in these circumstances in requiring perfection in government or administration when, as seems quite probable, the lending of our moral support, through some form of recognition, might accelerate a growing movement in the direction of sanity?

"This is the one mighty question which now confronts you, and it is one which necessarily involves a tremendous responsibility. He would be a most presumptuous man who would presume to venture a positive judgment. Personally, although fairly well informed from innumerable sources with respect to conditions, I would not attempt it. Nevertheless, I feel most strongly that your Government has gone as far as it should go at the moment, in outlawing a vast number of distracted and suffering people who unquestionably are as honest and sincere as our own, and who instinctively and traditionally have been unwaveringly friendly for more than a century. Indeed, I am coming almost to believe that the time may not be far distant when the United States, acting prudently but firmly, may be confronted by an opportunity to render a greater service to mankind than ever before in its history.

"Nothing can be more manifest than the fact that America holds the key to the

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entire situation. European opinion is more than divided; it is chaotic. A resolute lead at the right moment from your Government would be followed instantaneously, to the utter exclusion of all existing hatreds and prejudices. For these reasons I do not hesitate to suggest cautious waiting and openness of mind, with scrupulous avoidance of any pronouncement which might tend to close a door which subsequently could not be opened without flagrant and distasteful inconsistency.

"That is all that one could wisely recommend as the basis of a policy at the present time. All depends inevitably upon the outcome at Genoa, or, in the event of a remote possibility, of something transpiring during the deliberations of the conference that could or would be construed rightfully as of sufficient importance to force the hand of your Government. All I am seeking to do is to induce you to put your mind upon the subject, with a view to being properly prepared to meet promptly and positively any contingency which may suddenly arise."

A German Victory

The question of recognition of and relations with Russia was indeed paramount at Genoa. But determination of it was seriously interfered with by the making of the Treaty of Rapallo, between Russia and Germany, less than a week after the conference opened; after which Belgium's insistence upon the integral restitution of foreign-owned private property in Russia interposed an insurmountable obstacle to settlement.

The sentiments concerning Russia which Harvey thus expressed, and which he very sincerely cherished, made it eminently appropriate that he should a little later be looked to for a solution of the Russian-recognition problem through direct personal action. One of the foremost members of the United States Senate sent him an urgent message by cable, suggesting that he resign the ambassadorship and accept—what the senator was sure the President would offer him—a high commissionership to Russia, with plenary diplomatic powers. This proposal, which took, indeed, the form of an urgent request, although it strongly appealed to him in some respects, Harvey was compelled to decline for at least two perfectly compelling reasons. One was that he was in the midst of diplomatic transactions at London of the most important character, which he could not abandon without being derelict in honor and duty. The other, of which the senator was apparently either unaware or unmindful, was that at that very moment ex-Governor Goodrich of Indiana was in Russia on a special mission from the President almost identical with that which was suggested for Harvey.

To that there was a doubly tragic sequel. It was intended that Goodrich should return to America by way of Panama and should meet President Harding there on the latter's return from his tour in the Northwest and Alaska. Had that plan been fulfilled it is quite possible that on the strength of Goodrich's report and recommendations the President would have decided to recognize the Russian Government and establish diplomatic relations with it. But Harding did not live to reach Panama on his last journey, and with his death the prospect of Russian recognition faded, for years to come, into nothingness.

Harvey went up into Scotland for his summer vacation, but kept closely in touch with affairs on the Continent as well as in Great Britain, and at the end of August he wrote at length concerning them, giving what he described as "the rock-bottom facts":

"The Germans outwitted, outmaneuvered and overmatched the segregated Allies in translating into actual settlement the terms of the Versailles Treaty. They began to inflate their currency by degrees so slight as to create no particular alarm; but they continued the process gradually, with amazing skill and ingenuity, until the Allies suddenly awoke to the fact that they had been duped, and that a condition had been created which they were powerless to control.

"This was the situation when Rathenau came to London last December and tried to negotiate a loan. None realized better than he that while they had succeeded in their shrewd endeavor, there was danger of the situation getting out of their own control. He came to see me privately several times during that visit, and both frankly and apprehensively conceded this to be the fact. He did not, of course, admit that they had deliberately adopted the method which had produced this result, but when pressed for a truthful answer he would make no positive denial—because, so far as my experiences with him were concerned, Rathenau was a truthful man—but he would merely shrug his shoulders and ask the unanswerable question as to what else they could have done.

"Disregarding, however, the motive which had actuated their course of action, he saw clearly where continuance was bound to lead, and he dreaded the inevitable outcome. His unhappy anticipations have been realized to a degree which even his far sight could not visualize. That is to say, in making their great gamble and striving successfully, as they did, to overmatch their adversaries, they overreached themselves. I do not mean that their effort has yet proved to be a complete failure. Far from it. When you consider that Great Britain is now eager, and even France is nearly willing, to accept the final settlement which would leave Germany as a competitor with both of them—and incidentally, of course, with us—with an external debt of only twelve billion dollars as against approximately forty billion dollars owed each by Great Britain, France and the United States, it is impossible to withhold admiration of their daring and their skill.

"Nevertheless, the situation has now clearly passed out of the control of the Allies or of themselves, or perhaps of both combined, and an entirely new condition of utter chaos has arisen in the face of the problem, which, for the moment, at any rate, in view of the deadlock between Great Britain and France, seems to be insoluble. Of course, it cannot be; the world is not coming to an end, and civilization will now, as in the past, find a way. It may be it may come from the United States, as both France and England, as well, I surmise, as Germany herself, consider possible, and indeed the only practicable solution, for the exercise of what they call our moral—meaning our financial—support. Frankly, even though we felt that the obligation rested upon us to assume this tremendous undertaking, I am at a loss to see how, in the present condition of affairs, we could do so with any hope of success."

Foch Versus Poincaré

"So it may come through revolution, arising from a state of anarchy in Germany, following a like catastrophe which really does seem to be imminent in Austria. Many here believe this to be highly probable. The Prime Minister is one of them. Quite recently he uttered his forebodings at a small party which I attended, with a seriousness such as I had never seen him display before. You can imagine how horrified he and, indeed, one or two others were when Mr. Bonar Law calmly remarked that he saw no objection to letting nature take her course. You can picture to your mind, also, the dead silence which followed this somewhat cynical observation, and the promptitude with which the subject was dropped. Personally I have not shared and do not share the apprehensions of Mr. Lloyd George, because I have yet to be convinced of the willingness of the Germans to commit hara-kiri; although, as we all know, as a race of individuals they are more prone than any other to suicidal mania.

"France at the moment holds the key to the situation, but does not know which way to turn it. One faction, personified by Foch, is determined to break and dismember the German Empire absolutely, at all hazards and at all costs. The other, headed really by Poincaré, would be satisfied to permit resuscitation of Germany as a unit, in order to obtain for France the products of German toil, in the form of gold, for which the French have a greed more insatiable than any other people; provided, however, that France be guaranteed by the other powers absolute security beyond the possibility of a doubt. Now, as the Hindu remarked, 'What to do?' God may know. I don't, and I don't believe anybody else does.

"The whole world at the moment is a mere opportunist, with nothing better in hand or in sight than a Fabian policy. I do not wish to indulge in levity, but I cannot help recalling the remark of Mark Twain, to the effect that 'Everybody is talking about the weather, but nobody is doing anything about it.'"

Seeing World Affairs Eye to Eye

"That is the situation as I perceive it, and a dreadful one it is; but I see as a possibility the effect of the outcome of a settlement of England's indebtedness to the United States on a basis which will be not only satisfactory to both peoples but will fetch the two into an inevitable and irresistible companionship, as the two creditor nations of the world, and thereby inspire all the peoples of the Continent with confidence that stability is in process of attainment.

"This may strike you as a strange and even incomprehensible surmise, but I firmly believe that I can put before your mind reasons to justify it. In any case, it is the only light I can perceive in the murky heavens. It is to my mind now simply a question of time. Can Austria hold, can France be held, till such a settlement between the United States and Great Britain as I have in view be accomplished?"

How accurately prescient Harvey's "strange and incomprehensible surmise" was is seen in the historic fact that no substantial or significant step was taken toward a solution of the problem until his scheme for the settlement of the British debt to America was effected; and that that epochal achievement was promptly followed by the Dawes Plan, and that by the Pact of Locarno; thus fulfilling precisely the sublime conception with which Harvey entered upon his ambassadorship, as he imparted it to me one morning in the spring of 1921, as we sat at breakfast in his apartment at the Ritz-Carlton, New York.

On his return to London in the fall of 1922 he had an interesting conversation with Austen Chamberlain, which began with the British statesman's expression of gratitude for American official approval of Great Britain's attitude toward the freedom of the Straits.

Chamberlain said that he would like Harvey to impress upon his Government the fact that British statesmen would always warmly welcome the coöperation of the United States in any international matter, in the form of suggestion or otherwise. All British statesmen were convinced that, however much the two countries might differ in regard to details or procedure, they inevitably and irresistibly approached world problems from identic viewpoints, and they frequently refrained from consulting America where they felt that consultation might be of mutual advantage, only because they did not wish to appear importunate or to arouse a suspicion that they might be endeavoring to inveigle America into situations into which she might not wish to be drawn.

After the Anglo-American debt settlement, in January, 1923, hope for American influence in Franco-German relations was greatly quickened, not alone in the matter of reparations but also in that of the French occupation of the Ruhr, which at that time was an acute question. Concerning this, Harvey had a conversation with Lord Curzon, who was earnestly desirous of American coöperation. "Of course," he said, "the time has not yet arrived. But it may come. It is sure to come. France is getting more deeply involved every day; so much so that she cannot get out even though she should wish to do so. Germany is helpless, incorrigible and sullen. Great Britain, between the two, is in a most hazardous position. . . . Surrounded as we are, and looked upon with suspicion on every side, our influence seems to have waned entirely, and therefore my only hope of a solution is through the voluntary intervention in one way or another of the one great disinterested power, the moral authority and physical dominance of which are without question. At present I can see the salvation of the world in that course alone."

Lord Curzon added that the idea of bringing the League of Nations into the case was "utter nonsense," and that such a proposition would not be listened to for a moment.

Doubtless he realized—as certainly Harvey did, so clearly that it was not necessary to make mention of the fact—that "the one great disinterested power" was thus capable of effectively intervening for the "salvation of the world," for the very reason that America had refused to enter the League of Nations. It was only through not being engaged in their quarrels that America could administer effectively to the wants of her European neighbors.

The first bonus bill, which was under consideration at Washington in the summer of 1922, gave Harvey much concern because of the effect which it might have in Europe, and especially in Great Britain. He wrote to President Harding a long and serious dispatch upon the subject, pointing out that the strength of both our legal and our moral claim for repayment of our loans to the Allies would be seriously impaired by such an enactment. American subscribers to Liberty and Victory loans, he argued, were the real lenders to the Allies, and thus their real creditors. Our Government had acted merely as an agent in the matter. But it had urged the making of those subscriptions on the ground of the ample security provided by the obligations of the Allies which were held by the Treasury. For that reason any cancellation of Allies' debts by our Government would be an impairment of security and thus a flagrant breach of faith toward our own people. But equally any diversion of funds received from the Allies, whether principal or interest, from the purpose of redeeming the Liberty and Victory bonds, would be a similar breach of faith.

"If the United States flouts or evades its own," he asked, "how can it consistently hold other powers to the fulfillment of their pledges?" At a time when Great Britain, to say nothing of France, seemed to be succumbing to the temptation to evade payment of just debts, a peculiar responsibility rested upon the United States to maintain with utmost rigidity the inviolability, even the sanctity, of a national obligation.

A fortnight after the date of that earnest message the President vetoed the bonus bill.

An Invitation Accepted

To this I must add some account of an incident which was held in confidence at the time, but which may now properly be told, and indeed should be told as an admonitory reminder of the embarrassment in foreign relationships which may be and too often is caused by careless if not malicious statements, public or private. In the fall of 1921, when a portion of the American Legion, and others outside of that estimable body, were seeking the enactment of the bonus bill, to which the President was known to be opposed, Lord Beatty, admiral of the British Navy, was about to make a visit to America, to be the guest of the Legion at its annual assembly and

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BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
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When she faces, in one tense moment, the culmination of all those months of alternate distress and delightful anticipation —of constant sacrifice and strange nervous fear . . .

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A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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afterward to be an expert adviser to the British Commissioners at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. A personal friend in America then wrote to Beatty, telling him that the American Legion was engaging in domestic politics in active opposition to the Administration, on account of the President's attitude toward the bonus. This caused Beatty much concern. Obviously, for him to come to America as the guest of the President's active opponents, and then at Washington come into intimate contact with the President or with the conference which he had called, would be highly embarrassing. So he consulted Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, and Curzon consulted Harvey about it, wondering if it might not be best for Beatty to cancel his visit to the Legion. Harvey replied that he had no information that the Legion as a whole was hostile to the Administration—as it certainly was not. But he at once reported the case to the State Department at Washington, with the result that three days later he was able to write to the Foreign Secretary:

"*My Dear Lord Curzon:* I have pleasure in informing you that the visit of Admiral Lord Beatty to the American Legion will cause the President no embarrassment whatever. On the contrary, the President is very glad it is to be made, and he will be most happy thereafter to welcome the admiral to Washington.

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Johnson. The second will appear next week

SO'S YOUR ZODIAC

(Continued from Page 15)

"Forget her for a while," suggests Brice. "In a couple of weeks or sooner her astrology charts'll probably be up in the attic with the mah-jongg set and the flannel petticoats."

"Maybe," says I, "but Dan's a fast journeyman, and he's likely to sweep her off her feet while she's still star-gazing. Olivia denies it, but ten'll get you twenty that Coogan introduced astrology into her young life."

"Bright boy," chuckles Joe. "I suppose his social position in the zodiac is unimpeachable. What sign'd he pick?"

"Taurus," I returns, "which is just the same as holding four astral aces in one hand and a siderial slam in the other. Not only have its natives all the virtues mentioned in the Bible and Bradstreet but they alone have the capacity for making the women of Virgo truly happy. Need I point out that Olivia is one of the younger set of Virgo?"

"You needn't," says Brice. "I've noticed that when you fall out of an eight-story window you never stop till you hit the ground."

"This time," I tells him, "I didn't stop at the ground. I broke through the pavement and slid into the Subway. I'm also, it appears, just so much numerological débris. I vibrate to a Five, which makes me a sort of a cross between a pariah and something the angora's dragged in out of the ash can."

"Gosh!" exclaims Joe. "I'm beginning to think myself there's a cloud-burst 'round your shoulder. Don't you get any breaks at all?"

"Nope," says I. "I'm never let off anything. As a kid I always got the mumps and measles during school vacations and my garters invariably drop down when I'm walking with a gal. Swell chance I got against a lucky stiff like Coogan. He has the whole heavenly host in the bleachers rooting for him."

"What," inquires Brice, "do you propose to do about it?"

"I don't know," says I, "but I was thinking some of starting a campaign to have the United States withdraw from the zodiac—entangling alliances, pauper planets who are merely after our dough, and that sort of argument. Ought to go good with the Senate. Would you," I demands of Miss Whitmark, "care to have your son sent away from home to Venus to fight in a boundary dispute between Cancer and Sagittarius? Would you want your boy to die in defense of an uncollected banker's loan eighteen billion miles away in the swamps of Saturn?"

"Well, no," she replies. "Is there any immediate danger?"

"That's not the question," I comes back with some heat and very little light. "The issue is: Shall we permit a foreign zodiac to interfere in our domestic affairs? Is a free and unterrified people to be ruled by Capricorn and Leo and an alien Aries? Is a ——"

"Keep on talking," growls Uncle Joe, "and you'll soon have a permanent wave in your tongue. You must have had yourself wired for sound. . . . What about Olivia? You figuring on handing her over to Coogan without a struggle?"

"What can I do?" I shrugs. "How's a scum of a Scorpio to stand up against a favorite son of the sun who's also backed by the stars and planets and the choice of numbers from one to nine? Has the elder statesman any suggestions?"

"I may have several," says Brice, "but, first, let me get straight on this astrology. Do I understand that a Taurus boy and a Virgo gal make a great matrimonial team?"

"That's correct," I answers. "They have the same hopes and the same aspirations and should send out their laundry in the same bag."

"How about the Scorpios?" inquires Joe. "With whom should they hook up to get a break?"

"Gemini gigglers," I tells him. "You see it's like this: Scorpio lads are overbearing and tyrannical and want their way in everything, while the Geminis are meek, long-suffering, self-effacing and stand for anything."

"Is that so?" sniffs Miss Whitmark.

"Hit a Gemini a wallop in the jaw," I goes on, "and she'll cry all night because you didn't break it. They're the catchers of the world and the Scorpios are the pitchers. That's why they make a perfect battery."

"In that case," says Brice, "the obvious thing for you to do is to get that way quick about a Gemini gal."

"And give up Olivia!" I gasps.

"And get Olivia," he comes back calmly.

"Come again," I invites, "and stay a little longer. How in the name of a name of a name ——"

"It's all very elementary," cuts in Joe. "Under the spell of astrology Olivia's quite certain you'd be happy with a Gemini. Therefore she'd do everything in her power to prevent you marrying a Gemini."

"Prevent me!" I exclaims. "You may not know it, but she herself advised me to get out and beat the brush for one. Why should she crab the act?"

"Because," replies Brice deliberately, "no girl on earth wants the man she's jilted to be happy with another woman. Rather than have that happen she'd take him herself. . . . Am I right, Miss Whitmark?"

"Indeed you're not," says she. "The sex is not quite that selfish. In my own experience ——"

"Pardon me," interrupts Joe, "but in any experience you may have had there was present always the element of hope that the jiltee's marriage would go on the rocks. In Olivia's rarefied state of mind there's no such element. She's absolutely positive that a union between a Gemini and a Scorpio would lead to nothing but happiness. And I understand women."

"Being a bachelor," observes Miss Whitmark satirically, "of course you do."

"Being a bachelor," retorts Brice, "proves I do."

"It all sounds cock-eyed to me," says I, "but I'm willing to take a whirl. What'll I do put an ad in the paper Wanted, a girl born between May twenty-second and June twenty-second to get all steamed up over a native of Scorpio who vibrates to a Five. Object: matrimony with an entirely different girl."

"Perhaps," suggests Joe, "my charming secretary'll oblige. She's a product of Gemini."

"No, thanks," says Miss Whitmark hastily. "My mother didn't bring me up to be a springboard."

"Oh, come on," coaxes Brice. "Just to please an old man. I've an idea we'll have some fun. I've invited Olivia and Coogan down to my place for the week-end. Both of you come, too, and we'll stage a skit."

"What kind of a skit?" I asks suspiciously. "I've still got scars from some of his skits."

"At the moment," admits Joe, "I'm a trifle vague as to the details myself, except that I'll expect you two to play the characters assigned you by the zodiac—the overbearing tyrannical Scorpio and the meek, self-effacing Gemini. Do you get the angle?"

"Faintly," says Miss Whitmark. "Am I supposed to take a wallop in the jaw and cry all night because it isn't broken?"

"Don't worry," I grins. "I'll pull my punches."

"You won't even start 'em," asserts the little lady, "or you're likely to be discovered picking pieces of vase out of your hair."

"Gemini!" I cries, horrified. "How can you even give head room to such thoughts! Do the meek and self-effacing heave Ming pottery around the premises? Why, my dear, you talk like a Sagittarius who'd been brought up in the slums of Saturn."

"Even the meek," points out Miss Whitmark, "have their malefic moments."

Because Brice's secretary has a sense of humor she agrees to take a hand in his game and get hot and bothered over me for the week-end. It's oke with me too. Though I haven't the slightest notion as to what Joe expects to accomplish, two or three days with Olivia looks good to me even if I have to peer around Coogan's broad back to see her. Incidentally my zodiac mate's nobody's pain either.

"It seems to me," I remarks to her, "that we should have a few rehearsals of our new association. How about splitting a lunch with me tomorrow at the automat?"

"I don't think," she begins.

"You don't think!" I yelps, jumping to my feet and waving a fist in her face. "What business have you got thinking? When I ask you to do something you do it, and without any argument, or I'll smack you loose from your make-up. Understand?"

"I kiss your hand, my Lord Scorpio," says Gemini Whitmark meekly. "Would you mind stepping on me as you go out?"

III

JOE'S country home's a fifteen-room, eight-bath shakedown on the north shore of Long Island which he'd inherited from his father, old Doctor Nehemiah Brice. In a quirky moment the bone setter'd christened the place Bedside Manor and the name'd been retained.

Olivia's on the porch alone when I drives up with Lola Whitmark. At the door I roughly tosses my overcoat and stick to the Gemini, leaves her there flat and walks over to where the Virgo's sitting.

"Isn't that Uncle Joe's secretary?" she inquires as I squats down beside her.

"Yes," says I, "but not for long now, I hope." And I tries to look happy, sappy and self-conscious.

"Oh!" exclaims Olivia, her big blues opening wide, but she recovers herself quickly. "She's quite pretty, I think."

"Isn't she!" I gurgles, enthusiastic. "Would you believe it, I've known her for years, yet it was only last week that I realized we were meant for each other. I'm certainly grateful to you."

"To me," she murmurs.

"Indeed, yes," says I. "But for astrology I might have gone on for years fumbling with the key to your heart with nothing but unhappiness for both of us, even had I succeeded in opening and entering into it. Mine's hardly the nature to put up with an invalid wife."

"A what!" gasps Olivia.

"An invalid wife," I repeats. "Surely, you know that Virgo natives born between August twenty-sixth and August twenty-ninth when the moon is passing from Aries to Pisces are subject to gout, neurasthenia, trichinosis and a general breakdown in middle age."

"They merely have a tendency that way," says she.

"Perhaps," I comes back, "but why should I take a chance of spending the prime of my life behind a wheel chair? It may appeal to Coogan, but ——"

"Tell me some more about uncle's secretary," cuts in Olivia hastily. "Is she a Gemini?"

"Of the purest type," I assures her. "There never was a girl more docile and self-effacing than Lola. She vibrates to an eight. Just the perfect mate for an overbearing, tyrannical Scorpio Five. It was certainly wonderful of you to turn my attention to her."

"Are you getting married soon?" she asks.

"On September twenty-second at 3:32 A.M.," I tells her, "when the autumnal equinox'll bring Venus and Jupiter in beatific conjunction. Neither one of us'll take a step without a horoscope reading."

"You certainly have become an addict quickly," observes Olivia.

"I have," says I, "and I intend to remain that way. No more blundering through life for me, no more attempts to double-cross destiny. Why, only the other day I had a chance to get into a big deal, but I turned it down because Cancer and Aries were in malefic aspect toward Scorpio at the moment. The guy that did take it on made eight thousand dollars overnight, but then he was a Libra and ——"

"Miss Whitmark's asking for you," interrupts Brice through the living-room window.

"Tell her," I barks, "that I'll come in when I'm good and ready. You see," I explains to the shocked Olivia, "it's Gemini's destiny to be browbeaten and she mustn't be allowed to escape her destiny. Lola and I've both agreed to assume the character and conduct assigned us by the zodiac regardless of how we may be moved by mundane impulses. We feel that true happiness can only be obtained by acting as Fate intended us to act, not as we may wish to act. I may not want to be tyrannical, but I must be. It is so written in my star."

Leaving Olivia to masticate that I ambles into the house. Brice greets me with a grin and drags me off to a corner.

"Great," he whispers. "I heard all of your powwow on the porch. Keep it up."

"What for?" I wants to know. "What's it going to get me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," confesses Joe, "but it ought to lead to something."

"Yeh," I growls, "wedding bells for Coogan. . . . Where's Miss Whitmark?"

"Out in the sun parlor with Dan," he replies. "For a couple of strangers they're not so strange either."

"Impossible!" I exclaims. "There can be no sympathy or point of contact between a Taurus and a Gemini."

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

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"Maybe not" shrugs Brice -"but the rumor apparently hasn't reached them yet."

At dinner Miss Whitmark acts the part of the meek and self-effacing to perfection. She hardly lets out a peep and when her eyes aren't resting shyly on the plate, they're fixed on me with doglike affection. I, for my part, rant and roar around the place, hog the pick of everything off the platter and make constant demands on Lola for this and that without so much as a "please" or a "thank you."

"How do you like her?" I asks Olivia after dinner.

"Nice," she returns, "but rather subdued, don't you think?"

"As a true daughter of Gemini should be," says I. "She was like that even before she met the zodiac. How happy we shall be!"

"Are you quite sure you will be?" asks Olivia. "I'd rather thought you'd have preferred a girl with more—er—spirit."

"I might have," I tells her, "back in those unregenerate days when I was flying in the face of fate, but now, of course, I realize that I could be content with none but a Gemini. What do you want?" I demands roughly as Lola approaches.

"Mr. Coogan," she quavers, "has asked me to walk in the garden with him. May I?"

"All right," I growls, "but be back in five minutes. I want to play a rubber of bridge."

"I wish," says Olivia, "you wouldn't act so brutal toward her. It's embarrassing to me"

"Sorry," I comes back, "but I can't help it. Natives of Scorpio are uncouth and rude and ——"

"Perhaps," she interrupts, "but even our fates can be moderated by the exercise of will power."

"I have no will power," says I. "I vibrate to a Five."

For no reason at all, except possibly to show Brice a good time, I continues my advanced Scorpio tactics throughout the evening; Lola playing the anvil to my hammer.

I can't see where they're boosting my stock any with Olivia, but I do note with some satisfaction the interest Dan's taking in Miss Whitmark.

"It seems to this casual observer," I remarks to Lola when I catches her alone, "that Mr. Coogan isn't exactly an acute anathema to you."

"I think he's charming," she comes back with enthusiasm. "I've never met a more interesting man."

"But he's a Taurus," I points out. "As a Gemini you must be antipathetic to him. Anyhow, may I observe that you are here to forward my interests?"

"How could I forward 'em better," she demands, "than by keeping Coogan away from Miss Brice? As a matter of fact," she goes on, "your interests wouldn't need forwarding if you knew how to handle 'em."

"How do you mean?" I inquires.

"You're a Scorpio, aren't you?" snaps Lola.

"I am," says I, "but ——"

"Then act like one," she cuts in, and walks away.

I chew over that crack the greater part of the night. With Saturday morning comes the answer, and I permit no rhododendron bushes to grow up and flower under my feet. After all, I stand to lose nothing. I drifts back to the garage, slips Joe's chauffeur twenty bucks and a few instructions, and have him drive me around to the front of the house.

"Now," says I, "ask Miss Brice to please step out here. Tell her I want to show her something."

In a few moments Olivia appears on the porch, dressed in a gay printed chiffon and floppy hat, and looking as pretty and colorful as a tulip bed on a rainbow. At the picture the last of my qualms vanishes.

"What do you want?" she asks, coming up to the car.

"You!" I cries, and snatching her around the waist, I lifts her into the machine. Simultaneously the driver steps on it.

"What's the matter?" she gasps in bewilderment. "What are you doing? What are you ——"

"I'm a Scorpio," says I, holding her struggling figure tight. "Scorpios take what they want without asking. Scorpios have no respect for the rights of others. Scorpios are dominant, tyrannical, overbearing and possessive. Scorpios are— "

"Where are you taking me?" she wails, still in a kind of daze.

"We're going to Oyster Bay," I tells her, "cross over to Connecticut and get married there."

"You must be mad!" shrills Olivia.

"I am," I returns. "Aries is in antagonistic aspect today with the cusp of Pisces, and under that malignant influence Scorpios are often unbalanced and violent. If you know your astrology, you must be aware that natives of Virgos should be submissive during that period and engage in no disputes."

"But you're to marry Miss Whitmark," recalls the pearl of great price, resting more quietly against my shoulder.

"Purely intended as a union of astral convenience," says I, "and I refuse to go through with it. I'm a human being with human impulses, not a sign of the zodiac."

"You'd be so contented with a Gemini," murmurs Olivia, relaxing a bit more in my arms.

"I don't want to be contented," I comes back. "Cows and sheep and angleworms are contented. I want to love and quarrel, and make up and quarrel again. I want to see the blaze of anger in your eyes as well as the light of love. I want to give and take ——"

"And walk behind my wheel chair?" interrupts the Virgo with a twinkling smile.

"And walk behind your wheel chair," says I. "I love you, and I'd rather be miserable without you than happy with somebody else."

"You'd be miserable with me," predicts Olivia. "It is so written in the planets."

"Bah!" I snorts. "Planets know nothing of love. If they did, they wouldn't be planets. They'd be suns."

"It's quite impossible," she protests feebly. "Even our names don't vibrate in unison."

"Be of good cheer," says I, comfortably. "The J. P. over in Connecticut'll fix that."

"Which way to Oyster Bay?" shouts back the chauffeur, at a fork in the road.

"Search me," I returns.

"To the left," says Olivia.

"This is going to be a terrible shock to them," remarks the native-in-law of Scorpio when we gets back to the Brice place late in the afternoon.

"Probably," I agrees. "Let's have it over with quick."

Joe, Coogan and Miss Whitmark are in the sun parlor playing three-handed bridge when we breezes in on them. They barely look up from their cards.

"We're married," I announces bluntly.

"Oh, yes?" says Brice, continuing the study of his hand. "Two hearts."

"Congratulations," mutters Dan absently. "I pass."

"How romantic," observes Lola, arranging her pasteboards. "I double two hearts."

"You did," says I, slipping her a grateful wink.

MR. HOOVER AT WORK AND AT PLAY

(Continued from Page 11)

and to the hills of Virginia. Here, with desk piled high, he has the happiest time of the week, putting in five hours of undisturbed labor, with freedom uninterruptedly to follow an idea to its lair.

So much by way of preface and background. Now we can take up the hour-by-hour schedule of a summer day, chosen at random, as spent by Mr. Hoover. You know what you were doing in July. This is what the President was doing:

If you got up early on one of these humid Washington mornings you might observe, toward half-past eight o'clock, these persons wending their way by various courses toward the White House Executive Offices:

1 President of the United States.
3 Secretaries to the President.
1 Administrative assistant.
2 Executive clerks.
1 Executive and disbursing clerk.
1 Head usher.
1 Social secretary.
3 Telephone and telegraph operators.
3 Correspondence clerks.
3 Expert stenographers.
3 File clerks.
1 Record clerk.
1 Mail clerk.
1 Head social clerk.
2 Doorkeepers.
3 Clerks.
1 Custodian.
6 Messengers.
2 Laborers.

And from other directions, heading toward the White House garage:

1 Head chauffeur.
4 Chauffeurs.
1 Truck chauffeur.
1 Footman.
1 Washer.

This would be Mr. Hoover and his permanent staff going to work. About the others I don't know, but we can catch up with and accompany the President from his first waking moment.

Mr. Hoover usually gets up at about ten minutes of seven. Twenty minutes later he is in running trunks, gray woolen shirt, old trousers and rubber-soled shoes, and is out on the south lawn to join about a dozen friends at a game of volley ball on the two courts that have been laid out for him there. These men usually include Mr. Lawrence Richey, his personal secretary for twelve years past, and Commander Joel T. Boone, his official physician; but the others vary from day to day, so that during the first three months probably two hundred different men have shared this presidential recreation. Immediately the game is in full swing, with two or sometimes three men on a side. With a six-pound ball this is lively work, and for anyone not in first-rate physical condition it is breath taking. The play goes fast and furious for twenty minutes. Then a sweater goes on over the gray shirt, and a coat over that. The party adjourns to a table under the trees, where orange juice and coffee are served during the cooling-off process. This takes fifteen or twenty minutes.

At this point we may halt the march of this narrative for a moment to puncture a myth. There is no such thing as a Volley Ball Cabinet. The men who share the President's early morning recreation are not a small clique of favorites, and the group is not permanent but shifts from day to day. When I learned that some two hundred men had participated in the game during April, May and June, I tried to find out the names of fifty of them, but discovered, to my astonishment, that no record had been kept of all the casual players. A fairly typical run of a recent week, though, would include: Of the cabinet, Secretaries Stimson, Wilbur, Hyde, Lamont and Attorney-General Mitchell; Mr. Justice Stone of the Supreme Court; Assistant Secretaries Jahncke and Hurley; White House secretaries Richey and Newton, Charles K. Field and Will Irwin, college classmates, and modest and reticent, but nevertheless authentic, charter members of the I-knew-him-when club; Mark Sullivan and William Hard, writers; J. N. ["Ding"] Darling, cartoonist; and Dell Large, relative. Darling and Large were overnight guests of the President and the morning game was a part of their White House experience.

Of all the others who have played, I find no record. My intelligence section reports that some of those who play like the game and that some of them like the publicity.

But let us not be diverted by the gentlemen of the ensemble. Our present concern is with Mr. Hoover. This regular morning exercise and the scientific regulation of his diet have done him a world of good. The improvement in his physical condition has been noted by everyone who has been in contact with him through the past eight years in Washington. His medical advisers say that he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds when he came into the White House and that he now weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The President himself says that he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds when he was inaugurated and that he now weighs one hundred and eighty-seven. Take your choice.

Whether he knows it or not, or whether he willed it or not, Mr. Hoover has been under close medical observation since he was elected last November. It is one of the things that happens to every President. It's a system, as Milt Gross says. In recent years there have always been two doctors in constant attendance. Mr. Hoover objects and submits, but had his way to the extent of fading out one of them. Now there is only one. I have it on undisputed authority that at the present time Mr. Hoover is the healthiest man who has been in the White House in several years. This verdict was given after physical and laboratory examination. He has recuperative and reactive powers above the average. The doctors are delighted that he realizes the necessity for keeping himself mentally and physically in as nearly a perfect state of health as is possible. I feel it an obligation to report on such excellent authority that the President is physically fit.

Now back to the daily routine. After his morning volley-ball exercise Mr. Hoover goes upstairs for a shower and changes into one of his familiar business suits. Breakfast is served at eight and is shared by any house guests so disposed, and sometimes, though rarely, by visitors summoned to discuss public business.

At 8:40 the President leaves the main part of the White House, and five minutes later is at his desk in the Executive Office. The next hour and a quarter are reserved for conferences with his secretaries, dispatch of the morning's mail, and a glance at the morning's newspapers.

Mr. Hoover cleans his desk twice a day—once in the morning before ten o'clock and again the last thing in the afternoon. He signs, on an average, more than one hundred letters and documents every day. All correspondence addressed to him goes through the hands of his secretaries and they either personally investigate the subject matter of each letter or, by referring it to the appropriate department of the Government, have the necessary investigation made before the letter is answered.

The secretarial work of the White House is divided between George Akerson, whose province is visitors and the press, Lawrence Richey, who has charge of office management, and Walter Newton, who is chiefly preoccupied with liaison with the government departments. There is no stated time to receive each secretary, but all three make it a point to see him in the hour and a quarter in the morning before ten o'clock, when they have all the time they want to deal with their accumulation of matters for his attention. Besides this, all of them have ready access at any time on urgent matters.

Mr. Hoover's habit in preparing speeches and other public formal statements is to

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DIRECTOR OF "THE MAN AND THE MOMENT" AND OTHER FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

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dictate them rapidly to a stenographer in rough draft. The first draft is intended rather to get his ideas down on paper than to bother with its literary form. When this dictation comes back to him on typewritten sheets he studies it critically, but still chiefly with reference to the value of the ideas. He then dictates his second draft, in which, usually, new ideas appear and some of the old ones are dropped. When the clean copy is handed to him he frequently works it over with pencil and writes in additional matter by hand. Numerous revisions of this kind usually precede the final draft; then he works the material over with an eye to its form and phraseology. His speech on law observance at the Associated Press luncheon in New York on April twenty-second, as delivered, was the seventh draft. The Memorial Day address at Arlington was the tenth draft. He seems neither to enjoy nor to dread this labor of composition. He regards the preparation of these things as a part of the day's work, and takes them as they come, without breaking his stride. They must be not easy for him to do, for he is not notably articulate, but he never says anything unless he feels that he has something to say. That helps.

At ten o'clock every morning begins the hardest three hours' work of the day for Mr. Hoover. Then begins the stream of appointments with callers—that "pneumatic hammer of other personalities" that taxes the nervous energy. There is a fresh caller on an average of every eight minutes until one o'clock, and each of them requires of the President an instant readjustment to a different personality and an instant readjustment of his mind to new subject matter.

Notwithstanding the strain involved in this rapid sequence of conferences, the President thoroughly enjoys them. They provide, he finds, an exhilarating exercise for his mind, by their variety and by the concentration that they demand of him. They provide also the pleasure that any normal man feels in meeting and conversing with other men—a pleasure especially congenial to Mr. Hoover, who has always had a houseful of people around him because he so enjoys human companionship.

Shaking Hands With America

The President also appreciates the importance of these intimate conversations with callers. They are his chief personal contact with the outer world. They bring him, through these men and women from every part of the country, in brief quarter hours or less, some of the country's hopes, aspirations, ideas and opinions. These visitors include every type: The wise and the foolish, the ignorant and the informed, folks patriotic and folks selfish, the visionary and the sage. To the words and intentions of each the President must lend an attentive ear, a sensitive perception, a concentrated intelligence. Being himself a highly organized person, with powers of concentration, he pays his visitors the compliment of listening with such complete absorption as sometimes to seem abstracted, and with such instant response to their ideas as sometimes to seem abrupt. He pays them the further compliment of assuming that they are giving him their serious, best thought; consequently his replies are concerned with the merits of their ideas, abstractly weighed and valued, rather than with the visitors' personalities.

At about one o'clock there is usually a large delegation assembled on the White House lawn, facing the photographers and waiting for the President to come out and take a prominent position in their midst to be photographed with them. This ceremony takes four or five minutes and then he is free to go over to the main part of the White House for luncheon, arriving there about 1:15.

This routine is varied on Tuesday and Friday mornings by the meeting of the cabinet, beginning at 10:30 and lasting usually until about twelve. This is then followed at once, on Tuesdays, by what is called a press conference with the Washington correspondents, whom he sees again on Friday at four o'clock in the afternoon. These press conferences differ with each President. The device of the White House Spokesman, used by President Coolidge, has been discarded. Mr. Hoover permits direct quotation of the actual words of the President upon subjects on which he is ready to inform the country of his views. Besides these direct quotations, he frequently talks with considerable freedom to the newspapermen, for the purpose of giving them background material for their own information.

At noon on Wednesdays the President shakes hands with anywhere from three hundred to eighteen hundred men, women and children who call for this purpose. The line from his office door, two to four abreast, sometimes extends in solid ranks the distance of a city block outside the Executive Offices. These visitors are a cross-section of the American people. They come to show their respect for the President of the United States, and to get the thrill of patriotic pride that comes from a personal handclasp with the occupant of that great office. This personal touch with the people whom he is there to serve, and whose faces reveal to him their good will, encouragement and regard, as these could not be revealed by any other means, hard physical work though it is, and sore as it leaves his right hand, also leaves his spirit refreshed.

Putting Them on Their Own

Luncheons at the White House are ordinarily brief. Nearly every day of the week there are luncheon guests, but the President is usually back in his office not later than 2:30 and very often by two o'clock.

The afternoon belongs to the President. He then sees no one by appointment, and no one at all except people for whom he sends, and these are usually either members of the cabinet or of the Congress whom he summons for discussion of business that at the moment is engrossing his attention. The initiative, however, is his. Sometimes for hours he works quite alone upon correspondence, drafts of speeches, study of documents or upon some difficult question pressing for decision. These afternoons are thus periods for gathering information specifically applicable to business in hand, or for conferences on major issues, or for setting in motion the practical machinery for the execution of constructive policies.

These are the times when the President's bent for organization and administration is most actively displayed. Most people know that he has an ability to enlist the service of able men and to fire their imaginations and spirits with a vision of a great purpose to be accomplished and a zeal to work for it—a zeal that, in literally hundreds of cases, has inspired these men entirely to lay aside their personal business and ambitions and to devote themselves with untiring energy to labors more severe than they had exacted of themselves in their own private concerns.

The President's methods as an executive that he had demonstrated for many years before he entered the White House he has brought there unchanged. Many people have been and many still are puzzled to understand how a man so shy, so reticent and so sensitive, a man of so few words, should have such an ability to get such loyalty and intelligent hard work out of so many other men of utterly different type of mind and personality.

The secret is simple. First of all, the President himself provides them with an example of tireless and unsparing labor. He drives himself to the limits of physical and nervous endurance. In the second place, the President does not ask any man to undertake any task that is not for the general good. In the third place, his commission has invariably been a call to the service of others, and now it is a call to the service of the nation.

And finally, and most important of all, the President has never told any man that he must do this or that, or that he must do anything this way or that. These are the traditional restrictions imposed by the method of most business executives. The President's method is different. In few words he first lays before a man's eyes a picture of a purpose to be served or of a goal to be reached; seldom or never is this picture so explicit as to hamper the man's imagination in enlarging the picture for himself and in supplying his own details of it. Having set before the man's eyes this goal to be arrived at, the President then puts at his disposal all the facilities he can supply him with to help him with his work; in other words, he puts in his hand the best tools for the job that he can give him. The thing the President does not say is how the man shall reach the goal, or what methods he shall use, or when he shall get there. Neither does he check him up. He simply gives him the tools and sends him about his business.

The man usually is much disconcerted the first few days that he starts operating under this system. Not having been told how to proceed, he soon goes back to the President for further instructions. He is still further disconcerted to find that he will not give any. After a few days of this it dawns upon him that the whole responsibility is his own. At that point his own imagination begins to work. His sense of responsibility now causes him to tax his resources of ingenuity, energy and skill to invent a way for himself. Soon he has the delightful sensation of doing an important job, with freedom to do it in his own way and with all the facilities for doing it in his hands. The accompanying sense of combined freedom and responsibility is so exhilarating and so challenging to his best efforts that he finds his work at once so interesting and so satisfying that he goes at it with every capacity he possesses.

The President's method as an executive reflects his own essential personality. It is based upon his strongest instinct, which is a profound respect for the individuality of every human being, including his own. One has only to read his book, American Individualism, to realize with what passion he resents any effort by anybody to dominate any human spirit, and to see with what determined resolution he stands for an equality of opportunity for every human being. This respect for the sanctity of the individual personality is a master key to his own personality. It is likewise a key to his position on many social, economic and political issues; for example, he invariably takes the side of persuasion as against compulsion, of coöperation as against ruthless competition, of conciliation as against avoidable conflict.

And while I am on the subject of keys to the President's mind another one may be mentioned. Probably the other deepest capacity for hatred that Mr. Hoover has—and he is a man of intense likes and dislikes—is his hatred of whoever or whatever destroys human life.

The President's Newspaper

One of the President's late afternoon jobs is to read the newspapers. He usually does this in the last hour before dinner. The United Press correspondent at the White House gave these details to his readers the other day: "Forty-five newspapers of current date reach the White House each day. They are from the near-by cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Richmond and others within overnight mail distance. From these the Chief Executive gains what he calls the 'first blush' reaction to policies and developments in public affairs. A second group of papers, from more distant cities, arrives two or three days after a given event. These provide the studied reaction of editorial comment. Yet a third group arrives four or five days later, when the complete picture of the public reaction is available.

"John McCabe, White House staff veteran, clips newspapers from 9 A.M. until 4:30 P.M. every day [as he has done for many Presidents]. Every article dealing

(Continued on Page 42)

WHEN you buy lamps for your car or for use in your home you need not experiment to discover quality. All Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care by which quality is assured. The name MAZDA stamped upon these lamps is always a mark of high quality.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 40)

with the presidency or with public policy is mounted on paper, classified according to subject, and placed on the President's desk."

The traditional President's newspaper comprising the outstanding news clippings of the day chosen from about thirty newspapers covering all sections of the United States and pasted on large sheets of yellow paper is glanced through by him daily and he reads in full the news that is of special interest to him at the moment. This is usually read late in the afternoon. He runs through a number of Washington, Philadelphia and New York papers every morning. The editorial opinion of about four hundred daily newspapers is digested for him daily, and numerous weeklies and farm journals are also digested, and this whole service is being rapidly expanded. The present service is based on a carefully selected list of representative papers from all parts of the country and, therefore, presents an accurate cross-section of American opinion. It is being rapidly expanded, however; so, eventually, it will be practically complete as well as representative.

The President rarely leaves his office before six o'clock in the evening, and he somehow contrives to maintain his energetic pace right up to the last minute. From his office he returns to the White House to prepare for dinner, which may be set for any time between 7:30 o'clock and 8:15. This meal, when possible, he refuses to make formal and usually puts on a dinner jacket and black tie. On at least three evenings every week—usually Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays—dinner is likely to be a large affair with many guests. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings there are usually only a few dinner guests, more often than not old friends or groups of some intellectual distinction—college presidents, professors, authors, artists, and the like.

What Mr. Hoover Reads

The Hoovers are hospitable folk and like to have people eat with them. This was the rule on S Street before they came to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Since they have been in the White House they have fed from three hundred and fifty to four hundred people each month, even now during the closed, or nonentertaining, season in Washington. What will this number rise to during the winter, with its constant dinners and receptions? Mr. Hoover derives his salary from the taxpayers, but he certainly gives it back to them in the form of food. His abundant hospitality, in which he and Mrs. Hoover take such pleasure, led to the comment here: "Hoover is running another Food Administration." It is clear that he is not trying to save money out of his pay but is using his official income to maintain the White House plant at its fullest use. The President's home has not been so well run or the center of so much friendly social life since Roosevelt's day. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt made the White House one of the most attractive homes in Washington, and the Hoovers are doing the same thing.

After dinner Mrs. Hoover and the other ladies have their coffee in one of the circular rooms on the main floor, while the President leads the male guests upstairs to his study for coffee and cigars. Conversation over the cigars is informal and general, the President sometimes taking the lead, but more often content to sit back and listen to others. About 9:45 the President and the other men join the ladies on the second floor, and sometimes there view a motion picture.

As well as I can make out, Mr Hoover's attitude toward the motion pictures is that he can take 'em or leave 'em alone. He is not an addict or a convinced fan. He likes the good ones and he doesn't like the poor ones. He prefers the news reels above all the others, and I suspect they are the only movies he really cares for. He sees these, and sometimes a picture, on an average of once or twice a week. The White House is wired for talkies, and occasionally one of these is given—usually of some travel subject. Mrs. Hoover has one or two motion-picture cameras of her own which she operates and with which she has made records of the President's fishing trips and of his journey to South America. Sometimes groups of family friends are shown these after dinner.

At about 10:15 the White House movie show is over, the President and Mrs. Hoover take their leave and the guests depart.

I now black out the scene for two hours while the President takes his first sleep of the evening. Mr. Hoover's sleeping habits are almost his only habits that have been affected by the move to the White House, except for the recently acquired practice of regular exercise. During nearly all the preceding years of his manhood he has devoted one or two hours after midnight to reading before going to sleep. Since entering the White House this habit has been changed, probably due to the systematic physical exercise he now takes in the morning, which, added to the severe day's work, makes him ready for sleep by 10:30 at night.

His habit now, therefore, is to be asleep at about that time, but he wakens about half-past midnight and then reads in bed for an hour or two; after which he goes back to sleep and wakes again at about quarter of seven. The fact that his slumbers are broken in this way seems not to affect their recuperating quality.

The President's reading matter is one of the most characteristic things about his life. His habits with regard to it have been consistent from early manhood. His mind will become attracted to some one particular subject and he then proceeds to plunge into an extensive study of the whole literature of it, reading book after book about it, night after night, until he has thoroughly absorbed it. Then, and then only, his interest in reading about it is satisfied, and he turns to another subject. In this way he has gathered and retained a really astonishing amateur knowledge of such diverse subjects as Egyptian archæology, certain schools of modern painting, opera of the classical Italian and German periods, and other subjects which, like these, have in common a serious intellectual basis and a historical or æsthetic background. His knowledge of architecture—one of his pet subjects—for example, is unusually broad and deep for anyone not professionally engaged.

While these notes were being gathered Mr. Hoover was deeply engrossed in reading about the White House, its history, traditions and relations to the history and life of the city of Washington.

Three other subjects on which the President has recently been reading up at night are Russia, the organization of social betterment movements in New York, and the life of William McKinley.

Into each of these diverse and unrelated subjects Mr. Hoover went thoroughly and read every book that he could find. He knew a lot about Russia, to begin, for he had much experience there before the World War.

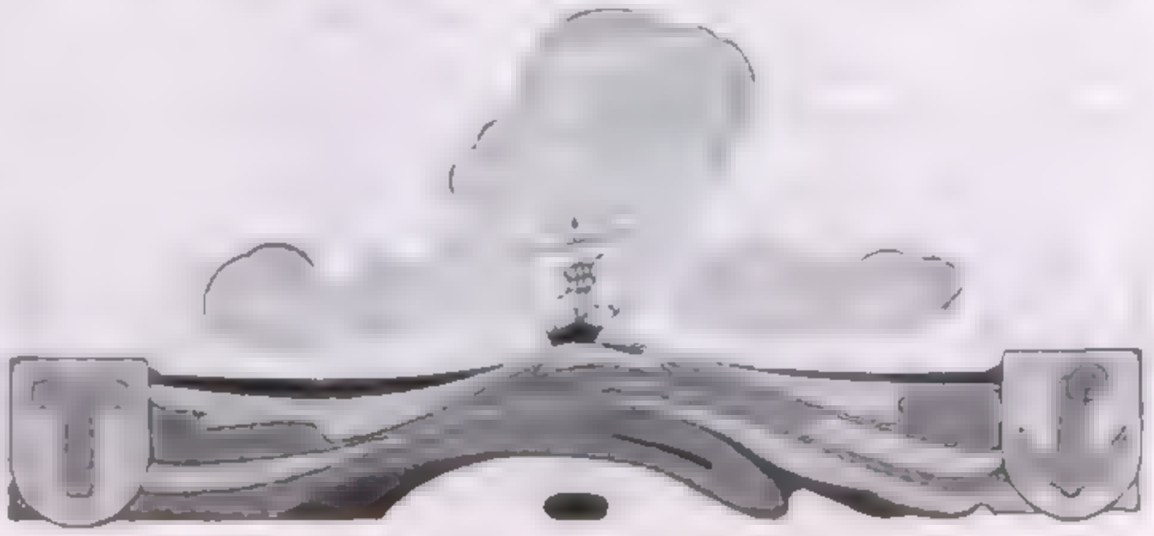
And now, as he snaps off his reading light toward two o'clock in the morning, we may leave Mr. Hoover for his second sleep before taking up a new day, beginning at seven o'clock with his volley-ball exercises. This outline of his day's work and play is completed with a brief record of his occasional week-end fishing trips. He is really a true and ardent fisherman. It is, I believe, his single unrelieved diversion. He learned to tie a trout fly when he was fourteen years old, and nothing irritates him more when he goes fishing now than to have the local experts tell him how to rig his tackle or attempt to do it for him.

Since he has been President, Mr. Hoover has done all of his fishing in the proposed Shenandoah National Park in Virginia or near Catoctin, Maryland. In Maryland he takes fishing hospitality at the camp of Mr. Richey. Fairly rough camps they are, too, but comfortable to anyone accustomed to an outdoor life. Mr. Hoover fairly revels in the escape they afford him and the outlet they provide for a brief outdoor life. He wears old clothes, he smokes a pipe, he has fun, and he doesn't mind the weather. Always he takes one or two friends on these fishing parties.

Describing the country in which Mr. Hoover's Virginia fishing camp is located, a National Parks Bulletin says:

> The proposed Shenandoah National Park consists of an irregular strip of virgin forest sixty-six miles long and from eight to eighteen miles wide, stretched along the summit of the main range of the Blue Ridge where it parallels the famous Shenandoah Valley in Northern Virginia, of which it forms the southeastern wall. Its northern point is Front Royal, twenty miles south of the Winchester of Sheridan's famous ride, where the mountains rise with considerably greater abruptness to altitudes over three thousand feet. This is historic ground.
>
> Southwesterly to its end at Jarman Gap near Waynesboro, thirty miles due west of Charlottesville, seat of the University of Virginia, and east of Staunton, Woodrow Wilson's birthplace, the range increases in altitude to well above four thousand feet, gaining in steepness of slope and roughness of contour; here summits crowd summits, fretted ridges drop hundreds and often, in consecutive precipices, thousands of feet, and innumerable little rivers cascade from both sides of the divide into innumerable pools which shelter speckled trout.
>
> Though crossed by several roads—two of them famous in American history—the precipitousness of the range, forbidding profitable exploitation, has saved for us through centuries of civilization more than six hundred square miles of almost untouched native forest within ninety miles of the nation's capital and three hundred miles of its metropolis. Even Virginians have not realized their possession of a natural treasure so extraordinary.
>
> Near Skyland, twenty-five miles south of the area's northern point and five miles below the crossing of the Lee Highway at Thornton Gap, there is a narrow saddle from which the larger soft woods have been lumbered during the last quarter century; and there are several lesser areas similarly lumbered along old highways farther south. But these forest spots remain, nevertheless, beautiful, and altogether the partly cut areas are trifling compared with the great body of the untouched forest, which constitutes an invaluable exhibit of the wilderness that covered Eastern North America from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf when our forefathers settled at Jamestown and Plymouth.

The President's camp is about one hundred miles from Washington and is at an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet. The fishing stream in Maryland—Hunting Creek—is near the old manor estate of Catoctin and is only fifty-six miles from Washington. The fishing is at seven hundred to fifteen hundred feet elevation. Access to these two retreats has made tolerable and possible Mr. Hoover's present summer in Washington. They have given him the brief holidays he needed and the sport and diversion he loves best. He doesn't go fishing on Sundays. But any other day from Monday to Saturday is his open season when the trout are rising.



Cautionary Tale

John Vavassour, Who Lost a Fortune by Throwing Stones

JOHN VAVASSOUR DE QUENTIN JONES
Was very fond of throwing stones
At horses, people, passing trains,
But 'specially at windowpanes.
Like many of the upper class
*He liked the sound of broken glass;**
It bucked him up and made him gay:
It was his favorite form of play.
But this amusement cost him dear,
My children, as you now shall hear.

John Vavassour de Quentin had
An uncle who adored the lad
And often chuckled: "Wait until
You see what's left you in my will!"
Nor were the words without import,
Because this uncle did a sort
Of something in the City, which
Had made him fabulously rich—
Although his brother, John's papa,
Was poor, as many fathers are.

He had a lot of stocks and shares,
And several blocks in Buenos Aires,†
A bank in Rio, and a line
Of steamers to the Argentine,
And options more than I can tell,
And bits of Canada as well,
He even held a mortgage on
The house inhabited by John.

His will—the cause of all the fuss—
Was carefully indited thus:

"This is the last and solemn will
Of Uncle William—known as Bill.
I do bequeath, devise and give
By execution mandative,
The whole amount of what I've got
It comes to an enormous lot—
In seizin to devolve upon
My well-beloved nephew, John.
And here the witnesses will sign
Their names upon the dotted line."

Such was the legal instrument
Expressing Uncle Bill's intent.
In course of time declining health
Transmogrified this man of wealth,
And it was excellently clear
That Uncle Bill's demise was near.
At last his sole idea of fun
Was sitting snoozing in the sun.

So once, when he would take the air,
They wheeled him in his patent chair—
By "they" I mean his nurse, who came
From Dorchester upon the Thame;
Miss Charming was the nurse's name—
To where, beside a little wood
An old abandoned greenhouse stood,
And there he sank into a doze
Of senile and inept repose.

But not for long his happy ease!
A stone came whizzing through the trees
And caught him smartly on the eye.
He woke with an appalling cry
And shrieked, in agonizing tones:
"Oh, Lord! Whoever's throwing stones?"

Nurse Charming, who was standing near,
Said, "That was Master John, I fear!"
"Go! Get my inkhorn and my quill,
My blotter and my famous will!"
Miss Charming flew as though on wings
To fetch these necessary things;
And Uncle William ran his pen
Through "well-beloved John," and then
Proceeded, in the place of same,
To substitute Miss Charming's name
Who now resides in Portman Square
And is accepted everywhere.

—*Hilaire Belloc.*

*I stole this idea with subtle daring
From Wing Commander Maurice Baring.
†But the pronunciation varies;
Some people call it Bu-enos Ai-res.

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Via *Universal Air Lines*, passengers are booked from Grand Central Terminal, New York, on New York Central's de luxe *Southwestern Limited* at five in the afternoon. In the morning, at Cleveland, passengers transfer to a waiting tri-motored FOKKER de luxe cabin plane and fly to Garden City, Kansas, with short stops at Chicago and Kansas City for breakfast and luncheon. In the evening, change is made to the Santa Fe's *California Limited* which permits arrival in Los Angeles the third morning.

For example, leaving New York on Friday evening, the busy executive will arrive in Los Angeles on Sunday evening (*Western Air Express*) or Monday morning (*Universal Air Lines*)—with the loss of only half a business day.

Similar eastbound services are provided on equally convenient fast schedules.

Arrangements for through tickets, Pullman and plane reservations and transport of baggage can be made through New York Central offices in principal cities.

UNIVERSAL AIR LINES
New York and Boston to Los Angeles
by Rail and Air
Daily

NEW YORK CENTRAL

*Lv Boston	2 10 p m
*Lv New York	5 — p m
Ar Cleveland	6 35 a m

(One night on train)

UNIVERSAL AIR LINES

Lv Cleveland	7 10 a m
Ar Chicago	8 35 a m
Lv Chicago	9 45 a m
Ar Kansas City	1 50 p m
Lv Kansas City	2 10 p m
Ar Garden City	5 26 p m

(One day in air)

SANTA FE

Lv Garden City	6 10 p m
Ar Los Angeles	9 15 a m

(Two nights on train)

New York - Los Angeles	$235 76
Boston - Los Angeles	234.84

(Including lower berth on trains and seat in plane)

Proportionate fares for intermediate points.

*Passengers from New York or Boston may also take the *20th Century Limited*, transferring to westbound plane at Chicago in the morning.

Los Angeles to New York and Boston

Eastbound service follows the same route, leaving Los Angeles via Santa Fe 12:50 (midday), arriving Grand Central Terminal, New York, via New York Central, 9:50 a. m.—only two business days en route

(Standard Time shown throughout)

WESTERN AIR EXPRESS
New York and Boston to Los Angeles
by Rail and Air
Daily

NEW YORK CENTRAL

Lv Boston	6 10 p. m.
Lv New York	11 20 p. m.
Ar Chicago	7 30 p. m.

VIA CHICAGO & ALTON

Lv. Chicago	8:00 p. m.
Ar. Kansas City	6:00 a. m.

or VIA SANTA FE

Lv Chicago	8 15 p. m.
Ar Kansas City	8 10 a. m.

(Two nights on train)

VIA WESTERN AIR EXPRESS

Lv. Kansas City	6:30 a. m.
Ar. Los Angeles	6:30 p. m.

(One day in air)

New York - Los Angeles	$243.00
Boston - Los Angeles	242 90

(Including lower berth on trains, seat and meal in plane)

Proportionate fares for intermediate points.

Los Angeles to New York and Boston

Eastbound service follows the same route, leaving Los Angeles via Western Air Express at 5:00 a. m., and arriving at Grand Central Terminal, New York via New York Central at 8:05 a. m.—only 48 hours en route

Standard Time shown throughout)

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Twentieth Century Limited · · The Iroquois · · Southwestern Limited

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE · · · YOU CAN SLEEP

TIME TO RETIRE! After 2 years and 3 months of ploughing through the African wilderness, the Expedition changed one of its eight Fisk tires. (Upper photo.)

JUST ORDINARY GOING! No traffic cops delay the truck drivers in the heart of Africa. In country like this Fisk tires rolled from 30 to 150 miles daily. (Center photo.)

SAVING TIRE WEAR! Here is a truck in a treacherous "pig-hole." One Fisk tire is a foot off the ground. (Lower photo.)

age

LIONS . . . AND TIRES!

The Astonishing Record of Fisks in Unmapped Jungles and Veldts

MARTIN JOHNSON is back... back from the hot suns and trackless wastes of East Africa... back with an almost incredible picture-story of lions and elephants at home...back from regions never before traversed by motor.

Wherever *Simba* and *Tembo* led, Martin Johnson and his beautiful wife followed. On *safari*, every truck was equipped with Fisk Transportation Cords.

Through the very worst of driving conditions—rock-strewn gullies, treacherous "pig-holes," torrid, sandy wastes—those tires brought the Martin Johnson Expedition to a success.

Not a puncture! Not a blow-out! For two years and three months of this exacting service, *every tire held up without a single replacement or single repair.*

And this fall, the new Johnson *safari* will include a larger fleet of eight cars. Every wheel will be shod by Fisk. Every spare is a Fisk — the tire of jungle-tested MILEAGE.

The *all-cord* process, perfected by Fisk, gave Fisk Transportation Cords the endurance to meet this severe test. This better method of building tires prevents internal friction. Fisk combines a tough, durable tread and a specially designed multiple cable bead with *all-cord* construction. This gives the stamina which survives strain.

The same Fisk features that brought Fisk Tires over thousands of miles of wild jungle trails will give you dependable service and excess *mileage* on your trucks.

Your local Fisk Dealer has the right Fisk Transportation Cords for your fleet, ready to give you low-cost *mileage* regardless of loads or roads.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On this safari, lions chewed on Fisk Tires at night. Overwhelmed by curiosity, they would creep up and bite on the tires as puppies nibble shoes. The Fisks emerged uninjured.

LADY CAN DO

(Continued from Page 19)

There was an interruption while the chief spoke to the sergeant at the farther end of the room. The officials relaxed in their chairs. Dane turned to Elsie.

"I beg pardon," he remarked, "but aren't you Miss Penn?"

She nodded with more than a trace of brusqueness.

"Of course I should have recognized you. I'm sorry."

Mr. Atkinson spoke up. "Isn't it rather odd that you didn't, Mr. Dane?"

"I don't think so. The ladies were all in costume and were painted up in the Chinese manner. Miss Penn arrived late and I didn't see her until she appeared in that get-up."

"There's one rather odd little matter, Mr. Dane. We have no wish to pry into merely personal affairs that can have no bearing on the case. But when Mrs. Cuppy found you in the rock garden she addressed a rather peculiar remark to Miss Penn. Something to the effect that she was a sly girl, and that she'd better not undertake to steal a man until she'd looked around and made sure whose man it was."

"I didn't hear what she said to Miss Penn. I had moved away."

"But do you know what she meant?"

"No."

"Has there been —— But I'll put the question this way: When you returned to the house with Mrs. Cuppy was anything said by either of you that might throw light on the remark?"

Dane plainly hesitated. "I suppose, Mr. Atkinson, that I really should speak with the utmost frankness, even concerning my hostess."

"It is imperative."

"Well, Mrs. Cuppy was not at all herself. She had drunk a good deal. I had not. The whole situation had by that time become distasteful to me. As I told Miss Penn, it was my intention to leave at the first possible moment. I'd planned to go today. Mrs. Cuppy did say a few rather foolish things. She is a pretty woman with all the power that wealth brings, and accustomed to having her own way. I took her straight to the living room, drew Mr. Stromberg into conversation with her and left her with him."

"Thank you, Mr. Dane. That is all for the present."

Dane went out. The chief returned to the table with a small parcel rolled up in a newspaper. Solemnly, impressively, he laid this on the table and looked about him at the others. All leaned forward in quick responsiveness. Slowly, with that hushed, impressive manner, he unrolled the newspaper and there lay the pearl cap.

"Gentlemen," he remarked heavily, "here it is."

They stared. Elsie's nerves tingled and crinkled, clear to the roots of her hair. The chief turned to her. "Can you identify it, Miss Penn?" And pushed it toward her. She took it up mechanically and turned it round and round in her hands. But at the moment she couldn't speak. Her excited thoughts were all out of hand. Here they had found it! Here in the house! Then —— Her unsteady fingers fumbled with it, felt those amazing strings of matched pearls that had disturbed Mrs. Cuppy by getting into her eyes, felt the big oddly shaped single pearls that were set into the rich ornamentation of the crown—oval pearls, oblong pearls, several of fascinating irregular shapes. Never in her life had Elsie seen any so large or of such fine iridescence. Gathered, each a gem in a hundred thousand, from the farthest shores of the Indies to please an empress. She was turning the cap round and round, a confused misty excitement shining in her eyes, her color high, her lips slightly parted. Partly hidden in the filigree work of silver gilt, she spied an empty setting. One of the single pearls was missing. She recalled one, the largest of all, shaped like a pear, that had hung among the silver-gilt leaves. It was gone. She was about to point out the empty setting.

"It was found," went on the chief, "in the closet of John Dane's room. Tucked away behind an extra blanket on a shelf."

Elsie's nerveless fingers dropped it to the table. For the moment she couldn't breathe.

The men looked at one another. Atkinson spoke up. "H'm! Well! Pretty extraordinary, that! It does appear to fix the murder right here in the house. What have you done about Dane, chief?"

"Held him. I told the sergeant to get him away very quietly."

Elsie's thoughts were clearing. These men had the right idea. Take everything as it came. Take it as a job. Let a fact stand as a fact, without emotion, without color. She could do that too. She was the mental type. Anyway, John Dane was nothing to her. Nothing!

She didn't know that Atkinson was intently watching her. His abrupt question, when it came, startled her. But hardly more than her own abrupt reply. Her brain was clicking now. She could be quick—as quick as any of them.

"Miss Penn," said he brusquely, "what do you make of all this?"

"Mr. Atkinson," said she, "I should like very much to have a look at Mr. Stromberg's overcoat. I saw him carrying it upstairs a while back. Couldn't you have an officer bring it from his room?"

The officials were all watching her now. Atkinson said "Certainly!" The chief nodded to the attendant, who went out and returned shortly with the coat. Elsie spread it out on the table and went through the outer pockets. Frowned impatiently.

"There'd be an inside breast pocket," remarked Atkinson.

Elsie was flopping the coat over when Carlock, who was feeling along the bottom of the skirt, cried, "Wait a minute! Here's something!"

But Elsie's quick hand was already in that breast pocket. "It has been cut along the bottom!" said she, and slid her whole arm down inside the lining, feeling along the hem of the skirt. Her fingers closed on the lump that Carlock had felt through the cloth. She drew it out—a pear-shaped pearl not far from an inch in length, it fitted nicely into the setting and completed the design.

"A very neat bit of thinking," said Atkinson with a friendly nod.

"Oh, no," she replied. "They have adjoining rooms, you know. I suppose Mr. Stromberg did follow Mr. Dane and me into this room, then slipped into the hall. He told you he went upstairs with the others, but Miss Briggs found him asleep on a couch in the living room after all the rest had gone up, and she left him there. Somehow or other, during what was left of the night, he got the cap. He cut this inside pocket and dropped the cap down inside the lining. When he finally did go upstairs, he left the coat hanging down here in the hall."

"Might have, at that," said Carlock. "He knew he couldn't hide it in his bedroom. Not too successfully. And we might have looked at those coats and wraps all day without giving them a thought."

"Then, you see," Elsie resumed, "whatever his reasons, he took the coat upstairs this morning. He even seemed to want to explain, when we passed on the stairs. But I wasn't interested then. From his room it was a simple matter to take the cap through the bathroom they shared into Mr. Dane's room. As you gentlemen know, I never saw Mr. Dane before last evening. He is nothing to me. Nothing to me at all! But if my judgment is worth anything, he is not a thief and he is not a murderer."

"Plausible enough," mused Atkinson.

Doctor Obry, with a remark about having a look at Mrs. Cuppy, left the room.

"Mike," called the chief, "tell the sergeant to come here!" Then, to the assistant district attorney: "Do you want to hold Dane, Mr. Atkinson?"

"No."

To the sergeant, thus the chief: "Let John Dane loose, Jim. Nothing there. Just have him stick around with the rest of 'em."

"We went through his wastebasket, chief. Found a torn-up letter. Torn up mighty small. Henry Beall's piecing it together. Take quite a while. Part was burned. In the soap dish, I'd say. From the looks o' things, as if he'd started to burn it and then changed his mind and just tore it up. Or maybe he'd burned one page."

"Very good, Jim."

"How about arresting Stromberg, chief?" asked Atkinson.

"I was thinking we'd better not. He can't get away. Better have him in again. Don't let him suspect we know a thing. Maybe we can snarl him up."

"I'd suggest a bite of lunch, chief," said Atkinson. "It's after two. We've covered a bit of ground these four hours. Then we can take up Stromberg again, and Mrs. Cuppy. You'd better stir around, Miss Penn. Step outside if you want air. It's confining work." This assistant district attorney was making it clear that he'd taken a liking to her. Odd how quickly you always caught that undertone of the personal in a man's speech and manner. She was inclined to believe that the other men sensed it too. Have to watch her step. You always had to, with men around. She felt suddenly lonely. Easy to grow pretty bitter about that sort of thing.

Doctor Obry reappeared. "Gentlemen," he said, "I believe we can talk with Mrs. Cuppy this afternoon. But not all of us. Two or three at the outside. Miss Penn, I'm going to put you behind a screen in the doorway of an adjoining room. You must keep perfectly still. I shall carry a notebook myself to cover what rustling you may be unable to avoid. You see, gentlemen"—he was looking about the circle very gravely; for the first time Elsie became aware of a tension among the officials; perhaps it was that suggestion of limiting their number. Were they all, in a way, watching one another? But Doctor Obry was talking on—"You see, Mrs. Cuppy seems to me to be in a frame of mind that may—I am not certain, but it may—lead us into a worse tangle than anything that has come up yet. I have preferred that you hear her for yourselves and form your impressions at first hand."

Elsie slipped out at that point. She couldn't eat. Not just then. Her head ached. She couldn't face those chafing, spiritually bedraggled guests of the house. She wandered out through the porte-cochère and crossed the driveway to the rock garden. By dim pools and craggy little banks she strolled. Over that almost semicircular bridge. Here was the stone bench where she had sat in the evening. Here John Dane had spoken darkly of some sudden, secret difficulty. "If I weren't in such a ticklish situation here—the damndest mess, just tonight." Why had he said that? Oh, well, she wasn't responsible for him.

She saw him approaching from the house. He came on over the bridge. He'd ridiculed her when she had told him she was the mental type. Well, she'd show him. She could be a brisk enough little person on occasion. She'd show him.

He stood before her. He looked older. He'd been hurt, of course. It isn't heartening to be arrested on suspicion of murder. Even of thievery. Something sobering, haunting, about his gray eyes.

"I haven't the faintest notion what it's all about," he began in a slow, low voice. "But from what those policemen have dropped I've gathered that nothing but some rather remarkable bit of quick thinking on your part has saved me from being rather seriously involved in this dreadful case. I'm not going to ask what it was, but I must thank you."

There was an odd moment, following that speech, during which he appeared hesitant about sitting beside her on the bench. He even rested a knee on it, and then stood rather awkwardly. Just stood there. He seemed to be breathing fast. So was she. And she could feel her pulses in her temples, pounding. Her mouth was dry. He slid, with a self-conscious, almost apologetic manner, down to the seat. And then, dazed, she found his arms about her and her hands clinging to his coat and he was kissing her and she was crying.

He tore her hands away and sprang up. "Of course," he said unsteadily, "we're completely unstrung. We can't go plumb to pieces. Must keep our heads until this dirty mess is straightened out."

That was all he said. He went back to the house.

She knew her face was flaming. It wouldn't do. She dipped her handkerchief in the pool below and laid it on her cheeks and forehead. She was angry. He needn't have rushed off like that!

VIII

THE chief and Doctor Obry stood in the porte-cochère, each with a copy of a pink newspaper. The Planet, of course. A journal that fed notoriously on murder and scandal, on any gross sensation of the moment. Elsie glimpsed headlines three or four inches tall, nothing else. The doctor remarked that the latter part of the afternoon would be best for the interview with Mrs. Cuppy. Four o'clock or later. The chief looked at him—cold eyes set in a face that was weatherbeaten and was nearly square in shape; a massive, expressionless face—without a word. Doctor Obry hesitated a moment; then folding his paper with a motion of impatience, went within.

But the chief spoke to Elsie in a low, faintly wheedling voice that stirred surprise. A personal note, distinctly. She caught that with a little flash of resentment. These men ——

"Mighty quick work," said he, moving the paper within her vision. "Wonderful how they do it. One of the motorcycle men brought 'em out just now." And he smiled complacently.

She read:

HOUSE GUEST SUSPECT IN CUPPY MURDER. CHIEF URQUHART MAKES SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURE. BRILLIANT WORK BY LOCAL POLICE

"Let me give you a tip, girlie," he went on guardedly and still with that smile. "If you pick anything up just slip it quietly to me. There's too many cooks on this broth. It's a straight police job. Don't let that fellow Atkinson get too close. He's just a politician and a publicity hound. And not the type for nice young girls to play with. A slick one, that fellow. Safest thing for you'll be to come straight to me."

Elsie inclined her head noncommittally and stepped within. She felt tired and wretchedly uncomfortable in spirit. How long was this miserable business to continue? How long must she serve these men? Not one among them a gentleman. Mr. Carlock, perhaps, you could trust; he was quiet and businesslike and impersonal. But the others—Mr. Atkinson, the coroner, the chief, stirred feelings of disgust. Fighting among themselves for publicity. Not much majesty of the law about it. And the newspapers already plunging into it as into some ghastly orgy. She'd heard and read of these travesties on justice. Her head ached. For a cent she'd run away from all of them, and from John Dane. She simply couldn't trust herself to behave rationally in this appalling atmosphere.

Mr. Atkinson was at the telephone. He turned to say quickly, "I'd like to speak with you, Miss Penn, in the Chinese room. I'll be there in a few minutes."

(Continued on Page 51)

To Protect Yourself

Against the Use of Improper Lubricants In Your ALEMITE *Equipped Car*

Genuine Alemite Lubricants Used in Stations Displaying This Yellow Sign

A Nation-Wide Service to Combat the Cause of 80% of All Repair Bills—*Improper Lubrication*

The motor in your car requires a certain type of oil for efficient operation

By the same token, the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, with which your car is equipped, requires a special type of lubricant.

All greases are not fitted to the Alemite Systems. Cheap greases, sometimes found in unknown, irresponsible Greasing Stations, claiming "High Pressure Lubrication" are inadequate.

The Improper Lubrication, to which 80% of all repair bills is charged, results from two causes Lack of regular lubrication, or to "regular" greasing with inferior greases

Simple Protection Now

For your own protection, the obviously sensible thing is to go direct to a genuine Alemite-ing Station for lubrication service—to have your car Alemited.

Those stations, conveniently located everywhere now, identified by the Yellow Sign shown here, use special Alemite Lubricants. Lubricants developed by the maker of the Alemite Systems themselves after years of research as CORRECT for those systems. Lubricants that NEVER VARY in quality.

Efficient mechanics serve you at those stations. You get the ultimate in scientific lubrication to protect your car's life; to give you smoother operation and amazingly fewer repair bills.

Over 95% of the cars selling today, including the new Ford, are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite Push-type System. Both are equally efficient In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown here.

ALEMITE ALEMITE PUSH-TYPE

What Alemite-ing Consists Of

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2042A N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

How to safeguard your family's health...and share in 835 PRIZE CONTEST AWARDS totaling $25,000.00 CASH VALUE

94% OF THE TIME IT'S UNSAFE TO TRUST THE WEATHER

Study of U. S. Weather Bureau Reports shows average in United States of only 19 days a year when outside temperatures are safe for food preservation

TODAY we Americans spend twenty-three billion dollars a year for food—and waste a fifth of it.

United States Government authorities declare that *proper* year 'round refrigeration will reduce this waste to a startling degree. But it will do more—much more—than this. It will safeguard the health of your family. For food that is not *properly* preserved is a menace that invites danger and disease.

But what is *proper* refrigeration? A natural question. And again Government authorities answer: *Perishable foods, to be properly preserved, must be kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.*

There is one safe way to retard the growth of micro-organisms that cause food spoilage. Only *cold* will conquer bacteria and harmful mold without changing the wholesomeness of the food. If the temperature in your refrigerator creeps up even a few degrees above the danger point, food-destroying bacteria multiply astonishingly.

Back-porch or window-sill makeshifts are dangerous refrigeration methods. Costly. Unscientific and insanitary

You know what happens in your home during hot Summer months—how quickly food spoils. But have you considered that in your kitchen *it is "Summer" the year around?* Even in zero weather the modern home is heated to 72 degrees, or even more—too warm for food preservation.

Thus penny-wise home managers turn, in winter months, to back-porch or window-sill makeshifts for refrigeration. Dangerous. Costly. Unscientific and insanitary. Only 19 days a year, on an average in the United States, does the outdoor temperature remain ideal for food preservation. Thus 94% of the time Nature cannot be counted on to properly preserve food. Sometimes the weather is too warm; sometimes too cold.

Too cold? That may surprise you. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture has determined that a too-low temperature for perishable food is quite as dangerous as too high. Below 32 degrees some foods freeze; others undergo a definite chemical change. Such low temperatures destroy much of the delicate flavors and the vitamins which give food its greatest value. A sudden rise in temperature—perhaps even a few degrees—means that frozen food quickly spoils.

Thus the Government recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is the only satisfactory answer to this problem. Our Government recommends artificial refrigeration at an average temperature below 50 degrees to properly preserve your foods, not only because of the marked economy, but because it is the surest, safest way to guard the health of your family.

How to Win Prize Contest

To set the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation—to glean new ideas, new facts and figures concerning food preservation in guarding health and preventing economic waste, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best essays in a National Idea Contest.

The capital prize is a fine new home, costing more than $10,000.00; the second prize a 1930 five-passenger Cadillac Coupe, selling at $3,595 F.O.B. Detroit; the third prize $2,000 in gold—and so on down the list of 835 awards for essays on the subject, "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."

Turn to the next column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How to Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Local Food Preservation Council in your city (see announcements in your local paper), or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, for a free copy.

But don't delay! The time is short. It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!

Have you considered that in your kitchen it is "Summer" the year around? *Too warm for safe food preservation without refrigeration*

FOOD

SEPT.

For writing best 400 word letter on "Why 50° is the Danger Point"....

YOU CAN WIN FIRST PRIZE Model Home

costing more than $10,000.00, to be built in any community in the United States designated by the winner; or $10,000 in gold.

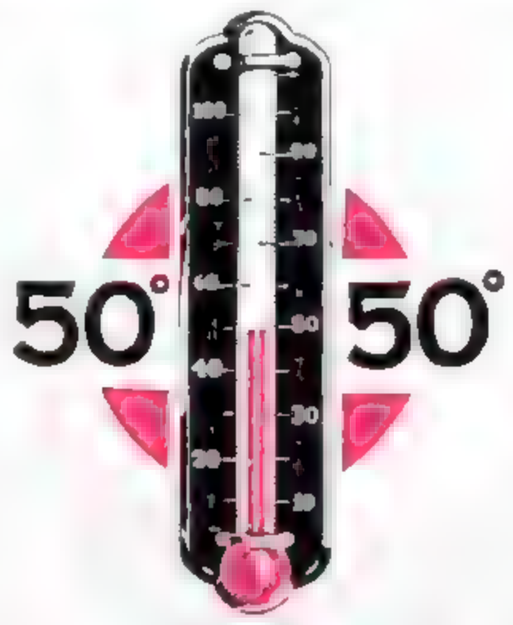
The home location and its specifications are to be agreed on by the winner and the National Food Preservation Council.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry.
2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only.
3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."
4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction.
6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject illegible entries.
7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council.
8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to

   Contest Department
   National Food Preservation
   Council
   420 Lexington Avenue
   New York, N. Y.

9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the council sees fit.
10. The contest closes at midnight September 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after midnight of September 30, 1929, will not be considered.



Second Prize

Brand New 1930 CADILLAC

Five passenger coupe, list price $3,595 F. O. B. Detroit, delivered anywhere in the United States; or $3,500 in gold.

833 OTHER BIG CASH AWARDS

Third Prize...	$2,000	Seventh Prize..	$350
Fourth Prize..	1,000	Eighth Prize....	300
Fifth Prize....	500	Ninth Prize.....	250
Sixth Prize....	400	Tenth Prize.....	200

Twenty-five prizes, Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive—$100 each.

Eight hundred prizes, Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive—$5 each.

In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize.

CONTEST JUDGES

MERLE THORPE, *editor* . . . . Nation's Business

B. C. FORBES, *editor* . . . . . Forbes

DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, *professor of physiological chemistry*, Teachers' College, Columbia University

NATIONAL PRESERVATION PROGRAM 1929

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

A new symbol of saving for America's 684 million h. p. A full measure of protection for the Nation's billions of dollars invested in mechanical equipment

Blazoned across a background of all Industry . . . a beacon beckons . . . "*Timken-Equipped*".

It stands for a basic principle which has gained ground for thirty years and now sweeps forward with mighty momentum.

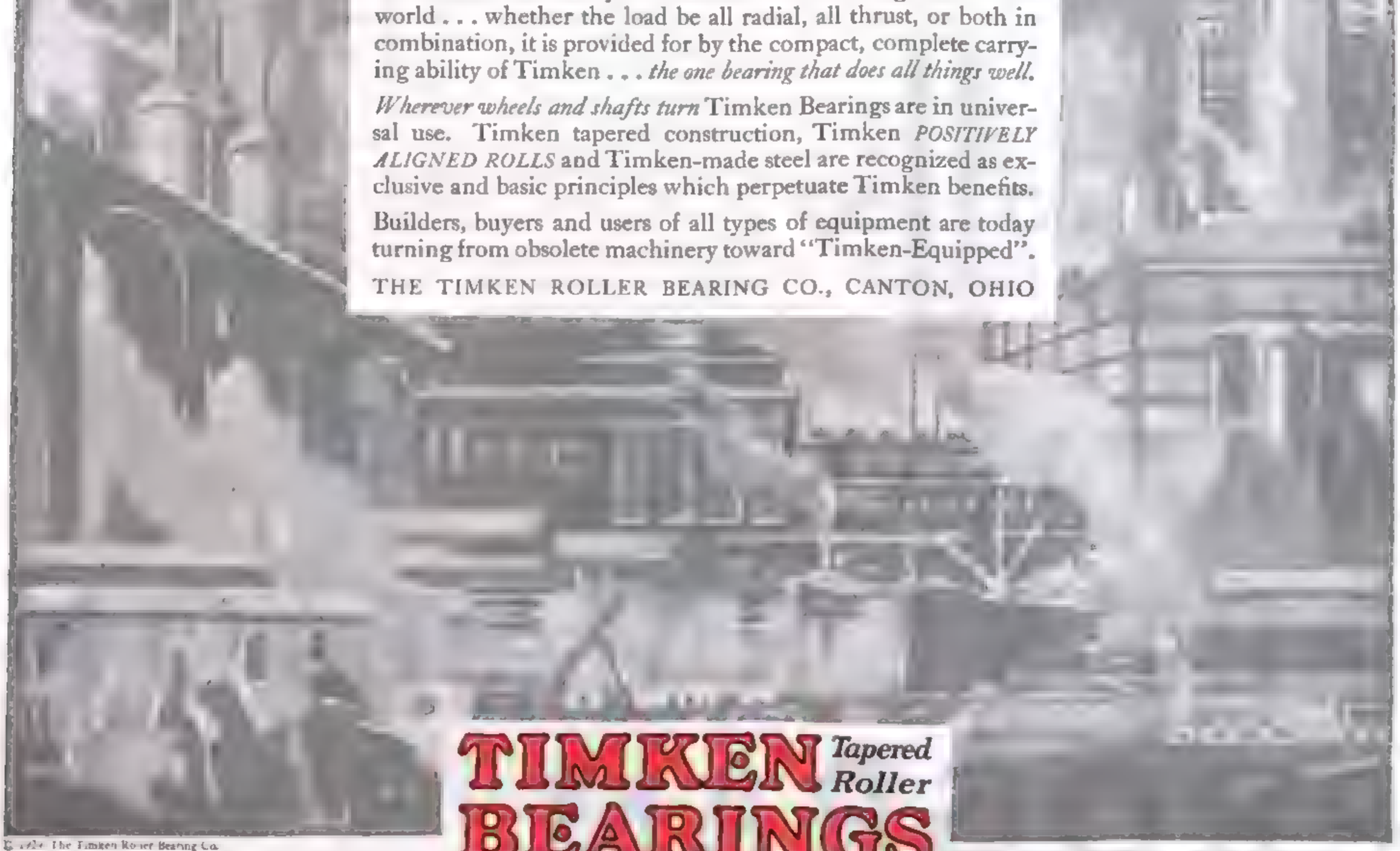
"Timken-Equipped" means more *work*-power, freed from friction . . . maintenance costs slashed . . . lubrication expense shaved to a shadow . . . machinery life greatly lengthened.

To Timken can safely be entrusted the working load of the world . . . whether the load be all radial, all thrust, or both in combination, it is provided for by the compact, complete carrying ability of Timken . . . *the one bearing that does all things well.*

Wherever wheels and shafts turn Timken Bearings are in universal use. Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel are recognized as exclusive and basic principles which perpetuate Timken benefits.

Builders, buyers and users of all types of equipment are today turning from obsolete machinery toward "Timken-Equipped".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



TIMKEN Tapered Roller BEARINGS

© 1929, The Timken Roller Bearing Co.

(Continued from Page 46)

She nodded and went on into the main hall. Had he seen that pink newspaper? She wondered. The chief had stolen a march there and was grinning like a pig.

She had to pass the wide doorway that gave into the living room. At a table near the door four of the unhappy guests were playing bridge. Miss Eames lay wearily on a couch, with Mr. Ettlethwaite sitting beside her. Mr. Delos, at another table, was playing Canfield. Stromberg stood in the bay window, staring out. That gargoyle person roamed about the far end of the room drawing gloomy, deep-toned themes from his violin. With his bow he seemed to be giving voice to the oppressive horror of the day. The tremolo notes throbbed in the air. One or two of the card players looked around impatiently. A man called, "Oh, shut up!" But the gargoyle played on.

Mr. Ettlethwaite saw her there near the doorway and started up. She moved away. She didn't want him or any of them talking to her. But he came hurrying out. She didn't like his nose glasses with their pendent double tape of black silk, or his loose bow tie, or his drink-bleared eyes, or his air of self-conscious vanity.

"Really, you know," said he in a confidential tone that stirred resistance in her, "these boobs are making an awful mess of this thing. They ought to consult with me. All this is right up my street. Perhaps you've read my mystery stories, The Treasure and Number Thirteen."

She hadn't, so she didn't say anything; merely looked at him. She must control this feeling of hostility. Her nerves were on edge, naturally. But it was nothing to her.

"I know who committed this murder."

Still she was silent.

"It was that Chinaman Sin. A dozen bits of evidence point to him. He hated old Cuppy and he wanted that cap. Find Sin and you settle your case in an hour. If they'd just consult me—the first move must come from them, of course."

"I'm sorry," said Elsie. "I'll have to ask you to excuse me." And moved off down the hall.

Mr. Atkinson was still at the telephone. She glanced into the dining room. Mr. Wong was in there, sitting alone at a window, a small, crushed figure of a man. Impulsively she entered the room. He didn't look up until she reached his side.

"Mr. Wong," she asked, "I heard you say that the man Sin used to work for you."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think he would commit murder?"

"Sin? Oh, no, miss! Sin good boy. Very good boy." Curious how he pronounced his r's. He didn't say "velly" not quite yet the r's bothered him. He went on in his patient, broken way. "Nobody so honest, so faithful, as good China boy. Sin good boy."

"Thank you," said she.

He resumed his moody watch out the window. Elsie returned to the hall.

There she met Mr. Stromberg. His narrow eyes fastened on her. "I'm going to ask a favor," he said, quick and low. "I've been thinking over what I told them. Will you ask if they will be so good as to hear me again? I have something more to say."

"Certainly," she replied, moving off. But he caught her in a quick stride. "I saw John Dane follow you into the garden. If I were you I wouldn't let him talk to you. Very smooth, this Dane. But they're not through with him yet. He's in deeper than you or they know. You will see. You're too nice a girl to ——"

What was the matter with these men? Did they think her responsible for the case? She went into the Chinese room. The doctor was there, and Mr. Carlock and the policeman they called Mike. The chief and the coroner appeared and took their seats at the table. The coroner was smoking a big cigar, twisting it about with unpleasantly mobile lips. Then Mr. Atkinson came rushing in with a copy of that pink newspaper, which he spread dramatically on the table. His face wore a strained, white look. He glared at the chief, who glared back, solid, square-faced, complacently impassive.

"This is your work," he said with heat.

The chief merely looked.

"Build yourself up all you like," cried Atkinson, "but show me just one more such leak as this and I'll make you all the trouble you want! You're asking for it and you'll get it!"

Elsie noted Carlock's thoughtful eyes on the two men. The chief still took it without a word. You couldn't tell what was in his mind. "He's as inscrutable as those Chinamen," thought Elsie.

"Do you propose," said Atkinson, "to have the newspapers running this case for us?" Then, with a little snort of impatience and a muttered "Just try it once more. You'll see," he flung himself into his chair.

There was a long silence. Doctor Obry tapped nervously on the table.

Elsie caught her breath, then said timidly, "Mr. Stromberg asked me if he might come in here again."

They all looked at her.

The coroner spoke quickly, around his cigar. "Look here, miss; you're not letting any of these people draw you into talk about the case, are you?"

She couldn't help flaring up at that. "Certainly not!" He might at least take that cigar out of his face when he talked.

"Let's have him in now," said Carlock. "We've got an hour or more before we go upstairs." He glanced at Stromberg's overcoat, which lay on a chair.

"Put that coat in the den," he said to the policeman.

The European took the seat at the foot of the table.

"You have something further to say?" asked Carlock.

"Yes." The narrow, quick eyes flitted about from one stern face to another. The man had, undeniably, considerable distinction. Many would think him handsome. He knew places and people. He had lectured widely. "Yes. I was greatly troubled when you called me before. I really did not know what to say to you. Of course I was not under oath."

The coroner removed the cigar now, as if to make a blustering remark.

"We quite understand that," said Carlock courteously but quickly.

The coroner flicked off a long ash on the silken rug—an exquisite piece of weaving in creamy gray and pale rose—and replaced the cigar in his mouth.

"You wish now to correct your statement?" asked Carlock.

"I do. I feel that I must tell you the whole truth."

"That we must have, Mr. Stromberg."

"Certainly. I realize it now. No matter what the implications may be. No matter whom it may hit."

"Certainly."

"I gave you to understand that I went upstairs when the others did—at two o'clock."

"And that was not accurate?"

"No. I evidently fell asleep on a couch in the living room. They must have left me there when they went up. At least that is where I found myself."

"At what hour?"

"It must have been almost exactly 2:20. I remember looking at my watch when I did get upstairs, and it was 2:25 then. Evidently I had hardly more than fallen asleep. Something awakened me. I do not know what it could have been. But I found myself lying on the couch. The room was dark. I remember that I distinctly heard someone moving—something. I felt alarmed, got up at once and tiptoed to the door. Then I realized that there was light in the hall—some light, not very strong. I peeped through the portières—that is, I stood beside the doorway and moved the curtain away a little. The door to this room—the Chinese room—stood open. A person was in the hall, somewhere near the front door. I couldn't see him then. But after a moment he came back to this door, reached in to switch off the light, closed the door and went upstairs. At that moment, before he switched off the light, I saw him as distinctly as I see you gentlemen now. He was in bare feet and wore a bathrobe. He had a pocket knife in his hand which he closed and dropped into the pocket of his bathrobe just before he switched off the light. Then he tiptoed upstairs in the dark."

"How do you know he tiptoed? You could see him?"

"No. I mean that I could hear him moving very slowly and carefully."

"You recognized the man?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. Elsie's nerves were taut again. Her temples felt as if they would burst.

"Who was it?"

"John Dane."

There was a long silence. All Elsie could do was to sit motionless. But crazily, as a confusion of uncontrollable thoughts raced through her brain, the phrases ran through them: "He's nothing to me! Absolutely nothing! Absolutely nothing! I simply don't care!" Meanwhile she was writing on. Her trained hand did that mechanically. At least they weren't watching her. They were watching Stromberg. All but Mr. Carlock. She looked up once and caught his eyes on her.

"What did you do then?" Carlock pressed on.

"I went up to bed."

"You heard or saw nothing that might throw any direct light on the murder?"

"Nothing. I didn't dream of such a thing. But this morning after breakfast—if I may go on ——"

"Do."

"Well, after breakfast I went out into the hall to get my pipe from my overcoat pocket. I felt something bulging in the skirt of the coat. I couldn't think what it might be. It was away down inside the lining. I felt in the side pockets. You see, I couldn't imagine how it could have got down in there. There were no holes or tears that I knew of in the lining. Even then I didn't think of Dane. Really, I hardly remembered the experience of the night. It was like a confused dream. But I felt in the breast pocket and found that it had no bottom. It had been cut. I reached down inside and felt a curious object. I couldn't make out what it was until I drew it partly out and saw that it was the Manchu cap. I found myself completely bewildered. Then I grew very angry. If I had met Dane at that moment I should certainly have struck him. I took the coat upstairs to my room. I couldn't make the thing out at all. Why Dane should go to the trouble of stealing the cap only to hide it in my coat was and is a mystery to me. No small part of my bewilderment was due to the fact that it was difficult to imagine Dane doing such a thing. I'd never dreamed he was that sort. He is, or had seemed to me, an attractive and decent person. Certainly a most plausible person. Oh, of course, I'd observed certain things—little things—but ——"

"What little things?"

"Well, really ——"

"Having gone this far, Mr. Stromberg, I'm sure you will readily see the importance—to yourself, if to no one else—of coming clean. If you are thinking of sparing the feelings of others, let me advise you that we are far past such a point. We must have every ascertainable fact—every fact, no matter where it may lead."

"Well, of course Dane has been living in the house for a week. He is known to be attractive to women. Well ——"

"You imply that a woman is involved in this. What woman?"

"Oh, not in this. I know of no connection. But ——"

"But what? We have no time to waste."

"Well, I think that all of us in the house had noticed that something was going on between Dane and—well, Mrs. Cuppy. Something had been going on before we arrived. It was very noticeable."

"An affair, you mean?"

"I had no means of knowing how far it had progressed. It was simply noticeable. Miss Eames saw it right away and spoke of it to me. Mr. Ettlethwaite mentioned it in a way suggesting that he took it as a matter of course. Others hinted and smiled over it."

"I see. But you have found nothing in that which might tend to explain why Dane should steal the cap and hide it in your coat?"

"As to that, sir, I must confess myself completely baffled."

"What did you do when you took the coat up to your room this morning?"

"Well, I have admitted that I was extremely angry. I knew then, of course, of the murder. I was horrified at the thought that Dane should play such a ghastly trick on me. At the moment, in my anger, it seemed simply an issue between myself and him, whatever he might have been up to. I knew that he was downstairs. I went in through the bathroom we use in common to his room and put the cap in the closet there, behind a spare blanket. If you have not already searched the room you will find it there. Unless he has moved it. It was wrong of me, of course. But he had planted it on me. I planted it back on him. To get even, I suppose."

"Not an unnatural impulse, of course. What did you do next?"

"I came back downstairs."

"Where is the pipe you got from the coat?"

"Here." He produced it from a side pocket.

"Why had you left the pipe in your overcoat?"

"Because I had smoked it while driving out from New York. Naturally I didn't smoke it at the party last night."

"I see. Where is the overcoat now?"

"In my room. At least, I left it there."

Carlock turned to the policeman. "Go up to Mr. Stromberg's room," he said, "and bring his overcoat down. Don't go through the hall. Go through the den and use the back stairs."

The officer went into the den and closed the door.

"Now, Mr. Stromberg, why didn't you tell this story in the first place?"

"I hardly know. I was still angry and very confused. I simply couldn't think clearly. The implications were more than I could comprehend. At the moment I felt a horror of possibly throwing suspicion on Mrs. Cuppy. And even then I couldn't face the possibility of John Dane being implicated in a murder. Probably, too, I shrank from becoming entangled myself. I'll admit that. It looked like a very difficult sort of thing to explain. Since morning, however, I've cleared it up in my own mind. I realized perfectly that my course this morning was not the right one. But now I have no business considering myself. I place myself entirely in your hands, gentlemen."

"You are willing to sign and make oath to the truth of the statement you now make?"

"Certainly. I will do anything that may help to clear up this dreadful business."

"Thank you. Now as to your own relations with Mr. and Mrs. Cuppy. Have they always been pleasant?"

"Oh, perfectly. Why, they were my greatest benefactors. To them I owe everything."

The officer returned at this point with the overcoat. Stromberg exhibited the cut pocket and all gravely examined it as if they'd never seen it before.

After that Stromberg was excused.

IX

THE coroner looked at the chief. Both inclined their heads.

"We'll arrest Dane," said the chief. "Hang on to him this time. And lock up Stromberg and Mrs. Cuppy as material witnesses."

"Just a moment on that," said Carlock, "if you don't mind, chief. We've got them

(Continued on Page 54)

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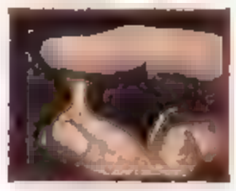

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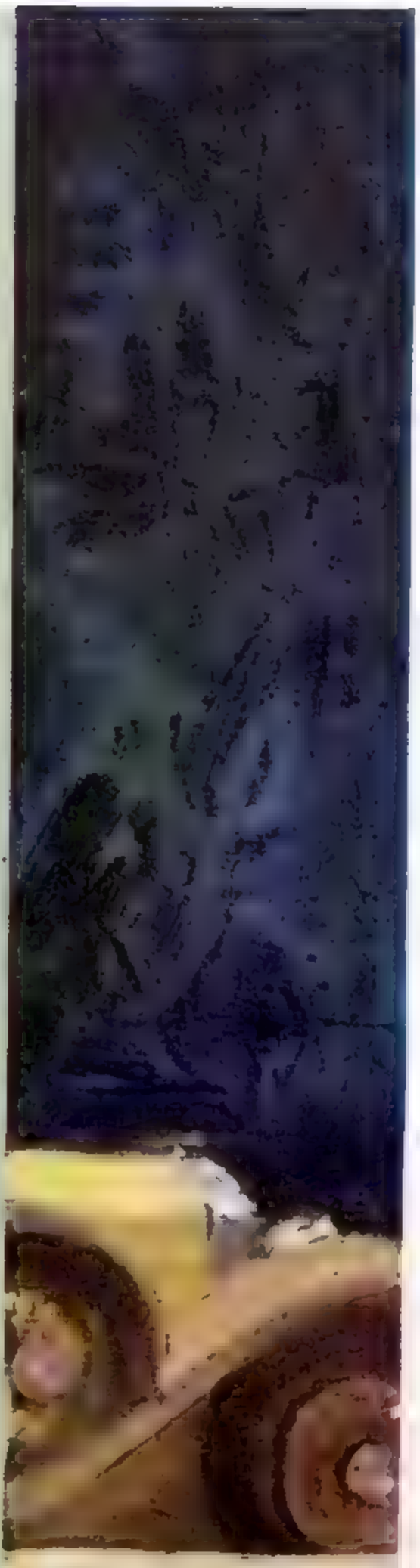

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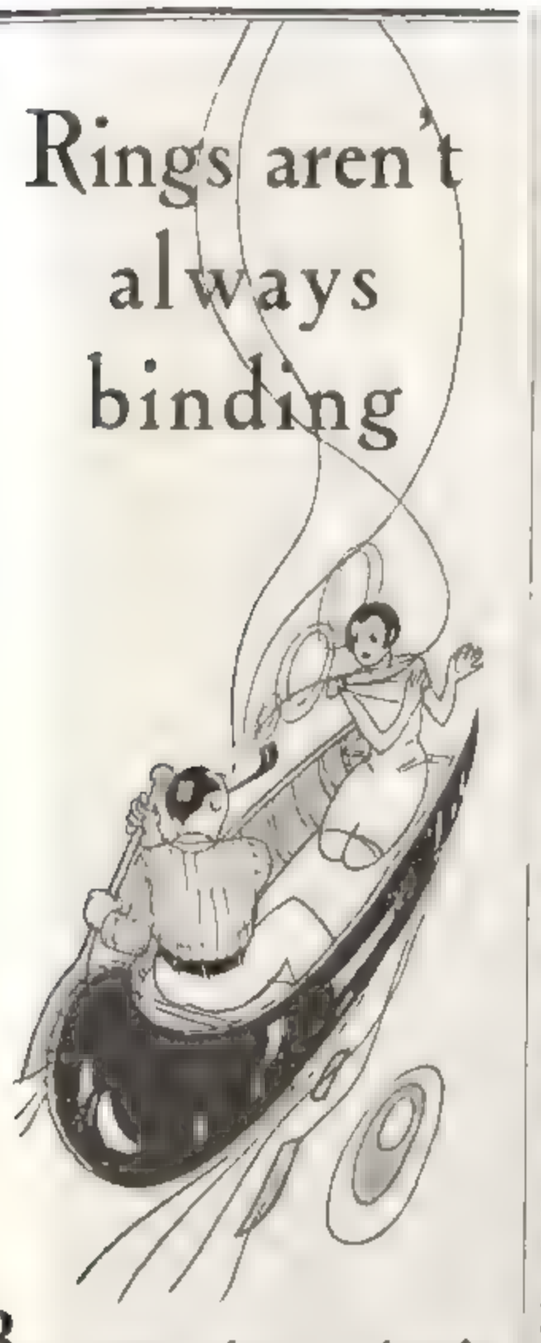

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It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 61)

all here. They can't get away. What can we possibly gain by showing our hand?"

The coroner removed his cigar, spat toward the fireplace and spoke: "Funny he'd force that drawer. He was the one that knew how it opened."

The chief glanced at him and snapped out, "Cover. He's just the one that would."

Atkinson, who still wore an angry expression, asked, leaning toward Carlock with an air of rather ostentatiously ignoring the chief, "Any report yet on fingerprints?"

"I've talked with Lieutenant Estivier over the phone," replied Carlock. "He seems to think it's going to be pretty difficult."

"Why?"

"He has found too many. Dane's, I suppose; he must have left them when he opened the drawer for Miss Penn. Probably hers too. Perhaps Mr. Cuppy's. And more, I gather. It wasn't cleaned or dusted this morning, of course. Likely as not the man who forced the drawer wore gloves. He would have, unless he was an utter fool. Or even wrapped his handkerchief around his hand."

"How about the hatchet?"

"That didn't go in town until later. I have no report on it."

Doctor Obry, at this point, entered the room from the den. His appearance gave Elsie a start. She hadn't seen or heard him leave the room, so deeply, so terribly had Stromberg's story absorbed her.

"I think we may talk with Mrs. Cuppy now," said the doctor. "But it seems to me my duty, as her physician, to warn you again that unless the interview is conducted with the greatest consideration I cannot be answerable for the consequences. Mrs. Cuppy lies at the threshold of utter prostration. Naturally the shock of this murder has been a crushing one. Realizing that you might find it necessary to question her, I have felt I had no right to give her an opiate or any drug that would stupefy her. As a result, while she has drowsed a little during the morning, her brain is still abnormally active. She is far from herself. But we may as well get it over with. I must urge on you, however, the importance of sparing her as much as possible. If, that is, her feelings and her extremely nervous condition are to be considered. It is quite necessary that I should be present. It would be much the best thing if only one other accompany me. I am sure, with Miss Penn taking down her statement word for word, you will all have the picture."

The chief, without a trace of expression on his big, blocked-in face, rose deliberately to his feet. "I will go," he said.

Instantly Atkinson sprang up. "I must insist!" he cried. "As the only representative here of the district attorney's office, it is my duty."

Then the coroner got up without a word. Plainly he meant to be present.

Carlock rose last, gathering up some notes he had been jotting down. "I'm sorry, doctor," said he, "but it looks as if we'd all have to go. I'm sure, however, that every effort will be made to handle it quietly."

Doctor Obry spread his hands in submission. He looked slowly from man to man. But the law had spoken. He was helpless.

"We'll take the back stairs," said the chief, and led the way into the den, clumping heavily in his thick-soled boots. You saw that he wouldn't know what it meant to show consideration for anybody. The four others trod lightly.

Elsie went out into the hall. She wasn't going through that den.

They were still playing bridge in the living room. And the gargoyle's violin still throbbed like a doom. She ran up the stairs.

She heard a step. This as she reached the landing, exactly at the spot where, in the morning, she had encountered Stromberg carrying his overcoat. She looked up. It was John Dane coming down. She decided, in a crazy flutter, not to speak. Simply to rush by. But instead she stood motionless. Her knees were almost giving way and her cheeks flamed. She caught at the railing. She'd be crying if she didn't watch out. Mustn't do that. Those men ——

Dane stopped. She heard his low voice. She couldn't look at him—simply couldn't—but his voice sounded tired. Did he know or suspect the sinister web that was weaving round him? Pity surged in her breast. "Just one thing"—this was what he was saying—"just this one thing. Please give me your home address."

"I live with my aunt." She said that. It wasn't an answer, of course.

"Where? I must know! Where?"

She simply couldn't speak. Couldn't frame another word. Her body sagged. With an effort she ran weakly on up the stairs. At the top she faltered and with fumbling hands dabbed some powder on her face; then, with another effort, pulled herself together and went along the hall to where those five men were standing in a silent group. The thing to do was, at the first moment possible, to escape. Get out of the house, off the place, away from this swamplike air. Here you could hardly breathe. It was a spell that wove hideous dreams into your waking thoughts. Once back in the city she'd shake it all off. John Dane too. All of them.

"Why," she thought impatiently, "I don't even know the man! Don't know a thing about him."

Doctor Obry was waiting to take her into the secret place he had prepared for her. But before she tiptoed into that adjoining room she saw a policeman come up the hall and hand the chief a folded paper; saw him open it, look it over in his wooden way and put it into an inside pocket of his coat.

The physician left her; went back to the hall. She slipped noiselessly into the chair that had been placed in a doorway behind a screen. She could hear Mrs. Cuppy turning restlessly in bed and breathing hard. A woman's voice made a soothing remark the nurse, doubtless. Then the door in the sick room opened and the five men filed in and took chairs, the chief clumping heavily. She could see them as they came in. And when they were seated she could see Doctor Obry, Mr. Carlock, Chief Urquhart and the coroner. Mr. Atkinson was hidden by the screen.

Mrs. Cuppy was crying now; sobbing in an uncomfortably spasmodic way, very low.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DEMONS OF THE SAND

(Continued from Page 9)

fact, thrusting past the black gatekeepers, they found it, under a date palm in a stout white wood cage, with a keeper beside it.

"By Allah," the sheik bellowed, "this is a fine lion! The cage of course is not a part of the present!"

"No, the cage must be bought," said the sultan's messenger. "The sultan furnishes only a chain. Again, you must provide yourself with two Maharee camels, who will take this cage, lion and all, between them. See to it that you have a plentiful supply of live ewes and puppies, and besides these, give him daily fifteen pounds of raw meat without bone. Do this, and you will find this animal singularly docile."

The lion roared loud enough to make the bars of his cage shiver.

"Sayest thou so, thou robber? Wouldst break off branches with thy tail? Be quiet, or may the demons of the sand change thee into a palm rat."

"See that the prince is given his present," Captain Arad muttered to his camel driver, Kandarka. "Forty dollars in silver coin, wrapped in a red silk handkerchief—which is also part of the present, if he asks—and twenty canisters of tea."

"Infidel, thou hast bought a horse, remember," the sheik rumbled, overhearing this. "Do not part with all thy coin."

Arad took the bridle of the horse Sabok in his hand and dropped in the sheik's palm a canvas bag containing the promised amount of Spanish dollars.

"Do not picket him in a wind without leaving the nose bag over his nose," the sheik said sorrowfully. "Water him once a day in the early afternoon, shoe him with light shoes, and for the rest, ride him till his back bends. As I am the son of my arm, this parting is hard," he added sternly.

In the morning, before dawn, Captain Arad left Tesar's house leading the horse, whose hoofs knocked loud in that narrow street roofed over with date-palm leaves laid on a wood framework. Fierce stars thrust their light like sword tips through crevices in this roof. The gardens were veritable springing fountains of perfume, and the odor of jasmine, he thought, had never so much energy as at this hour—that flower proscribed at Tunis because its effect on women's senses was unduly ecstatic. He breathed deep.

Suddenly a voice at his left said in a low rumble, "There is no god but God," to which a voice on his right added, "and Mohammed is his prophet."

"Infidel, say there is no god but God ——" This was the voice of the Sheik Jabour.

"There is no god but God."

"And Mohammed is his prophet," insisted the other—the blind dervish seated on his donkey.

"That is forbidden to Christians."

"Forbidden! Forbidden!" the sheik cried ominously.

His spearhead rasped against the leaf roof, and his enormous broadsword, hanging crosswise on his back, dug its point into the masonry of the white wall against which the form of the sheik himself was just defining itself, huge as a shadow. He strode out at the city gate, followed by Arad and the blind dervish, Ben Moussa, whose hand strayed over the head of the horse Sabok.

"A tuft on the left cheek. Tears, debts, ruin," he whispered.

"Sad words for a trader," said the Yankee captain.

"Is there, further, a white spot in front of the saddle?"

"There is. What does that portend?"

"Nothing. Nothing," the dervish replied uneasily. "Tell me. Is the caravan in motion yet?"

"No. It is growing lighter. The tents are struck, they are unpegging the camels and tying the water bags to their bellies. My curse of a lion is already here between his camels. The physician is bleeding the soldiers."

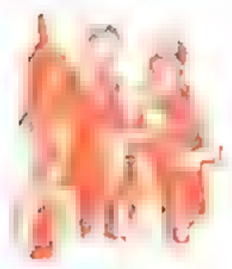
"I have bled soldiers in my time," the dervish said, making a thrust as if with a lancet. "Against heat. I have bled thousands in my day."

"I have bled men too," the ship captain said. "Tell me, Ben Moussa. How do you know whether you have left blood enough in a man to keep him alive? That has often puzzled me."

"First I see if he can stand or sinks down," the dervish confided willingly. "Next, I ask Allah. Again, the demons of the sand may tell me if it is written that the man remain in his present shape. But if he dies in spite of all—what odds? It is Allah who takes him, not I. . . . But tell me, have we passed the moment when a white thread cannot be distinguished from a black one?"

"We have, O dervish. I can see the tall palms on the banks of the Tensift, with their clusters of yellow dates. The sun is

(Continued on Page 56)



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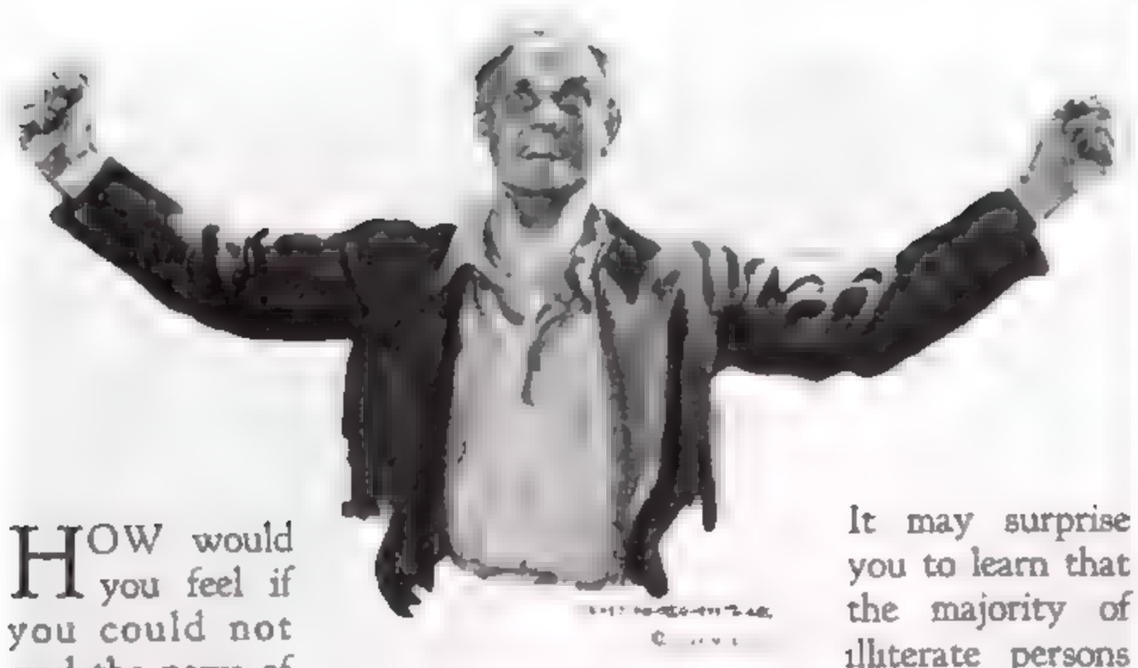

HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

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rising, the desert is calm, but there is a look like red fog far off."

"That is sand," the dervish murmured. "God of the morning, if I might see for one instant the oasis of my youth! When I had my eyes I cursed God and despised them. Where is the Sheik Jabour?"

"He has been among the slaves. Now he is talking to the lion."

"Ah, this sheik," whispered the dervish. "Look, shipmaster, to see if he has six fingers on either hand. That would make him one of the demons of the sand himself, as he may be easily. I know that once when he was a fugitive from the Shanbah, and hard pressed, he buried himself in the sand with only his nose out, and even that concealed by a sprig of acacia which he held between his lips; and in that situation he had the misfortune to fall asleep. The wind made him a winding sheet of sand."

"He died, you say?"

"He was dug out dead, oh, unbeliever. Yes, by the head of the Prophet, dead. But luckily a holy man was near, and this man was able to bring him back to life. Yet who can say whether demons of the sand may not have entered this sheik while he was dead?"

"What powers have these demons?"

"They touch a man's eyes, afflict them with torturing shapes. On the march, they will make a shrub look like a man kneeling with a gun by night. They whisper promises which can never be fulfilled, and they paint with colors which are not of this earth. They hang a thousand shapes of earth and water in the air, but the scene crumbles at your approach, as you have many times seen. These demons can change the iron faces of the mountains, the heart of love, even the direction of a man's prayers, so that he embraces like a fool the very thing he had abhorred."

"They cut a wide swath, dervish."

The dervish plucked at Captain Arad's arm: "Has the wife of the bey of Biskra joined this caravan—Lilla Fatma?"

"She has. She is in a red silk hood with great red morocco-leather boots coming to her thighs. She is leaning against a white camel tall enough for her to walk under his belly without bending her head. Now she is getting up into the palanquin. Her slaves are prodding up the camel. Do you hear him grumbling?"

"Yes. Now, if the sheik is a demon, as I think, he will cast his spell over this woman. Already he has sent her a bag of jewels bought with the money received for this horse of yours. By his description, she is slender as a rush, taper as a Yemen lance. That is because she is French. However, he had better beware. She has had three husbands, and the last two have brought her the heads of those that went before. The sheik is mad to have her. . . . Well, men are locked boxes, and it is experience that picks the lock. . . . The sun is on my eyeballs."

Captain Arad saw the dark shrubs crowning and anchoring the shining sand hills; a camel with a festering shoulder was being burned with a hot iron; foot soldiers ran here and there stealing whatever they could lay their hands on; the camel drivers called on their charges by the name of dog, infidel, thief, and the like; and the commandant of the caravan cried out, "Forward, you first fellows!"

The yellow camels in front began to sway forth into the sand, stopping every other step to crop thorn bushes, and taking sly unimpassioned nips out of one another's hindquarters; the shrunken slaves, with their poor scarified faces and horny feet, took up the march; then came the merchants on horseback, with half-veiled faces; and the foot soldiers brought up the rear. The wild horsemen of Morocco thundered ahead, executing a desert fantasia under the eyes of the women, and for the especial benefit of the slim Lilla, whose giant white camel moved like a shaggy ghost across the scene, with greyhounds running in its shadow and a brilliant Sudan parrot shrieking on its haunch.

The Sheik Jabour for the first day kept close to Lilla Fatma's white camel on his borrowed horse, but on the second day rumors of skulking enemies sent him on a scouting expedition. Lilla Fatma sent a slave to invite Captain Arad to take the sheik's place. Through the palanquin of gazelle skins she cried gayly, unseen:

"Your lion kept me awake last night with his terrible roaring."

"Nobody could sleep," the captain agreed dismally.

"Had he been fed?"

"He had—with capon and live puppies."

"But perhaps he is homesick. He will be the undoing of the caravan. Already his roaring has brought the enemy close. Reis Whitney, turn him out of his cage."

"That would be an insult to the giver. If I free him, I can trade no longer with Morocco."

"But I am told that you yourself have been a slave and a captive. Your ship was wrecked in the Bight of Benin."

"Carrying palm oil for Christian locomotives," the trader explained. "I was a slave for two years."

"You speak Arabic beautifully as a result. But you escaped. You should have sympathy for other captives." The gazelle skins stirred pathetically and Lilla sighed. "For me, let us say. My husband, the bey of Biskra, will not let me leave Africa because I have borne him a child."

Her leg, in a yellow silk pantaloon, dangled against the hot wool of the camel's neck, and the sun burned on gold and silver leg ornaments. She had taken off her morocco-leather boots.

"Would you leave the desert if you could?"

"Who would not? I am sick of it. I live my days out within four walls; I see nothing but olive trees and sky—sky—sky and sand. I have got frightfully black. When you saw me on the roof top, you thought I was an Arab, but I am white under the silk—white as the moon, whiter than the pale star that guides the caravan. White, and a slave, the mere shadow of a man. I must stay choking in this sand, and say 'It is the will of Allah.' If a man starves to death here because he will not work, that is the will of Allah. He is God and the Devil rolled into one, this Allah. . . . It is the will of Allah, then, that I use my wits to escape the will of Allah."

"And what if it be the will of Allah that you fail?"

Lilla Fatma's words were lost in a sudden knocking of innumerable hoofs—hoofs of camels, horses, sheep—against a patch of hard red ground. These hoofs knocked strangely on the captain's brain, smote him like the realities of what otherwise seemed nothing but a brilliant phantasm, and were muffled in a few seconds when they encountered a loose, yellow, yielding sand which made the camels themselves stumble and all but throw their loads over their necks.

Captain Arad sat his horse, fantastic in a gingham frock coat, a straw hat of fine Leghorn plat, and a green silk handkerchief dropped before his face to keep the burning grains of sand out of his mouth and eyes. It was high noon, the time of day when the pace of the caravan was slowest, when the skinny slaves staggered and drooped their heads, when the hounds ran under the camels' bellies for shade, and the foot soldiers watched their chance to steal water from the water bags.

Captain Arad moistened his horse's bit with a few drops from a bottle of brandy and then took a drink himself. It was the moment, arriving once a day, when life and death battled in his breast, and when with each breath it was an open question with him whether he would see fit to draw another. In the sky over the desert was the likeness of a sapphire lake, a mile away, but he knew the work of playful demons, and it was certain that he would never plunge his burning body into that delicious water. The attitude of the slaves, dragging blistered feet for which fate had stretched the

(Continued on Page 59)

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—FOIL PROTECTED—

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burning desert as a net, would always tell him the true from the false. Moreover, the horses and camels were never deceived by a mirage. A camel driver on his left cried throatily, "Advance! Advance, thou dog!" to his camel, and Lilla Fatma, still unseen, except for the yellow-trousered leg, cried rapturously "*Avancez! Avancez toujours, monsieur*" as if she saw already in the clouds, painted there by familiar demons, the boulevards of her forsaken Paris.

But a renewal of the furnace breath of the gibleh, that burning wind from the Oasis of Tuat, sealed up the words in her dry throat. This moment of velvet fire passed, and she whispered pathetically, "My soul dwindles with my shadow in this heat. I cannot find it." With a movement of the arm, ornamented with a yellow wooden bracelet painted with a snake—a little desert viper—she parted the gazelle skins.

Captain Arad had his first close glimpse of her—the hair black and shining; the nose aquiline, with dilated nostrils; the mouth full-fleshed, with willful curves and dark secrets in the deep corners; the eyes black as night and beautiful and fateful as jewels. A hot waft of a fragrance like jasmine from the heart of the palanquin made his senses reel.

"Drink this," he said, passing her the brandy.

"Shipmaster," she cried, removing it from her lips presently, "steal me away, spirit me into your ship, take me to Paris, to Marseilles, and I will give you a bag of jewels. I will strip my person of all gold and silver ornaments. It is mostly silver—gold in the desert is for horses, silver for women. If we wear gold it is merely as beasts of burden carry gold—until a market appears. Come, agree to this. Thou wilt gain."

Captain Arad felt curiously numb. As an antidote to the poison in his veins, he called up a vision of the streets and wharves of Salem, but the lion, sleeping in its cage swung between leggy camels, was too vivid for that distant scene. There was perhaps neither past nor future, but only the present, which offered him a bag of jewels the very jewels bought by an enamored sheik with the money Arad had paid for this magical horse. Was he then to have both the horse and the value of the horse?

"You do not answer me," Lilla Fatma said, and showed him her eyes, her mouth, for a second time. "I tell you I have been blown here like a locust, through no fault of mine. My wings are too fine for my weight; they cannot carry me against this wind, which blows eternally from France. Ah, if it could only blow me roasted snails and chestnuts for dinner, such as I had when I was a girl at Marseilles. . . . Shipmaster, you will help me? I am a Christian like yourself."

"I will help you," Captain Arad said.

The gazelle skins dropped; the blind dervish, ranging alongside on his mule, plucked at him.

"We are getting near a well, they tell me," the dervish muttered. "It is covered with palm leaves and a lion skin, and sand over that. You can see it now. That dwarfed tree should still be by it, with a thick, paralyzed arm out of which green shoots are growing. Is it visible?"

"Yes."

The commandant of the caravan shouted out, "Stop, you first fellows! You first fellows, stop!" But those yellow camels kept on at their rolling stride, with the drivers yelling at them to go faster. Since the head of the caravan would not stop, the middle part and tail had no recourse but to follow after; and it was gradually made known that a slave from the last caravan had maliciously drowned himself in that well and had not been recovered.

"In any case," the Sheik Jabour said, reappearing in their midst, "the water in that well is brackish. We will go to the Oasis of Maseen."

He made a cut of the route, with straight arm waved up and down together with the left arm, which supported it. When the caravan had swung into this new direction the sheik rode for a time at Arad's side, with hungry glances at Sabok. His borrowed horse had around his neck the necklace of lions' teeth mounted in silver, that talisman which should by right adorn Sabok; the difference between the two horses was harrowing.

"Is there danger to the caravan?" Captain Arad asked Jabour.

"Is there danger to that humming bird of the Nile who lives by picking the teeth of sleeping crocodiles?" the protector of the caravan countered. "There is always danger here."

"What are the indications?"

"Christian, if you see a bush approach by night, and halt, and approach again, do you suspect treachery, or do you say merely that a bush has legs? The actual attack is to be expected in early afternoon, after prayers to Sidi Abd-el-Kader, patron of robbers. But there is nothing to be afraid of. My soldiers and I are sworn to protect you and your goods," the sheik said moodily and perfunctorily, and drew his sword across his forehead in token of singleness of purpose. "My soldiers are fed on scraps, but they have sworn an oath to die by the same saber. By the truth of the Sacred Book, we are brothers. If you summon us by day, we will come by day; if by night, by night. The oath is very powerful. Oh, Allah," he said, raising his magnificent eyes piously, "grant us bloody combat, vouchsafe unto us the clash of spears, the flash of powder."

"You might speak a good word for the safety of my ostrich feathers," Captain Arad muttered to himself, with a mistrustful look at the soldiers, who galloped on all sides of the caravan. Shrunk by hunger, pinched by devotions, bare of rib as the desert horses between their thighs, they were to a man, like the protector himself, disdainers of manual labor, even to the poorest of them. Their guns, with long silver-bound barrels and elegantly carved Moorish stocks, jouncing on their backs, and in their hands hooked poles for picking up booty on the run without dismounting, they lived merely to fight, pray, love, and die either for lack of food and water or by reason of that wished-for bullet in the heart which would forthwith seize them up out of the sand and plump them into the arms of those houris promised by the Prophet—dark, obedient, substantial girls whose touch was heaven.

It was midnight when they had their first glimpse of the oasis. It showed first as a thick black streak—the date woods—against the dark blue of the horizon. When they were up with it the sheik struck his spear into the sand.

"Take my horse, pitch my tent, take the sword from my back and the dagger from my arm!" he cried to his slave. The merchants hobbled their camels and pitched their black camel's-hair tents in a circle on the yellow sand. The sheik's tent, of tanned bullock skins—he could not afford camel's hair—was pitched next to Lilla Fatma's, which was chintz-lined, and exhaled, like her palanquin, a delicate waft of jasmine, that flower whose sway over the senses was deemed too absolute for the well-being of Tunisian women.

The cage containing the lion was in the center of the circle of tents. He began roaring, with his mouth against the floor of the cage; the sound made the palms of the oasis tremble and sent sheep and palm rats stumbling uncertainly in his direction; but when the sheik, pounding his spearhead against the bars, spoke only one or two fierce words, the beast was silent. The sick camel they killed to prevent it from dying, for if it died a natural death a good Mussulman could not eat it; so that in the end the encampment was quiet enough.

In spite of this, the Salem trader slept uneasily and woke before dawn. Outside the sheik's tent lay a black slave asleep on his belly, with a burning cord attached to his ankle. The cord was of a length to burn for four hours, and it would waken the slave now in perhaps ten minutes. But in the meantime the oasis slept. Canopus, the desert's own star, flared at the butt of the sheik's spear, still upright in the sand; a faint wind stirred the embers of three or four tiny fires of thorn twigs and dried camel's dung; and Musha Pasha, the caravan's pet vulture, was still busy with the entrails of the slaughtered camel. He was overfreighted, and had sunk down on his breast and rolled half over on his side, but he continued eating, and now and then beating a wing into the sand.

Then, against one of the dying fires, Arad saw the stooping black shape of an Arab thief, with a leather girdle round his waist and a pistol stuck into it. The fellow's shoes were tied to his head so as to resemble monstrous ears; a device of thieves for frightening animals into stampeding as soon as their thongs were cut. Some, it seemed, were loose already; a hound barked; this was followed by the grumble of a camel getting to its knees; the lion roared. Confusion followed. The merchants fled out of their tents, still half asleep, but calling on the soldiers to save their lives, their goods, their camels.

The Sheik Jabour strode out of his tent and wrenched his spear out of the sand.

"Strike my tent, bring my horse, put the sword on my back and the dagger on my arm!" he bellowed, conspicuous even in the dim light in his ragged scarlet burnoose with gold braid. A cry arose from the soldiers that a couple of horses had been driven off; a camel driver wailed that the two lion camels, the only ones strong enough to lift the lion in his cage, were gone. Captain Arad at the same moment was discovering that his own horse, Sabok, was no longer in the camp

"This is not a razzia, it is mere theft, every ——" the sheik cried. "Put the caravan in motion!" he added to the commandant. Order was restored, the slaves herded and the women and dogs quieted. Some of the soldiers were told off to guard the caravan; the rest the sheik took under his own command.

"Forward, sons of powder!" he cried fiercely. "By the sins of our women, let us burn powder in defense of this caravan. Remember, it is not the bullet that kills, but Allah. What is death itself but a tax levied on our heads? Advance!"

A moment later the protectors of the caravan were seen swiftly riding against the dunes, losing themselves in those tossing waves of sand. Shots sounded faintly. The desert brightened, dawn was vivid as a red powder flash, the sun shot its rays through dusty palm stems and glittered in the hoofprints around the trodden rim of the well.

Lilla Fatma, unveiled, her black hair flowing and her girdle loose, watched her slaves fumble with the cords that held her white camel's forelegs doubled back and prevented him from rising from the sand. They were in a hurry and had got the palanquin on a little crookedly.

Lilla Fatma hummed a desert song between puffs at her Egyptian cigarette:

"Fixed are the fixed stars—yes, fixed to the eye,
But nothing surpasses the speed of the sky.
So fixed let us live, and so fixed let us die."

The white camel got up, grumbling and groaning. Already the caravan was in motion; at the sound of a bagpipe Lilla Fatma's slaves joined their fellows. The yellow camels, exhorted, lowered their heads and stretched their necks wondrously; and on their backs rolled and tossed the red bales of feathers, the palm-leaf sacks of senna, the red skins of honey and butter, and the canvas-wrapped boxes containing elephants' teeth. Captain Arad's commercial adventure moved away at a smart pace from the oasis, but Captain Arad himself, lacking a horse, had not stirred. Lilla seized his arm

"Shipmaster," she whispered, "delay. Stoop by this camel. I shall need your shoulders to mount. Nobody will notice. I know a short way to Mogador from this well, which a single camel can attempt. Let us give the caravan the slip, and my husband will be told that I have fallen into the hands of robbers. In this way there will be no search of the shipping."

"No. But there will be a theft of my goods—my senna and ostrich feathers," the trader suggested.

"Ostrich feathers. For hats. Do you put hats above the saving of a woman's life, monsieur? I do not read your eyes so. And I have promised you my bag of jewels. . . . Ah, it is too late. The sheik is returning."

The white camel towered high over her; the goatskin water bag hung from its belly pathetically by the skin of the four legs, the neck limp and tied by a cord to keep the water from leaking out. Lilla Fatma, helpless as that unlucky water bag, pressed her body hard against the great beast's foreleg and whispered, "But he is coming alone. You must let me speak to him, shipmaster."

The sheik came at full gallop; and Captain Arad saw that he was riding Sabok. The broad chest of that air drinker was lathered when Jabour drew rein close against the abandoned lion's cage. Shifting his spear, the sheik raised his right hand as high as his temple, palm out and fingers spread, the Arab's gesture of peace, whereas the Moors understand it as a curse, to be interpreted, "All five in your eye."

"You have got my horse back," Captain Arad said, but he noted with foreboding the necklace of lion's teeth around Sabok's neck.

"Thy horse? Thine?" Jabour thundered. "I had this horse of the thief who owned it!"

"He had stolen it."

"From an infidel."

"Does a sheik sell at night and ambush in the morning?" Arad cried angrily.

"It is written," the sheik said sulkily. "Since it happens as it does, it could not have happened otherwise. I am a sheik, it is true, but still ——"

"A sheik?" Lilla Fatma cried, and held her camel hard by its thick cord of red silk. "You a sheik? You are a thief! You should go naked by night with shoes at your ears. You know well enough that this was mere sham combat. Powder was burnt, but there were no bullets in the guns. Confess! Those who threatened us were your allies; they came at your bidding."

"Why should I deny it?" the sheik rumbled. "Why should I wear out my arm any longer to protect these fat merchants of Morocco, these fathers of their bellies? They can't so much as put sugar in your coffee without first a long speech in praise of coffee without sugar. It is more provident to take their money and bury it in the sand against a day of need, when my gun is out of powder and my horse needs barley. Henceforth I am a robber, a prince of the sand."

"May the pillars of sand bury you and your money too," Lilla Fatma flung at him with wrath in her eyes. "A robber—you? You are not even that—no, not truly a child of Sidi Abd-el-Kader. You are a pitiful slave of robbers, no better than a sheik of the slaves."

The sheik lifted his spear as if to drive it through the body of his tormentor. Lilla Fatma, with the least motion of her fingers, bared her breast contemptuously.

"Strike! Strike! But remember it is Allah, not you, who takes my life."

The point of the spear sank.

"I tell you," Jabour muttered, "as I am the son of my arm, I have given alms to Sid Abd-el-Kader, patron of robbers."

The lion struck his fore shoulder solidly against the bars of his cage and roared. Lilla Fatma's serpent jewels of eyes filled with cunning

"If you are a robber, truly," she said softly, "then let this lion, your brother, out of his cage. It is known that lions do not attack those of your profession if it is yours."

"As I shall be reaped by the sword, the test is good," the sheik agreed. He faced the cage. Captain Arad's brow grew dark.

(Continued on Page 62)

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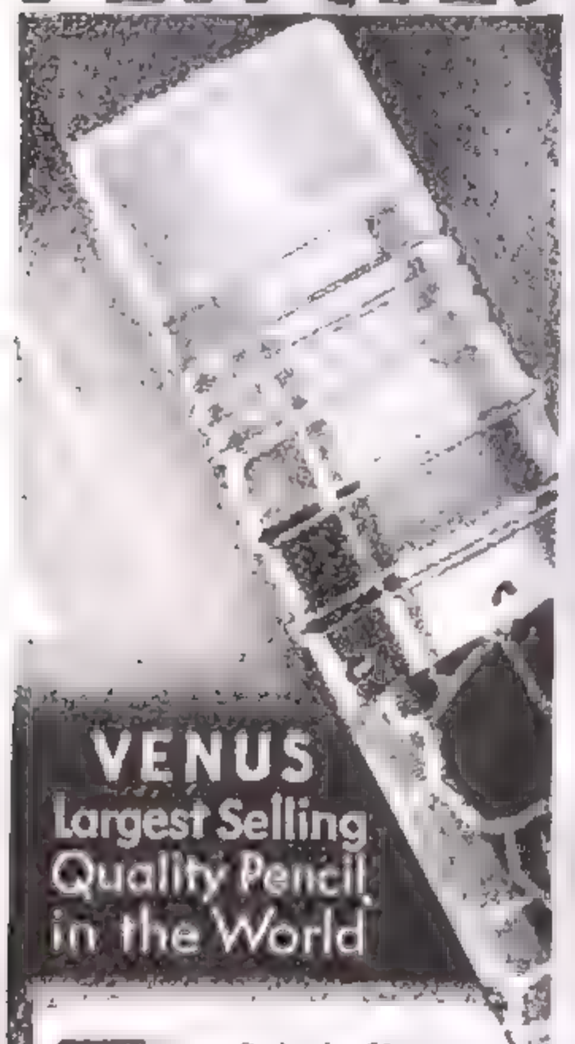

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He did not like this spectacle of a woman tearing her enemy in pieces by using his very courage as a weapon turned against him. But there was no alternative. The sheik broke the lock to the cage with one thrust of his spear.

"Thou dog, thou robber, thou infidel," he intoned, with a glitter of his fierce eyes, "thinkest thou you can frighten me by lashing your tail and shooting fire from those yellow eyes? Know then that I am So-and-So, the son of So-and-So, a sheik, and the grandson of such a man, a sheik likewise. You do well to cower in a cage."

The lion's jaws dripped, he roared, but did not leave the cage, although the door was open. The stuffed vulture, fairly down on its breast, flapped a horrified wing but could not rise.

"I am not what thou seekest," the sheik went on, with not so much as a trembling of his shadow on the sand. "No, I am a robber like yourself, we are of one fraternity, we live by the same hazards and die by the same stroke. I tell you I am no slinking courier that you can frighten by roaring and shouldering and crossing his path every other minute. I am the Sheik Jabour and I agree with you at last that it is holier to scatter the caravans of the fat than to protect them from the starveling princes of the sand. By Allah, this is decreed. Let us rob together. Come, will you bargain with me for the flesh of camels, as this bird does, or have you only a lion's hide on the back of a cow?" The lion bounded out of his cage, but it was only to slink past Jabour, trot away meekly and sit down a thousand paces off, yawning and blinking with a show of nonchalance that would not have deceived a child.

The sheik's conquering look fell on Lilla Fatma. Her lips were parted, her breath came fast and hair veiled her eyes. Not even the desert sun burning on her skin could dispel the little shiver of rapture in her breast. The monstrous iron spear stood planted in the sand in front of the erstwhile protector of the caravan. She took a faltering step, which brought her close enough to twine her arms round the iron and rub her cheek caressingly against it.

"I see now that you are a robber and the friend of robbers. May the patron of robbers bless you. Jabour, was it not Sidi himself who said that it is the part of a brave man to rob his enemy? And is not the bey of Biskra your enemy?"

"He is."

"Steal me from him. Take me into your tent, master."

Her hands, enervated, slipped on the black round of the spear, and she sank slowly, as if wounded mortally, her head fallen forward. She was on her knees and took her hair nervously in her teeth—the very pose in which Arad had seen her first from the garden of Tesar Solimo.

"Do you forget that you detest Africa?" the shipmaster heard himself reminding Lilla Fatma in an amazed voice. "You complained to me that these deserts of Morocco were choking you to death."

"Did I? . . . I have heard it said that the world is a peacock, and Morocco is its tail," Lilla Fatma whispered mesmerically, and clung to the spear.

"And those roasted snails of Marseilles—the chestnuts," the trader stumbled on. "The wind of France will never stop filling the very breath of your body with these odors."

"Dog of an Unbeliever," Lilla Fatma cried from the bottom of her throat, "be still!"

"Go away with him then, wipe the head of his horse at night with your veil, carry water and pound date stones with his other women."

"He lies," Jabour murmured, lifting her from the sand by her banded arms. "You shall have the spoils of caravans. By little and by little I will add to your jewels. You shall have horses, slaves. As a robber, I shall lack for nothing."

"In the meantime I will thank you for my horse," the trader said, giving up all hope of Lilla Fatma. "Without a horse I cannot overtake the caravan."

"I must tell you, shipmaster," Jabour frowned over Lilla's shoulder, "that even if you had not lost title to this horse by theft, I could not yield it to you. I have learned that the sale and export of blooded horses to infidels is forbidden to Believers under pain of sin, damnation and death. Hence, for me to retake the horse is holy. I give you in its place this white camel from the oasis of Tuat. You can catch the caravan by following its track if you go before the wind rises. Follow your good fortune. If, later, I rob the caravan, I will give orders to spare your merchandise."

"Mount! Mount!" Lilla Fatma cried, clapping her hands. "I stay in Africa!"

The sheik vaulted into the saddle and snatched her up in front of him. They were gone in a cloud of sand; and the blind dervish, Ben Moussa, coming out of the palms, where he had been lurking on his donkey, cried with his blind twisted look:

"Reis Whitney, it was not enough for this sheik to have the formula for the lion. He should have had another for the woman. You are well rid of both. Well, God has no associates. You are lucky to be deprived of the horse. That white spot in front of the saddle is a sign that the rider will be shot through the head."

"Likely enough. But, dervish, tell me, is he a demon of the sand, this sheik? Can he paint this desert with colors of his own mixing?"

"Either a demon or the ally of demons. It is certain he had a different shape for the woman's eyes than for ours."

"Nothing is more certain."

Captain Arad leaped into the air and caught hold of the hair of his new camel's neck. Halfway into the palanquin, he stopped, afflicted by the thought that this camel which Jabour had given him was the property of the bey of Biskra, who would claim it the instant it was seen in Mogador. The bey might easily ask ugly questions of whoever might be in possession of it at that time. Jabour's gifts were, like his protection, phantoms.

"But I will have to use the beast to catch up with my camels," the shipmaster thought. He squirmed his way into the palanquin. The dervish, far below, astride his donkey, held out a begging bowl the very same he had used outside the gates of Morocco, when he spilled milk on the mane of Arad's horse to insure him an uneventful journey.

Alms! For the love of Sidi Abd-el-Kader, patron of robbers! Alms!" the dervish cried in his cracked voice.

Captain Arad dropped a Tunisian half piaster into the bowl.

"This charity would be misunderstood in Salem," he reflected grimly, "but this patron of robbers has got me out of two jobs that would not have showed a profit. The chances are, something in the Constitution forbids the President's accepting the gift of a lion. It is probably more profitable, too, to disbelieve in these demons of the sand. If I assume that they do not exist I can rejoin my camels with a clear conscience. . . . She is merely another example of a woman who does not know her own mind from one minute to the next."

The white dromedary began to dip and sway in the direction of the vanished caravan. Captain Arad, ensconced in the palanquin, tried to fix his mind on the profits of his ostrich feathers, but he could not help wishing that the scent of jasmine would not cling so movingly to the inner surfaces of the gazelle skins. Evidently there was good reason for the crabbed Tunisian prejudice against this flower.

Camel's Hump, a Green Mountain Peak, and the Winooski River Valley

NORTHWEST AT 125 MILES AN HOUR!

Air passengers entering Northwest Airways Ford plane at Cicero Field, Chicago. Time, 3 P. M. They will be in Twin Cities, after a smooth, safe, glorious flight, at 6.40 P. M.! Modern air fields line the entire route.

Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety . . .

Tri-motored (Wright or Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, totaling from 900 to 1275 horsepower)—reserve power for safety.

Speed range—55 to 135 m. p. h. Cruising radius, 580-650 miles.

Disposable load—3670 to 5600 lbs.

High wing monoplane (single, stream-lined, cantilever wing)—for strength, speed, inherent stability, visibility, clean design . . .

17 *capacity* (including pilot's dual-control cabin)—Buffet, toilet, running-water, electric lights, etc.

Durability—No Ford plane has yet worn out in service.

Price, $42,000 to $55,000 (standard equipped, at Dearborn)—Exceptionally low because of multiple-unit on-line production methods.

Above the Twin Cities after gliding high in the air across some of the most beautiful and romantic country in America.

SPEED is an important consideration . . . but it is only one of many reasons that have made the Northwest Airways one of the most successful transportation companies in America, whether by land or sea or air.

This service, flying the skyways between Chicago and Twin Cities, was inaugurated in 1926, and has been in operation ever since, carrying mail, fast express and passengers. *95% of scheduled flights were completed!*

Latest model Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes are now in regular service on the Northwest Airways. These big machines, with great reserve power, have 3 motors developing 1275 horse-power. With twelve passengers and pilots, they can maintain a comfortable speed of over 100 miles an hour, and reach a maximum speed of 135 miles an hour. *With only one engine turning, each of these planes may extend its gliding range for many miles. Landing fields are always within gliding distance.*

All planes are delightfully furnished and decorated. Travelers are provided with every comfort, including a lavatory with running water: so that this swift passage across the sky may be enjoyed in mental and physical relaxation.

The Northwest Airways pioneered in the establishment of co-ordinated air-rail service in this country. Connection is made with six railroads, three of which operate from the West and Northwest and three from the East.

Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes have been put into service over this great skyway not only because the air-minded American public recognizes them as safe and dependable commercial air transports, but also because they have proved so highly efficient in all sorts of service.

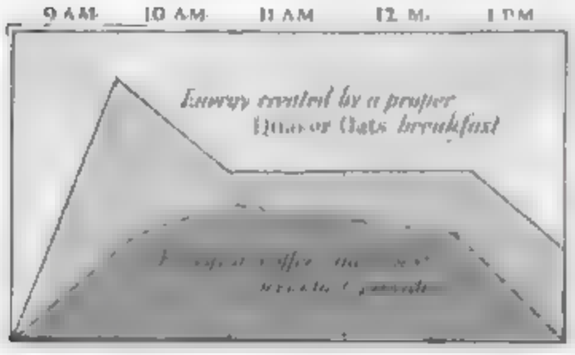
Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The World's Fastest Hot Breakfast

. . . Now Cooks in 2½ to 5 Minutes

. . . combines deliciousness and essential food values that "stand by" you



This chart demonstrates the energy created by your food. Thus, the top line shows why you feel better, are more alert, mentally, after a normal breakfast including Quaker Oats. The bottom line shows the utter inadequacy of a light breakfast.

NO longer need "cooking time" deprive your family of the nourishing breakfast they need to prepare them for their daily work.

For today "the world's fastest hot breakfast" cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes. It cooks as quickly as coffee or toast. Today families go forth for their work or play properly nourished for the demands, physical and mental, that are made upon them.

Dieticians have long urged breakfasts that "stand by" you. Recent investigations in schools, homes, business, proved 70% or more of the world's work is accomplished before noon each day. Hence the need for a well balanced breakfast.

Study the energy chart above

The energy chart above points the value of a proper hot breakfast to meet the demands made upon your energy. And shows the deficiencies of the scanty, inadequate breakfast.

Thus on expert advice thousands are turning to the rich deliciousness, the sturdy nourishment, of Quick Quaker Oats, now possible for all.

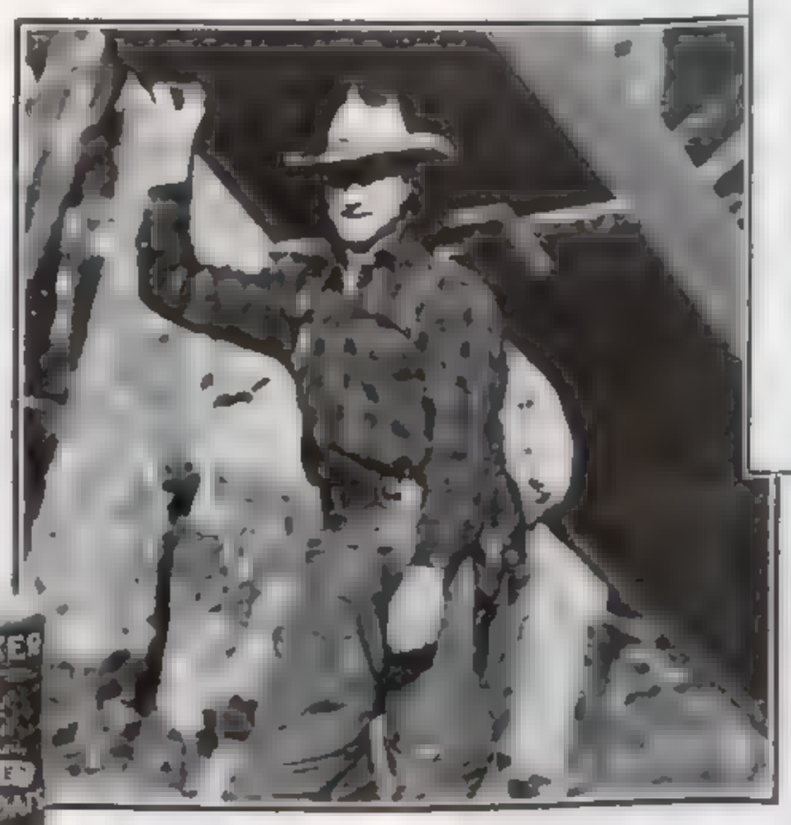
16% is protein—plus . . . .

Quaker Oats scientifically fills the breakfast need. It equips body and brain for morning's activities.

First, it contains 16% protein, to replace muscular wastage and to furnish nitrogen to build up tissues. It provides half again as much protein as wheat. Twice that of rice or cornmeal.

Besides this important "stamina element" Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B to build bone and promote growth. 65% is carbohydrate to supply extra energy. Quaker Oats has, too, the roughage that lessens the need for laxatives to keep the system clean.

Leila Ricard on her favorite hunter taking a creditable jump at a recent horse show. She keeps trim and in condition by careful eating—beginning with Quaker Oats for breakfast each day.



Philip Rowdy knows the value of proper eating for his strenuous days in the big outdoors. Like most woodsmen he eats with zest his Quick Quaker Oats each morning.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in 4 short hours, according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that's grown. Nearly every dietician agrees on this. Served rich and savory, it provides the most delicious of breakfasts—creamy and flavorsome beyond compare.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

INDUSTRY'S FOREIGN DRAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

taxation that would be regarded as confiscatory in the United States, even with our greater ability to pay. In addition, the world has discovered in recent years that the political boundaries set up after the war were in effect barriers to economic progress as well as geographical divisions. Yet if all these burdens could be eliminated at one stroke—if we could change Europe overnight into a peaceful federation working together as harmoniously as the states of our Union—very little headway could be made toward prosperity as we know it, without a revolution in the European conception of production and distribution.

The proof of this contention, to my mind, is to be found in the progress made by Germany toward industrial rehabilitation. If the fortunes of war had not deprived her of many of her raw materials as well as the existing and potential markets represented by her colonial possessions, it is entirely conceivable that she would today be giving us some extremely vigorous competition both here and abroad. Lacking both available markets and adequate stores of raw material, the Germans have been literally driven to interior development. They are building up their home market because they have in effect been barred from nearly all others. Their recognition of its importance as the basis of national prosperity is still far short of ours, but the very exigencies of their situation have launched them on their course well in advance of the rest of Europe.

A great deal has been said and written about the amazing resourcefulness of the Germans, particularly in the application of science to industry. Yet, noteworthy as this has been, when we subject it to American comparison, the striking fact is not the number of discoveries made by the Germans, but the extent to which application of her knowledge has been limited by her economic conceptions. There is, as yet, no national conviction that buying power is in the masses, and that profits mount with volume rather than with rising unit prices. German science is developing new materials and new processes to improve quality and reduce costs, but their production schedules are still conditioned by the ancient theory that national wealth consists in the possession, rather than the use, of surplus. Their production knowledge is limited because they have not developed mass consuming power at home.

More Men and Less Time

For this reason the German industrialist, in many ways ahead of us in the laboratory, is years behind us in the shop. His research and technical development fail to follow through. It should be noted also that his research leadership is perhaps as much a matter of numbers as of efficiency. That is to say, he employs more men and takes more time to run down a chemical or physical fact because tradition and training have taught him to be methodical and painstaking to a degree, but they have told him nothing about the greater efficiency of the mass attack which we know as teamwork or coöperation. One or more men may spend years in solitary absorption with a problem to which an American would devote ten or twenty men in order to get the answer in a month or a week, if possible, so that it might be given due consideration in the planning of sales budgets and the designing of new machinery. The German postpones all consideration of the commercial possibilities of the product until the problem has been thoroughly and completely solved and the solution verified from every conceivable angle. It is then time to think of placing the material or device on the market—to find out how it may be useful to the world.

The contrast between American procedure and the most advanced industrial practice in Europe is strikingly emphasized by a study of one of the largest German steel producers. Production in relation to man power averages two tons per man per month. In this country, for the industry as a whole, the production is eleven tons per man. The output of my company, seventh in point of size in the United States, is two and a half times that of the largest German steel maker, although we employ only a third the number of men working in the German plant.

The famous Krupp works in Germany employs about 400 men on pure research, and at least 50 per cent of them hold doctors' degrees. My company prides itself on its leadership in research, yet our staff is relatively a mere handful. A technical man in Germany, however, does not command the salary available to a man of similar training in the United States, his income being comparable to that of an American foreman. Perhaps because relatively few companies represent a market for his services or because of the preponderance of technical education in Germany, his salary in buying power is only about one-half of that of his American contemporary. Another reason for the seemingly top-heavy technical division of some European producers is that steel buyers make no attempt to solve their own problems, placing themselves entirely in the hands of the steel maker and accepting his recommendations without question. This is an innovation to the American producer, accustomed to making steel, particularly in the alloy field, to rigid customer specifications allowing the narrowest possible tolerance.

Where the Profits Go

On a recent trip abroad I was taken through the plant of a European producer of motor cars—a quantity producer as production is measured in Europe. Since my company specializes in alloy steels, I was naturally at particular pains to inspect materials comparable to those we produce for American automobile manufacturers. Previously I had gone through the German and Czecho-Slovakian plants where these steels are made, and from the technical point of view they left little to be desired. That is, the formulas had been worked out only after exhaustive research and tests, and the steel was being furnished to exacting specifications.

Yet virtually every piece I examined would have been rejected by any automobile manufacturer in this country because of surface imperfections. The buyer abroad whose plant I was visiting had a force of men grinding and cleaning up the surface of the steel, apparently taking this added cost as a matter of course. It evidently had not occurred to him or to the steel maker that this extra work might all have been eliminated by more careful processing in the steel mill. If research had followed through from the laboratory to production the processing would have led to larger output per man and, consequently, lower costs.

A recent incident in our experience points an interesting contrast with such tolerant acceptance of imperfect quality. A producer who might be described as the American counterpart of the European manufacturer in question recently sent our company a bill for less than fifty cents. This sum represented the cost of a few minutes' work on a single piece of steel in an order running into several thousand units. Inspection had revealed a microscopic surface imperfection—not serious enough to warrant its rejection. It was corrected by a minor polishing operation and the cost, quite properly, was charged back to us. In the light of these incidents it appears that individual craftsmanship, still an important factor in European production, is outweighed with us by the more important mechanical factor of absolutely uniform quality—less romantic, to be sure, but far more profitable.

European industry limits itself. The tradition of individual skill overshadows uniformity. A man may make any number of imperfect parts in order to achieve perfection in one. That is why we were told at a German steel plant that the most highly skilled labor in the steel industry may be obtained for fifteen dollars a week, and that the average wage in the plant is about $7.50 a week. Taking into account the difference in living costs, that average would mean about fifteen dollars a week in this country, whereas the actual average wage in the American steel industry is $5.60 a day. Even these figures, however, do not show adequately the advantage of the American workman. The German is subject to extremely heavy income taxes as a result of the reparations payments, estimated at about 15 per cent of his annual earnings. His union dues also are heavier than any comparable charges in this country.

In steel and in all other industries the German workman's standard of living is lower than that of the American wage earner for the further reason that there has been no development of installment credit similar to that which has taken place in the United States. At the Krupp and other plants sheds are maintained for the storage of workmen's bicycles, in marked contrast to the garages and crowded parking spaces surrounding the American factory. Investigation discloses that there is actually less than one automobile per thousand employes in the industrial plants of Germany. Krupp workers are better off than the average from the housing point of view, because the company owns and rents homes to them. But while these dwellings are neat and well kept, most of them would be unoccupied in the prosperous American industrial community because of the absence of bathtubs, electricity, telephones, gas and modern heating systems. The workmen do not own motor cars, not only because they cost more and financing at reasonable rates is nonexistent but because the tax is too high, averaging about $100 a year.

The French and the English are no better off. As a matter of fact, their situation is worse in many respects. Not long ago a delegation of three French industrialists—leaders in their own country in the steel-making art—spent some time in a tour of American steel plants. We had them at Massillon for several days. They had been amazed at processes which our research men have been sitting up nights trying to expedite, in order to get various highly specialized alloy steels on a greater production basis and thus make them available to wider markets. One day one of the visitors, busily making notes, asked what wages we paid to an open-hearth smelter.

"About seventeen dollars a day on the flat rate," said one of my associates, "but of course there is a bonus for production."

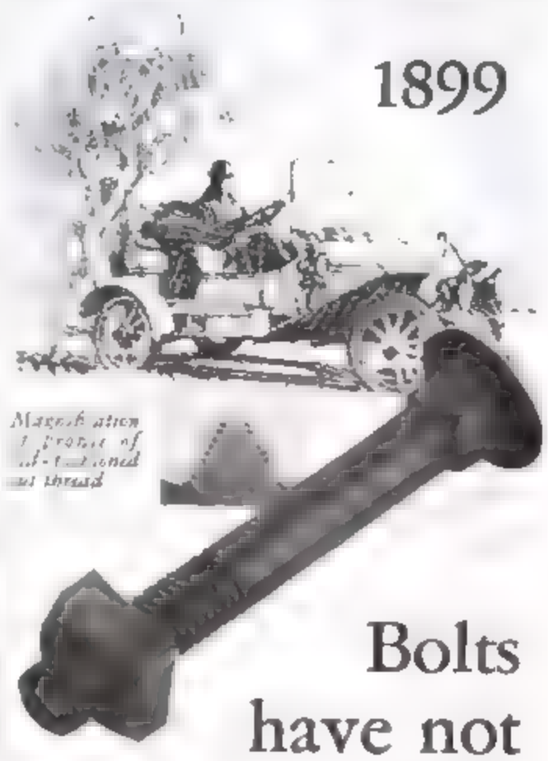
Thinking in Terms of Long Hours

All three French dropped their pencils and jumped to their feet as dramatically as if a field marshal had walked into the room. They told us, in response to questions, that the same worker in one of their plants would be paid $1.60 a day.

A Czecho-Slovakian group counted eighty men in our plants operating a battery of coke ovens exactly matching one in their country that required two hundred men. Wage rates there are comparable to those of Germany and France. In all three countries the thinking about production is in terms of long working hours, rather than in better use of the short day and the lightening of human labor.

It has been stated that German steel makers are far ahead of American producers in the percentage of total effort devoted to research. Yet whereas the average American plant has a capital investment in plant and machinery of $5000 for

EMPIRE



Bolts have not changed in LOOKS

WHAT a change in the appearance of the motor car of today from that of thirty years ago!

And the change is not merely one of appearance, either.

Think of the uncertainties of automobile driving of the gay nineties as compared with the smooth, certain, carefree motoring of today. All due to the refinements of engineering, of design, of alloy steels, of precision workmanship

The humble bolt and nut, while apparently the same in looks as its fellow of a past generation has shared in this remarkable refinement that has made possible the modern automobile. Foremost in this development has been the Empire New Process Bolt, the first to be made by a remarkable process that produces threads of unvarying accuracy and with a tensile strength in excess of 80,000 lbs. and the Empire cold punched steel nut, a nut that has set new standards of strength and accuracy.

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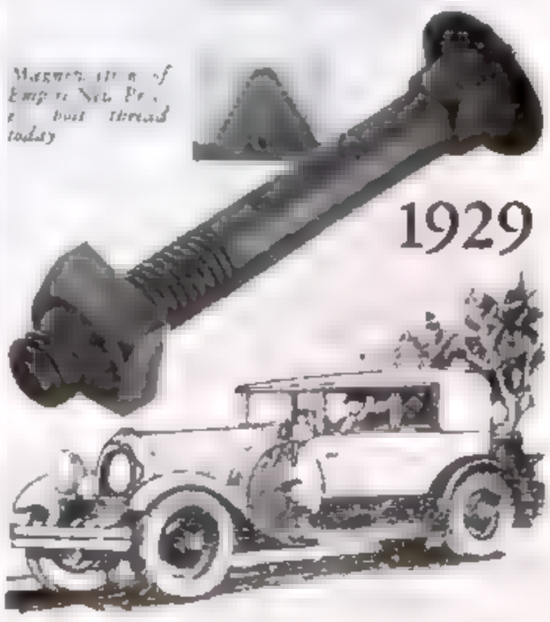

BOLTS & NUTS

makes any Sandwich taste better

Some folks like ham, some like tongue, some prefer cheese and leave it to the ladies to create something dainty with lettuce, tomatoes, pimento or cream cheese. But whatever the filling, be it masculine or feminine, "that flavor called French" will make the sandwich taste better.

For there is no other mustard so creamy, zestful and flavory as French's—no other mustard so pleasing to any and every taste—It's mild—it's smooth—yet it's full-flavored—rich—always just right.

French's Prepared Mustard is made according to a formula-secret, successful and carefully guarded and only French's gives you "that flavor called French."

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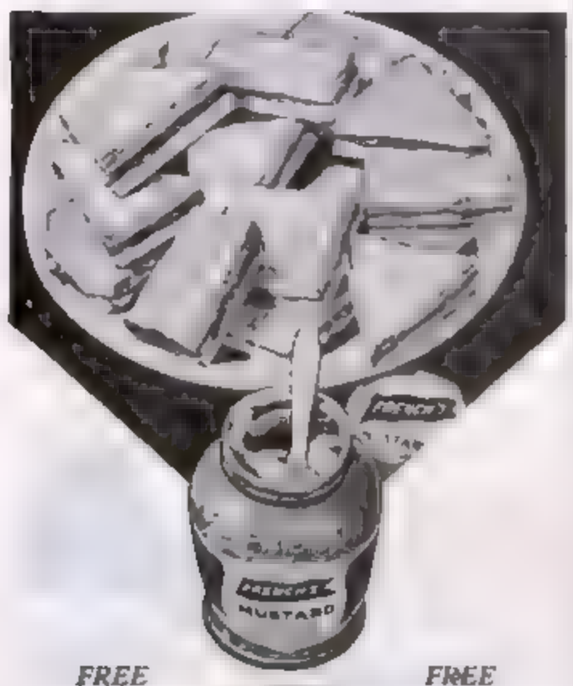

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every man employed, the German figure is only $700. France is on approximately the same basis, while Italy's investment is only $500 per man. The American method does not stop, however, with gearing itself to permit the worker to earn more. Virtually all steel in this country is made on a production bonus basis, even in plants such as ours, where continuous laboratory control is imperative. The bonus system to stimulate production is little used in Europe, flat rates prevailing for most classes of work.

There are other curious inconsistencies from our point of view. More highly developed than any steel industry in the world in variety of product and scope of research, the German industry still clings to the tradition of the all-round craftsman in the shop. A young man who wants to become a machinist goes through the process that we began to discard a half century ago, working for a period of years as an apprentice, at a wage generally well below the subsistence level. There has been little or no specialization in production jobs.

Nice But Not Necessary

The lack of faith in—or comprehension of—the importance of the home market and of mass buying power is also indicated by the extent of specialization in product. It is often said that the largest of the German steel works makes everything from a needle to a locomotive. As a matter of fact, it does produce jewelry, surgical instruments and a host of other products that would be specialized in a separate plant in this country, along with steel rails, girders and other tonnage items. More money is required for management, because the diversification is so great. The European, in other words, sees only the existing market, and thinks that the way to success is to dominate that instead of developing a new one based on a few products and widespread distribution. The direct simplicity of the American method is beyond him at present, if only because he cannot see it.

I have gone into some detail in an attempt to present my impressions of the German industrial situation not only because I have studied conditions there more closely than in any other European country but for the reason that, by common consent of all the American business men with whom I have talked, the Germans are appreciably ahead of their neighbors in that industrial vision without which progress is impossible. It is true that Czecho-Slovakia has made excellent use of the raw material resources allotted to her at the time of the repartitioning of Europe, and that that enterprising republic is following closely in Germany's industrial footsteps, yet they still have much to accomplish. Clearly, then, it is to Germany that we must look for the leadership of whatever competition Europe may be able to give us.

The reparations conferences recently concluded indicate that the consensus of world opinion considers a prosperous Germany essential to the economic stability of Europe. Certainly we in this country have made it clear that we are willing to contribute heavily to that end. The reduction of the war debt, however, is only the first step. An understanding of Germany's problems by American business men and a spirit of coöperation similar to that which German industrialists are revealing to us are just as essential. It is my opinion that if we are to help the nations of Europe back to prosperity, it will be through encouragement of their industrial development—the purchase of their products here and the cultivation of their markets as outlets for American goods.

At present, despite what is said about the value of foreign trade, it is not of vital importance to American industry as a whole. Of all industrial nations in the world the United States is at present the only one that is virtually self-sufficient. Our sales abroad are less than 15 per cent of our total business volume, and though it undoubtedly would cause some disturbance to our well-being, our foreign business could be wiped out completely and still leave us in better shape industrially than any of the European nations which are thought, in some quarters, to constitute a competitive menace.

With the tremendous expansion of our trade in South America and the Orient, European markets could be abandoned altogether without any staggering loss to us as a nation. I have talked with business men familiar with European conditions who believe that some such drastic step, unthinkable as it may sound at first statement, would ultimately benefit everyone concerned, and would be the most rapid way of teaching European nations that prosperity begins at home. Their contention is that to encourage any industrial conception other than our own in Europe will lead eventually to the necessity for heroic measures in order to preserve the world's industrial balance.

No matter what it may have been in the past, it is their opinion and mine that Germany's competitive program today is peaceful and constructive. Her business men and workers consider the United States a source of valuable information on production efficiency, and in learning from us the Germans are contributing heavily of their own technical and scientific knowledge, and getting well paid for it, as they should. Elsewhere in Europe, though relations are entirely friendly, our industrial wealth seems to blind the observers to the economic methods which have made this wealth possible. Subconsciously, at least, they think of it as something which may be taken away from us.

In other words, no matter how far they may still have to go in the development of the conception, the Germans are beginning to see that the way to prosperity is to develop industry for itself, instead of as a mere basis for military power. German markets for American goods, as I have indicated, are so small that we could lose them without great suffering. But the markets in which Germany is now doing fundamental development work may very soon be essential to the expansion of our foreign trade. Russia is the most immediate of these, but China and India are logical next steps.

A Potential Competitor

At this point I should like to emphasize that I have no expectation of seeing other European countries ignore these vast potential markets. The point is that exploitation still plays so large a part in the economic thinking of some European nations that future world peace and prosperity may depend on the manner in which the sleeping markets of Russia and the Orient are cultivated.

It may be argued that our American economic system has never been tried on a world scale, but it has worked industrial miracles in this country and in the Western Hemisphere. The ancient European system, on the other hand, has led only to war, and is now bankrupt even within national lines. We cannot permit it to be tried again in the light of the lessons of the World War.

The consensus of opinion among business men with whom I have talked in many European countries is that Russian political disturbances will be settled through economic development. It is freely predicted that within ten years Russia will have thoroughly awakened and begun the distribution of prosperity through mass production. Once started, the development of her markets should be the most rapid in the history of mankind, since our experience and that of Germany should eliminate the need of years of experimentation. German industrialists and research workers are keenly alive to this possibility—hundreds of them on technical and industrial staffs—and they know more about the country and its possibilities than any other nation on earth.

When Russia does turn toward industrial development, the opportunity for American manufacturers is almost boundless. Many of our largest producers of machinery and tools already are in the field, building foundations for the years to come. Others will find that the door has been opened for them through recent associations between great American industrial and German research organizations. That, in my opinion, is our straight line to the Russian market. Germany is in a position to act as an economic interpreter for us. We are prepared to furnish her with markets, raw materials and machinery. The program is coöperative and should be mutually profitable.

It will be said that this will mean more competition instead of less, and unquestionably that is true. Its effect should be to stimulate all other industrial nations of the world, but as I have said, I do not believe we have anything to fear from competition based on prosperous and flourishing home markets. It is natural, perhaps, that we should be inclined to magnify our purchases and minimize our sales, in taking a bird's-eye view of our foreign trade. But certainly the basic industry with which I am most familiar has gained far more than it has lost in the interchange with Europe, and particularly with Germany.

Building Up the Market

During the past fifteen years, for example, there have been just five major new developments in the art of making steel, and four of them came from Krupp in Germany. The research workers of that company were approximately three years ahead of the English in the development of stainless steel.

The fifth major improvement, it is interesting to note, was an American development—the addition of copper to iron and steel for rust and corrosion resistance. This was the discovery of the late D. M. Buck, of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company, a little more than fifteen years ago. Today about 20 per cent of all the steel manufactured in this country contains some copper for that purpose, while in some cases other alloys are added to supplement the copper. In spite of this, our annual bill for rust is estimated at $300,000,000—a fertile field for research and ingenuity.

The ultimate development along this line, of course, is the stainless steels. Though copper retards decomposition, stainless steel halts it completely. It can be made impervious not only to weathering but to most chemicals and acids. Both the English and the German processes are now being used in this country under permits held by various American plants. These producers make the raw materials and in most instances do not attempt to compete, as do the Germans, in such specialized markets as surgical instruments and jewelry. But what the American does is to spend millions for the development of new applications in a field that the German regards as closed by cost.

No matter how much we may appropriate for research in this country, it is my opinion that steel and other industries will benefit from close coöperation with any European country which is willing to contribute of its knowledge to the sum total of human progress. Within our own boundaries during very recent years we have worked out entirely new conceptions of competition, under which the old battle for orders is giving way to a coöperative effort toward market building. I am not alone among American business men in the conviction that this principle will work on a world basis as well as it does at home. Virtually all of the rapid progress we have made in the expansion of Central and South American markets since the war may be traced to the application of this idea—development rather than exploitation. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that much of the responsibility for Europe's economic recovery will rest squarely on the shoulders of the American industrialist. May he have vision enough to grasp his opportunity.

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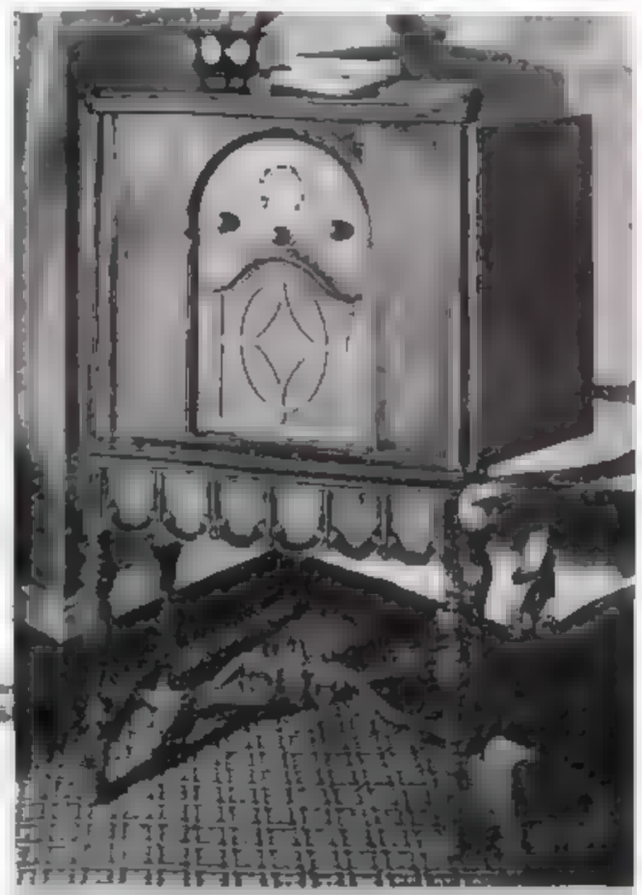

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KOLSTER RADIO

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AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 26)

It was Leffie who counted now, and as she put on her smartest black felt hat and the silver fox given her as a farewell present by Mrs. Herbert Roulin, she had every reason to believe that Leffie would fall; whereas had she worn a ravishing evening frock, she was convinced all his suspicions would have stiffened into ramrods. She was quite aware of the difficulty of the task before her, but upon taking a last glance into the glass she felt suddenly reassured and light-hearted.

In this mood she walked down the stairs and out into the street. Refusing the offer of the doorman to call a taxi, she started toward the Champs Élysées, and was immediately somewhat blinded by the headlights of a car standing at the curb just short of the first corner. She was in the act of passing it when she was arrested by a familiar voice:

"Can I take you anywhere?"

"It's Mr. Boughton, isn't it?" she asked, blinking her eyes.

"Yes," he answered curtly. "Step in, won't you?"

"I'll be glad to. As it happens, I'm on my way to see the Leffingwells."

"Are you?" he remarked dryly as he took his place beside her in the tonneau of the cavernous limousine.

"You haven't told the driver where to go," she reminded him.

"He knows," said Boughton, so shortly that she turned toward him with a frown.

The car got away with the peculiar smoothness of a superpowered engine, and as they passed through the light from the brilliantly illuminated marquee of the hotel she caught a revealing glimpse of Boughton. His face—all but his eyes, which seemed feverishly bright—looked like a mask, and he was braced into his own corner as if he were holding himself in leash.

She felt an odd shiver run down her spine, but shrugged herself free of it impatiently. How foolish! Had she not wanted to see him more than anyone else? Though she had not admitted the fact to herself in so many words, had she not looked around upon her arrival at the hotel that afternoon in the hope that he might still be on her track? Abruptly they were out of the narrow street and had the massif of the Arc de Triomphe looming on their left, but when the car, instead of making the full round of the Étoile, shot down the broad emptiness of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Gordon's shiver came back with a vengeance.

"You're not cold, are you?" asked Boughton, and when she did not answer at once, he continued: "You can see I've provided for that; there are three rugs, all of them warm. Would you like one now?"

"Yes," said Gordon almost inaudibly.

It was not the sort of answer he had expected, and as he busied himself with opening a rug and tucking it around her knees she could feel his hands trembling. But she had not needed that sign to know that he was not his usual confident self. He gave the impression of a taut bowstring, and though she could never be afraid of him, she still realized that the moment was one for caution. She sat in silence, staring straight before her, trying to read what was in his mind and wondering what the Leffingwells must already be thinking.

Ordinarily silence had proved a weapon which gave her all the advantage, but as the car threaded its way through the length of the Bois, crossed the river into Suresnes, and started to skirt St. Cloud, she gradually began to realize that perhaps the tables were turned. It was quite possible that in this case every moment of silence was a moment gained not to her but to him.

"It's a lovely night for a ride," she said quietly, "but I happen to have an important engagement with your friends, the Leffingwells."

"I don't know them," said Boughton surprisingly, "and if I did, they could go to the devil. The only engagement you need consider is your present rendezvous with me."

She turned her head to look at him curiously, and when she spoke, it was with an amused quirk to her lips: "You don't—you can't mean I'm being kidnaped?"

"I do."

She leaned forward: "Not seriously?"

"How seriously I'll leave it to you to find out," he answered, and closed his jaws with a click.

"Mr. Boughton—Eli," she said, only half mockingly, "I wouldn't have believed you could be absurd!"

"That's incredible," he snapped. "I've been absurd ever since the first moment I laid eyes on you. I started out with the mistake of treating you civilly, and I've been hopping from that absurdity to another ever since. But don't make any mistake; I'm as far from being absurd now as we are from dawn, and if you don't find it out tonight, you will tomorrow, or the day after, or next week, or next month. I don't mind telling you you're in for a long ride."

"That's completely ridiculous," said Gordon contemptuously. "All I have to do is to break one of these windows and start screaming."

"Try it—just try it!" he whispered, glaring at her. "You poor fool, can't you see I'm itching for the chance to lay my hands on you?"

She settled slowly back into her corner, half turning so as to face toward him. "I'll admit you've changed; perhaps you've changed so much that actually you're not being absurd. But in that case you're crazy, out of your mind."

"Have it that way if you like."

He lit a cigarette, turned down the window a couple of inches, and shot the match out into the night. What seized her attention was that his fingers had ceased altogether to tremble. He was like herself, she thought—having taken the plunge, his nerves had steadied, but that would only mean that his determination had strengthened. She decided quite calmly to put it to the test.

"Do you mind doing me a favor?" she asked.

"I'm through with doing you favors."

"It isn't much. We're in the Ville d'Avray and presently we'll come to the Restaurant Cabassud. I only ask that you'll stop and let me telephone the Leffingwells."

"Is that all?" he sneered.

"Or you can telephone them yourself. While you do it, I'll give you my word of honor I won't move." He only grunted. "Don't you believe me? I'll even promise to go with you quietly wherever you like, once they know I'm powerless to keep my appointment."

"Let them sweat," he muttered unintelligibly.

"What's that?"

"Let them sweat," he repeated loudly. "You're still taking me for an idiot. What do I care about the Leffingwells?"

"It isn't merely the usual request of a girl who's going to be late for dinner," persisted Gordon patiently. "I tell you that both Kit and Leffie are going through a terrible strain which will increase for as long as they don't hear from me."

"Let 'em sweat harder and longer."

"Isn't that a little vulgar, as well as being inconsiderate?" asked Gordon sharply, feeling a first flash of genuine resentment.

"At last!" he cried. "The holier-than-thou fugue back on the job, and how I've missed it! The Lost Chord, the high-and-mighty tone! The touch-me-not and gentle violet! Oh, ears—oh, wounded little ears—how dare I jar you with my uncouth speech?"

The moon came up, and as it rose Gordon's heart grew heavier and heavier. How mean life could be! What a crime to waste such a night, and how unnecessary! If the inexplicable loss of the pearls she had three times risked with impunity had not come into the picture, loading her down with fresh anxiety, how she could laugh! Why not admit to her innermost self that once explanations had been duly made, she had looked forward to just such a ride with Boughton at her side? And now it was spoiled—all spoiled.

But need it be? Because the moon was not really made of green cheese, did that mean one had to go hungry? If she could do nothing to prevent the Leffingwells stewing, why stew herself?

She slanted her eyes and began to study Boughton in the increasing light. His face, usually so animated, looked drawn, fixed in sharp lines; and though he was as smartly turned out as ever, his shoulders seemed to have lost the erect carriage which had been an unfailing joy to behold. Resentment deserted her; she forgot the nastiness of his mood, and even felt sorry for him.

They plunged into Versailles, rattled over the cobbles of the Place d'Armes, rounded the front of the great château, turned sharp to the right, and presently emerged on the Route de St. Cyr. She reached out her hand and began to wind down the window on her side. He started forward as if to stop her, but sank back, realizing one does not jump out of a car going at better than ninety kilometers an hour, and that at such speed even a scream would prove only a futile and amusing exhibition.

"I'll admit my ears have been wounded," she said presently, "if it gives you any satisfaction, but in return I wish you'd explain why I'm here—what I've ever done to you to ——"

"Done to me!" he interrupted. "Before I met you I was a self-respecting human being. Your looks, your manner, and something deeper, something I imagined inside you, swept me off my feet. Did I make any bones about telling you? I didn't, and you began right there—you had the nerve to look me in the eye and say we couldn't even be friends!"

"Is that a crime?"

"It wasn't at the moment; it was only a preliminary slap. But it began to grow into a crime the minute the vulgar streak in you fell for Meacham."

"Meacham ——"

She stammered and stopped, tears of anger starting to her eyes. If only he had put it in any other way, how gladly she would have poured out the confession she had planned to make! But if he could say such a thing to her, if he could do what he was doing now, perhaps she had been wholly wrong in her judgment of him, perhaps he was at heart only a bully. "Yes," she murmured, "go on."

"You bet I'll go on! What do you suppose it did to me when I tried over and over again to get just the consideration of common decency from you, only to be turned down, and then see you letting yourself be manhandled by slime like that fellow Bertrand? I suppose you'll chirp again you were in your rights!"

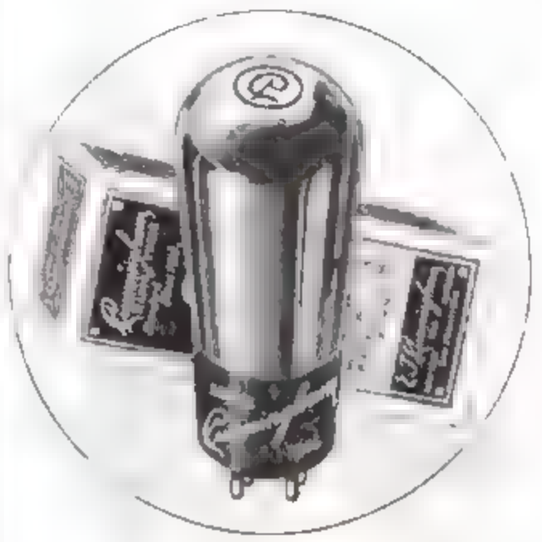
"I was."

"Of course; and no doubt any court would think so too. But hasn't it occurred to you that other people have rights as well—rights they have to protect without the help of the law? Hadn't I a right to struggle against the killing of my sense of being a decent sort of fellow by your taking up with one rotter after another and even displaying yourself in broad daylight with a crook like Rivers? Hadn't I?"

"Certainly, and I'm sorry to see you struggled so unsuccessfully."

The moment the words were out of her mouth she regretted them, but her own pride was too involved to permit her to take them back. She felt wounded, bruised, beaten; and what made it worse was a sensation of disembodiment, as if both she and Boughton were divided spirit from flesh, and their unreasoning bodies tossed into an

Cunningham RADIO TUBES



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arena to torture each other. She could attain to this vague realization and yet remain powerless to do anything about it, fettered as she was by the Lilliputian threads of anger and pride.

"Yes, you're right," he said bitterly; "unsuccessfully, and what has rotted me is another absurdity. I'm in love with you. Can you beat that? I'm in love with a girl who looks as if she dripped breeding and refinement from the tips of her fingers, and yet is happy only in the company of crooks. Well, what's the answer, since I hadn't the guts to pull up stakes and beat it? I'm a crook, that's all—a real one. I'd read about your kind, but I'd never before seen a sample at close range—delicate women who have to take up with a gigolo to get a thrill and don't quite dare do it at home."

"Oh!" breathed Gordon.

"There you go—pulling-the-wool stuff! To me, all haughty-taughty, touch-me-not, respect-my-clamlike-solitude, but to a Meacham, a Bertrand or a Rivers, hail-fellow-well-met, and always ready for a twosing spree! Lord knows why I love you, but I do, and since crooks are your fancy, I've made up my mind you're going to get a whirl from one you'll never forget."

He had worked himself up to such a frenzy that she dared not speak. One word from her and she felt he might seize, kiss, slap or choke her without really knowing which or what he was doing. While the car dodged through Dreux with scarcely diminished speed, she sat very still, wondering what she could do, how she could reach him and bring him back to himself. But as they left the town and the fragrant night air swept in upon them again from fields and orchards drenched in moonlight, what she wanted most to do was to cry—to weep out of pity for himself and her.

"I want to ask you something," she said after a long silence, "but please think before you answer—I mean, please don't take it impatiently."

"Go ahead," he muttered. "There's certainly plenty of time."

"Do you really think I'm the sort of person who could have preferred the company of those—those people—to yours?"

"That's a good one! You proved it often enough, didn't you?" He gave her a measuring look. "What's the game now? Do you think you're going to get around me by developing a sudden flattering ——"

"Oh, no game," she interrupted wearily—"no game at all."

"Or is it that the charm of my being in the crook class has already begun to work?"

"You're being horrible," she murmured. "You're not yourself."

"Of course I'm not; I'm what you made me. If anybody had predicted three weeks ago that Ellis Boughton would have persisted in forcing his attentions on any woman, let alone a girl who showed a preference for shady company, it would have been so ridiculous it wouldn't even have raised a laugh. I can't explain how it happened – not to make any sense to it; all I know it's here. The one comforting thing is that I'm through with being the kind of jackass who insists on putting a woman on a pedestal while she's standing in mud up to her knees'"

Gordon turned toward him brusquely, straightening on the seat as she did so.

"All right; what is it you want?" she asked so sharply that he was confused by her sudden change.

"What do I want?"

"Make it quite clear, please; but take the trouble to be sure yourself before you speak, because whatever it is, whatever you ask, I'm going to give it to you."

"Always the valiant card player," he mocked, "bluffing to the last!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when she had thrown herself into his arms. His long tension snapped as if at the release of a trigger. He bent her backward and kissed her neck, lips, eyes and hair with fury rather than passion. Her hat slipped off, rolled to the seat and then to the floor. As an incident it was nothing, less than nothing, and yet it served to arrest his attention and drag him back toward sanity. He kissed her again softly, and was struck cold by her complete passivity. No answer from her lips or her closed eyes, no color in her cheeks.

"Gordon!" he cried hoarsely, and it was the cry of a man waking from a nightmare. Tears pushed from under her lowered eyelids and crept slowly down her cheeks, but she did not speak or move. "Gordon, forgive me – please forgive me." Her body lay heavy in his arms, totally relaxed; he could not let it go and dared no longer hold it. "Gordon, please sit up. I'll do anything—anything you say. I'll tell the man to go back."

"No," she whispered, and turning, put her arms around him and pressed her face against his shoulder. "I'm too cold and hungry; I don't want to go back."

He managed to draw the rug up around her. "But we've got to, dear. Can't you see that? We've got to."

"No, it would be too cowardly," she murmured. "I wouldn't believe it of you. Besides, I'm hungry."

He held her closely, but all feeling seemed to have gone out of his arms and his eyes were beginning to assume a glassy stare. Slowly it dawned on him that crooks, like poets, are born, not made. It was all right to pick on a piece of banditry and in good faith attempt to carry it out; one could do that just as an amateur may daub a bit of canvas and call it a picture. But to no man is it given to say "Tomorrow I shall be a complete crook" any more than he may say "Tomorrow I shall be a great artist." A great truth burst upon him—namely, that artistic evil demands as arduous an apprenticeship as artistic good.

"Gordon," he cried hopefully, desperately, "think of the Leffingwells!" Simultaneously he made a movement as if to release her, but she only clung to him the tighter.

"To the devil with the Leffingwells," she murmured drowsily. "Let them sweat—harder and longer."

That was the last word spoken for a long time. When her even breathing announced that she had fallen asleep in his arms, he should have been supremely happy, but he was not. He had moved all his life among sophisticated people and had grown to believe in the perfection of his own *savoir-faire*; consequently it was all the more of a shock to find himself face to face with a situation he was at a loss how to handle—a situation of his own creation which had suddenly developed more spines than a porcupine.

Did he wish to travel the grim road of abduction to the end? What rot! Of course not. Was he prepared to make a formal proposal of marriage to a girl whom he knew nothing about except that she was the most suspiciously mysterious as well as the most adorable individual he had ever met? The mere thought terrified him. And yet, if he did not follow one of these unthinkable courses, what was to prevent his being made the laughingstock of the universe? No, there was one other thing he could do—one small chance to worm his way out.

The car slowed down with an abruptness which jolted Gordon out of her slumbers, but even so it overshot its mark and had to back into a sort of bay beside the highway and up to the door of a long, steep-roofed inn. The hostelry was not asleep, for it was only a little past nine o'clock. A shaft of light shot out, and with it a *chasseur*, dressed in blouse and apron. He searched the car for baggage and found only Boughton's large bag on the floor beside the driver.

In the meantime Gordon had stepped into one of the most fascinating interiors in all France. First there was a small square room which served as office, cozy sitting room and reception hall combined. Straight forward it opened on a veranda, paved with waxed tiles and glassed in from lawns, an apple tree and an endless falling moonlit view. But the charm of charms was the huge kitchen, glimpsed through a door on the left

Gordon gasped at the sight of it. On a platform there was a fireplace big enough to roast a small ox whole, with inglenooks, spits, warmers, pothooks and baking iron complete. There were mullioned windows, settles, cupboards and racks. But the glory of the room was the splendor of its shining copper—copper kettles, pots, skillets and pans hanging in the racks, on the walls, and even from the ceiling. Everything was old—age-old—the house itself, the kitchen and all they contained.

"Oh!" she exclaimed—and turned to share her joy with Boughton.

But he was gone, and so was the large comfortable woman who had received them. Except for four maids sitting on settles around a low oak table in the kitchen, she was alone. What were they doing—eating? She advanced on them; yes, they were eating, but as she approached they started to rise.

"No, no!" cried Gordon, slipping to a place on one of the settles. "Please don't get up, and oh, if you only knew how hungry I am!"

"The kitchen is for the service alone, madame."

"Then I'll be a *bonne*," said Gordon gravely. "I like you and your uniforms, and I assure you that as soon as the *patronne* comes back I'll apply for a position. Please, just a bite!" They marveled at the perfection of her French, but what vanquished them utterly was the copper glinting to copper in her hair.

In the meantime the lady of the house, the ladies of various exchanges, and Boughton had struggled valiantly with the demon trunk line to Paris, and conquered. The victory was so amazing that it did much toward restoring his confidence in himself, and it was with some assurance that he embarked on his half of a conversation with various Leffingwells.

"Leffie, it's Eli. Can you hear me? . . . Can you? Ellis Boughton."

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" came Leffingwell's disappointed voice, faint but clear.

"Leffie, you're my friends, aren't you? You and Kit? The best friends I've got in—in Europe—in the world?"

"Say, are you drunk? Didn't you say you couldn't afford to be seen with us any longer because you wanted to be a real crook? What is this, anyway—your first solo flight?"

"Listen, old man. I've finished being a crook and I'm in the worst trouble of my life, and only you and Kit can help me out. Listen, Leffie. Tell the hotel concierge to hire the fastest car in Paris at any price and both of you beat it out here as fast as you can come. Just between us two, Leffie, Miss Hammill is with me and ——"

"Miss Hammill!" roared Leffingwell, so that both the diaphragm and Boughton's eardrum came near to bursting. "Why didn't you say so? I'll come, all right, but I won't bring Kit; I'll bring the police. Where—where are you?"

"Don't you wish you knew?" said Boughton coldly. "Let me speak to Kit or I'll hang up."

A totally new voice broke faintly into the conversation: "Jimmie, give me that dingus." Then it came through, metallically precise and strong. "Mr. Boughton, this is Mr. James Tupper Leffingwell, Senior; I've been listening in on the extension. Where are you? Give exact directions, please. [Hand me a pencil, Jimmie.] Versailles to Dreux to Nonancourt, inn on the roadside on the left? How far? . . . Exactly? . . . Then we ought to be there in a couple of hours. . . . No, there will be no police. . . . What's that? What did you say? . . . A—a what?"

"Nightdress!" shouted Boughton. "Have Kit bring an extra nightie!"

He laid the instrument on its rack, drew out a handkerchief and began to mop his brow. It now remained to find out if Miss Hammill had heard, and if so, to parry her gibes as best he might. To his great relief he discovered her still in the far depths of the kitchen, but before going to join her he

(Continued on Page 72)

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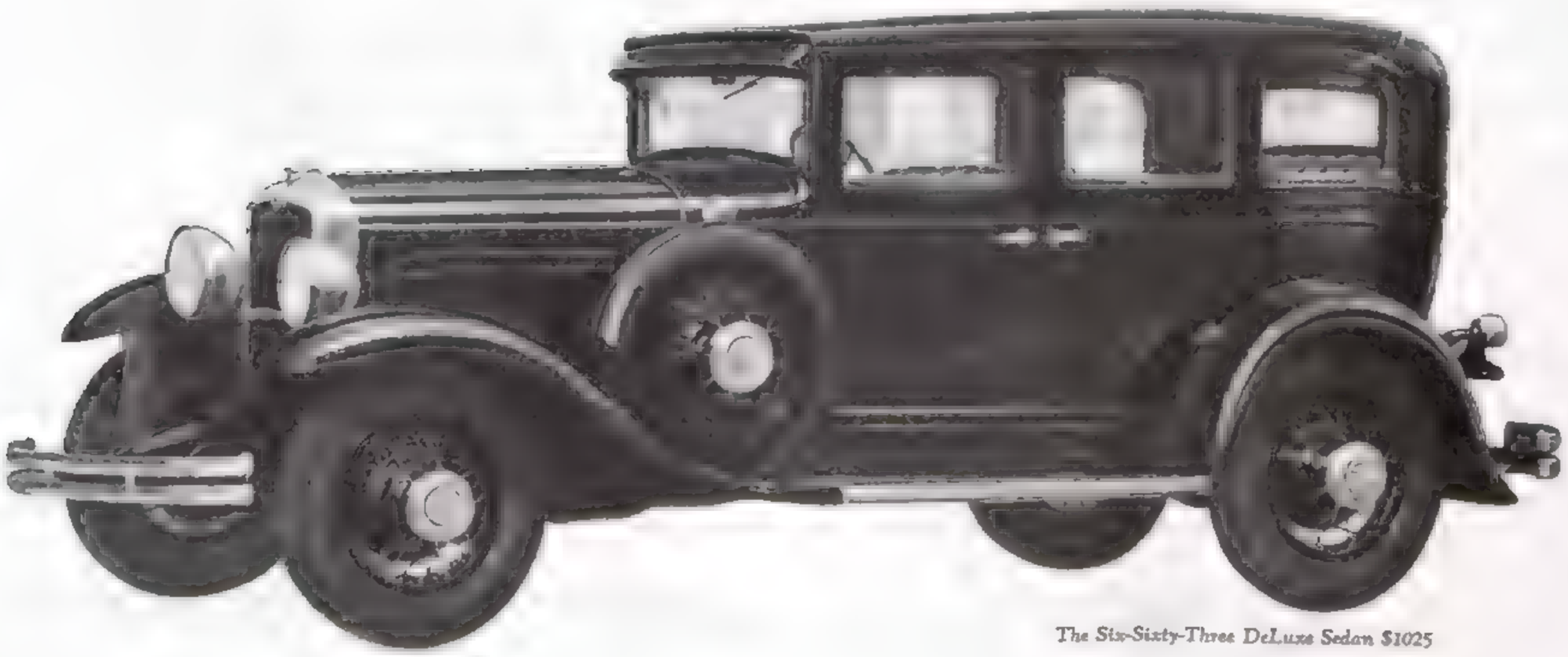

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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 70)

spent ten minutes with the *patronne*, ordering as fine a midnight supper for five as the excellent larder and even more transcendent cellar of the house could afford.

"Show 'em food," he muttered to himself. "Nothing so soothing to the temper after a long ride as hot food and a cold bottle." He went into the kitchen. "That's right," he said to Gordon, "have a snack, but don't eat too much, because they're going to show us what they can do in the way of a supper later on."

She looked up, surprised at his calm. "Don't you want something? You're not supposed to eat in here, but I'll beg it for you."

"No, thanks; I'd rather wait."

She arose. "I've had enough for the present. Couldn't we look at the rooms?"

It seemed to him she stole a slanting glance at his face, but he did not wince. The housekeeper led them the length of the inclosed veranda where assorted dining tables, most of them for two, were ranged on one side, and such museum pieces of old furniture on the other as would make any collector's heart ache. Upstairs there was another veranda with rooms opening directly on it, and more furniture—everything old.

"Do you sell these lovely things?" asked Gordon.

"No, madame, we sell nothing here but food and lodging."

"Not at any price?" asked Boughton doubtingly.

"At no price, m'sieur. This is the Directoire room, but perhaps madame would prefer the Empire?"

"What darling rooms!" cried Gordon. "Did you ever see anything so eternally settled? Nothing changed for generations—new stuffs every few years, but never a change!"

It was Boughton's turn to cast a curious look at her—a glance of reawakening anger. What right had a girl who was being kidnaped to be so collected, so supremely natural? She was mystifying him again, and abruptly he realized that mystification had been the invariable source of his ire against her. Would she continue to play the game, and if so, could he manage to hold out for two hours without suffering an ultimate humiliation which would make him a bigger fool than ever?

"The Louis XVI room, madame," the housekeeper was saying, "and here is the Bijou."

"It's hard to decide, isn't it?" murmured Gordon.

"Why bother?" said Boughton shortly. He addressed the housekeeper: "No other guests in the house tonight?"

"Not as yet, m'sieur."

"Then we'll take them all."

"All the rooms, m'sieur?"

"All."

Both women turned to him in startled surprise, but when they saw he was solemnly serious, Gordon smiled and the housekeeper's face glowed with admiration

Boughton turned to Gordon "Don't you want to see the garden by moonlight?"

"I'll love to."

They wandered around the paths, peeking into the little chalet which was used for family dinners, admiring the long pavilion with its thatched roof loaded with ivy. The ivy climbed the walls, burrowed through the roof, and hung inside from the rafters in long pale pendants. Finally they settled on a bench under the one big apple tree, so gnarled it was like a granite monument. Not a leaf stirred; all was peace, quiet and silvered night

Only when Gordon's fingers moved to curl around his own did Boughton awake to full realization that he was holding her hand, had been holding it for heaven knew how long' A glow of such content had taken possession of him that time was no longer a source of worry; if anything, the two hours of penance had become too short a period of grace. After all, what is the really important thing—the spring from which happiness bubbles or happiness itself? Is not that man a fool who burrows beneath the clear water because he must know whether it rises from gravel, loam or mud before he slakes his thirst? Or is he?

"I'm cold," said Gordon. "Put your arm around me"

"Shall we go in?" he asked solicitously, but without being able quite to exclude anxiety from his tone.

"No—oh, no! I'm so happy here. Aren't you?"

He half took off his overcoat, wrapped it around her, and held her close against him. "That's better, isn't it?"

"Much."

Again they sat for a long time in silence, but finally she spoke. Her voice began as a murmur, and then, without the slightest transition, it seemed to have become a roar, reverberating inside his head, deafening and confounding him.

"Ellis," she was saying, "I admire you more than any man I've ever known. From that very first day, back in New York, I've admired you, but now more than ever. It isn't only your looks, your winning smile, your amazing *savoir-vivre*. All those things count, of course, but what makes me think I could love you utterly, more completely than I had dreamed I could ever love any man, is your strength, your astonishing persistence. Don't move, don't stir, please! Ever since we got here I've been wanting to get down on my knees to your monumental calm, and I'm doing it now, here, with my face against your breast. From the beginning nothing has been able to stop you—not denial, or insult, or honor. Did you have to become a crook? You became a crook—at least, you say you did—and now, when most men would be excited, rough, thoughtless and silly, you seem as strong, as quietly ruthless and as deeply rooted as this apple tree. You're ——"

"Shut up!" said Boughton, giving her a shake.

She looked up, puzzled, at his set face. "What?"

"You heard me—shut up."

"You don't want me to talk to you? You don't want to hear how I feel?"

"No. I want to talk myself." He drew a long breath, which would have been a sigh if he had let it go again. "Gordon, I love you. I've told you that before, but I want to say it again—several times, in fact—because somehow it's still very confusing. I don't know why I love you, but there's one thing I do know, and that's that since we've been sitting here you've done something to me which nobody ever did before and nobody is ever going to do again. Not if I can help it, I mean, and the only way to help it is for you to promise to marry me."

"When?"

"Now, if it can be arranged; or if you'd like a long engagement we can put it off till sometime tomorrow. Will you or won't you?"

"What?"

"Marry me."

"Of course I will. I've always wanted to."

"Then, for Pete's sake, will you please tell me why ——"

He broke off, for his ears had caught first the rapidly approaching sound of a humming motor, then the grind of brakes, suddenly applied, and immediately afterward a confusion of voices.

"Certainly, dear," said Gordon. "I'll explain everything."

"Not now," said Boughton, disengaging himself and rising "Come along."

"Oh, how horrid; there are some people coming!" She arose to follow him. "But why should we bother, Ellis?"

The next moment, in the cross light from the moon and the veranda windows, she was face to face with the Leffingwells and a thin old man with a drooping mustache and the most piercing gray eyes she had ever confronted She scarcely heard the perfunctory introductions. So this was Saber-tooth, the tiger of the railway world' Then her attention snapped back to herself and Boughton, and she felt a strange tightening of her heart.

"Too late for hot food, I suppose, Boughton," said Mr. Leffingwell, Senior, breaking up an awkward silence before it could set, "but what about a drink?"

"Will you come with me, please?" said Boughton, leading the way to the little chalet, now softly lighted with old-fashioned lamps and candles, and with its central table arranged for five. "I thought you'd be hungry."

Gordon looked at him with an odd sort of questioning and her brows began to gather in a tiny frown. Saber-tooth assumed the head of the table, she was placed at his right, Kit at his left, Boughton next to Kit; and Leffie was thankful to find himself at Gordon's side, where he could avoid staring at her with diminishing insolence and increasing wonder.

"Don't you think, sir ——" he ventured.

"No, I don't," interrupted his father. "I smell something cooking, and until it's been here and gone down the red lane, I refuse to go into executive session."

The result was that while they ate the *truite de rivière*, dressed with a marvelous sauce, nobody dared speak of anything, and it was left to the old man to resume the conversation:

"Great! Never tasted better, Boughton, and the Vouvray is well above the average." He turned to Gordon. "Would it shock you if I mopped up the sauce?"

"I'll show you how," she answered with an absent smile; then her frown came back as her glance returned to Boughton, who was studiously keeping his eyes on his plate.

"By the way," continued Saber-tooth casually, "is your name really Hammill?"

Gordon caught her breath, and she could feel that Kit did so, too, and Leffie and Boughton. "It is and it isn't," she answered in the palpitating silence. "My whole name is Gordon Hammill Tomlinson."

"I thought so," said the old gentleman with a nod. "Poor Ralph Tomlinson's daughter."

"Yes, sir," said Gordon in a very low voice.

"There, there; don't take on now. It was an ugly business, a nasty business, but it happened a long time ago. Your father made a noble fight against odds and lost. Don't think his friends weren't willing to stand by him—to help him out with cash, I mean. They were, but that wasn't it. His pride was gone, ripped out by the roots, and the saddest part of it is that a tremendous sacrifice such as he made wasn't enough to teach the Smart Alecks of today not to mix play for high stakes with strangers"

Again there was silence—a silence that fell with a thud. Saber-tooth, having showed his fangs, continued calmly to mop up sauce with his bread, and it was only when Gordon stole a glance at Leffie that she realized how the fangs had torn. She felt sorry for him.

"I'm even with anything that was done to my father," she heard herself saying, "and incidentally I've squared things up for Leffie too."

"Explain, my dear," said Saber-tooth, regretfully permitting his plate to be removed.

"You know Mr Roulin?"

"Herbert Roulin of the Mercantile Convention Lines?"

"Yes. I talked him into giving me a new kind of job. I'd heard him say it was no use prosecuting card sharpers—either they were fixed to double on you and get a verdict as they did against father, or the only sentence was deportation. So I talked to Mr. Roulin, and he talked to some of the managers of other lines, and now I've earned quite a lot of money, because Meacham and Bertrand will get at least five years each for robbery, and Rivers—the man who called himself Colonel Rivers—is up for murder."

Boughton leaned half across the table, and his face had the look of a man who wants to say six entirely different things at once, but Saber-tooth silenced him with a gently upraised hand.

"Am I right, Miss Tomlinson, in the guess that you landed each of these deep-sea fish with Kit's string of pearls for bait?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gordon.

"Where are those pearls now?"

"That's what I want to know," began Leffie, "before ——"

His father turned an angry glance on him, but it was Boughton who seized the word and the floor:

"Before we go any further, may I state that Gordon and I are to be married tomorrow?"

"No, Ellis," said Gordon, her eyes flashing full upon him, "I'm sorry—very sorry—but I can't marry a pretender, a bandit with a wooden sword, a playboy crook."

She ceased suddenly, her voice in air, staring fixedly, but no longer at Boughton's face. He had thrust a hand in his pocket, produced Kit's necklace, and was now arranging it in a neat circle on the table before him. Kit gasped, Leffie leaned sharply forward, and even his father seemed to have been shaken out of his omniscient pose, but none of them spoke.

"My opinion of crooks," said Boughton, poking with one finger at the pearls to perfect the circle, "has fallen to about zero since I became one; it's so easy. Why are they ever hard up? Why should they ever lack food and raiment? These French houses—what with their balconies, shutters and things, you could walk a block along their faces. I took a room in Gordon's hotel. I climbed across three balconies. I jimmied the catch on the steel shutters with a nail file. I entered, found her lying on her face on the bed, yelled at her to make sure she was asleep, took the pearls out of her bag and left as the maid knocked on the door. I contend I'm a fully matriculated thief and burglar, but if robbery under arms is really what she wants ——"

He stopped abruptly, stared unsmilingly at Gordon, shrugged his shoulders, turned and made for the door. She arose and stood uncertainly, one trembling hand gripping the back of her chair. Embarrassment made her transcendingly lovely. The color flooded in and out of her cheeks and her eyes were moist and luminous, but though poised for pursuit, she still lingered. It was Mr. Leffingwell, Senior, who loosed the trigger for her.

"Better hurry, Gordon," he murmured; "the young man means business."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Chamberlain.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

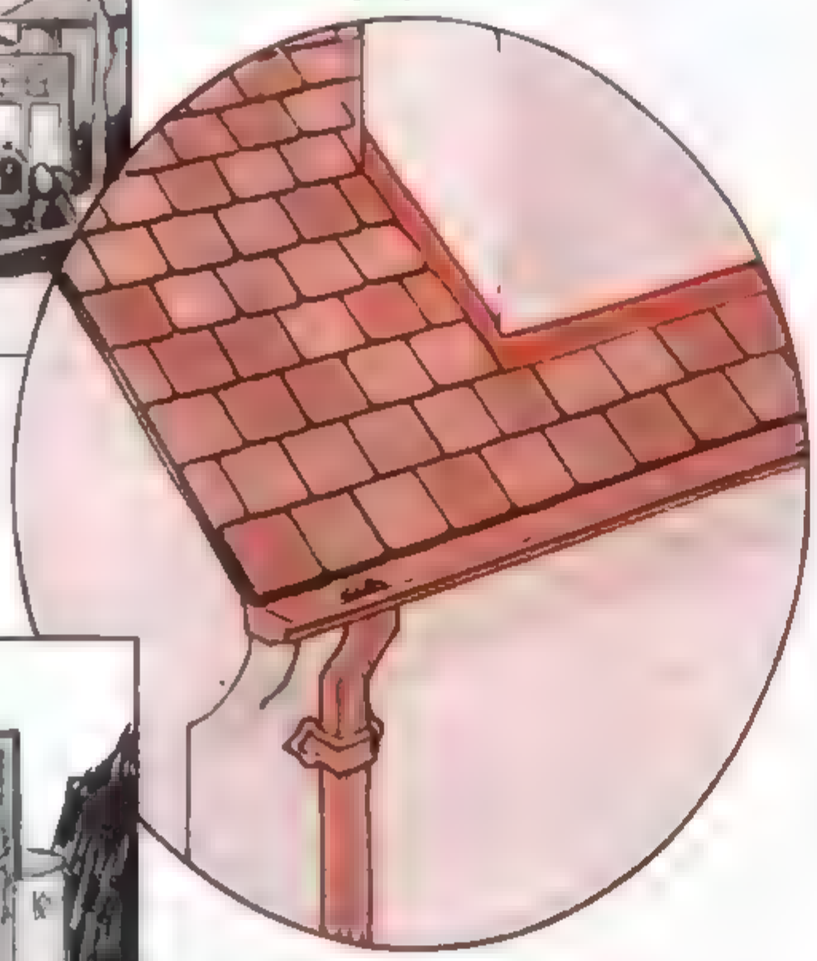
Apollo steered with Artemis the sun and moon above,
And charming Aphrodite had the management of love.
When Jason in the Argo sailed to win the Golden Fleece,
Oh, things were pretty lively in the sunny isles of Greece!

And there were Dragons, Hydras and Eumenides with wings,
Chimeras, Gorgons, Amazons and parricidal kings,
And Pegasus and Cerberus and sullen Minotaur,
The Theban expedition and the fateful Trojan War,
And whirlpools, shipwreck, cannibals, enchantresses and seers
Where wise Ulysses wandered that eventful span of years.
From Zante's purple highlands to the Thracian Chersonese,
Yes, things were pretty lively in the pleasant isles of Greece!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

IT PAYS TO KNOW THIS SHOP WHEN THERE'S SHEET METAL WORK TO BE DONE

Sheet metal garages are popular because they are neat and easy to erect. And when ARMCO *Ingot Iron is used they will give you years and years of service at little or no upkeep cost.*



You'll avoid trouble and expense if you insist upon ARMCO *Ingot Iron for the eaves troughs, downspouts, flashings and gutters of your house.*

Rust-resisting ARMCO *Ingot Iron has long been used for furnace casings and pipes. And now manufacturers are making the furnaces themselves of* ARMCO *Ingot Iron plates. They conduct heat better and do not scale or crack as readily as the old style castings.*

There is a sheet metal shop in your community that displays the ARMCO Ingot Iron Sign shown above.

You will save money by trading there when you repair or build. And you will also save the trouble and annoyance of rusted out metal work later.

For these shops use ARMCO Ingot Iron, the purest iron made. It is practically free from the foreign elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals.

See that the sheet metal work around your home is done with ARMCO Ingot Iron. More expensive metals are unnecessary; cheaper ones are false economies.

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ARMCO

THE ARMCO INGOT IRON SHOPS

Reo announces a revolutionary new transmission with a silent second gear!

You can shift gears at any time, at any speed—without grinding, without "feeling your gear in"!

You can shift from second to high at any speed—or from high back to second, *at 40 miles an hour—easier than you can with any other car at 10 miles an hour!*

You can go more *than 40 miles an hour in* second *if you care to—as smoothly, as quietly, as silently as with the ordinary high!*

This new Silent-Second transmission—the product of four years' research and development by the Reo engineers—the exclusive property of Reo—is available on no other automobile—and will not be unless and until Reo permits its use.

GET behind the wheel of the Reo Master Flying Cloud—and we promise you a thrill you've never had in any other car you ever piloted—yes, a dozen thrills—and one of them before you've gone a hundred feet!

You know the noise you always hear from the second gear of the ordinary car.

But listen to *this* second gear—why, you can scarcely hear it! The old second-gear grind you've been accustomed to isn't there! You hear no grinding, no growling—none of the old second-gear noise. This Silent-Second gear takes you along as smoothly, as quietly, as silently as the ordinary high!

And what a pick-up!

Steer this car into traffic. Nose right up behind a truck that's dawdling along at 5 miles an hour. Want to go around him? Flick that gear lever into second. Tap that gas pedal—and you'll flash ahead of him in one meteoric swish! Reo's new Silent-Second transmission gives you lightning-like acceleration where you need it! You can do things with this car in traffic that you can't do with any other car under the sun!

Slip up to a red light and stop. Then slide that gear-lever into second. At the first flash of green give her the gas—and you'll be up and away like a streak of light, leaving cars that were abreast of you a hundred feet behind! You'll be hitting 40 before the others can reach 15!

And at that speed—40 miles an hour—you can flip that gear-lever right from *second to high* without slowing down a tap—and without grinding, without clashing your gears! It just slips into high with one quiet "click" at any speed!

Let her skim along at 35 or 40—and make this amazing test. Throw out your clutch and just work that gear lever from high to second, back and forth, back and forth like a pump handle! You can do it with one finger. And all you'll hear is a "click," nothing more!

Try it on a real hill!

Start up the steepest hill you can find, with traffic coming down at you—and a milk wagon ahead of you. Just nose up behind him and go into second. You'll have to crawl till the coast is clear. But at the first break you get—step on that gas! That hill may be awfully steep—but you'll shoot around that milk wagon awfully fast! You can swoop over the crest of that hill at 40 or better if you want to, in second!

And when you start *down* a hill like that—a hill that drops off like a plummet—Reo's new second gear will be a revelation to you! Ordinarily you'd slow down before taking a drop like that—you'd want to take it in second. But with the ordinary car it's a lot of trouble to get into second. You have to slow down to 10 or 15

REO

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miles an hour to do it. So often you won't bother, you'll chance it in high—and perhaps ruin your brakes.

But start down that hill as fast as you like in the Reo! When you're ready, just flick that gear-lever into second—and you'll go down that hill at a crawl, or as fast as you care to! You can choose your own speed.

Reo's new Silent Second Transmission is the most revolutionary engineering achievement that has happened in motordom for years. But it is only one of the things that make the Reo Master Flying Cloud a revolutionary car. See it—at your dealer's showroom. Drive it—and learn what a car this is!

WHY REO IS GOOD FOR 100,000 MILES

EACH Reo part is designed to withstand a strain 50% to 100% greater than the maximum it would ever be called upon to stand in actual service.

By spending from 10% to 25% more for parts, it is frequently possible to insure 100% longer life. It is Reo's unvarying policy to make that additional expenditure.

Reo's axles are built to withstand a shock equivalent to driving the car off a four-foot drop at 60 miles an hour.

Made of a special alloy steel, Reo's springs break so seldom that we give new leaves free if one should break.

Reo's 7-bearing crankshaft, connecting rods, flywheel, clutch, brake drums—even Reo's fan blades—are balanced to absolute precision, hair-trigger accuracy—eliminating vibration, the enemy of long life.

Reo's internal-expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes are perfectly equalized—and stay equalized. Wet weather can't affect them. And it's no uncommon thing for Reo brakes to go 50,000 miles without re-lining.

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Your dealer can install the new transmission in your present Reo at a very nominal cost. Orders for the new transmission will be filled as rapidly as production makes them available—and in the order received. This one change will make your present Reo as up-to-date as the newest Reo on the showroom floor. Your dealer will give you full details.

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A MARRIAGE BELLE

(Continued from Page 13)

There was a long silence. Nat peered up at him fearfully. If she'd gone and queered this heavenly hour —— But Pat looked back at her curiously. Whatever his eyes held, there was no anger in them. She tightened the arm around his neck.

"Kit-Kat," he said presently, "whatever our faults may be—and we have a lot—we won't stab a fellow in the back, like a couple of old gossips."

"No, sir," said Natalie meekly. Neither of them stopped to wonder when she had called him "sir" before. "That's about all, anyway," she said. "You see, I've been doing this whoopee stuff till I'm sunk. I'm the original strong man for punishment, but even I have my limit. Amy—I mean everybody—seems to think I can go on forever. Showers and dinners and dances -two and three parties a day and night—buying clothes —— Truly, Pat, you mustn't think I wanted all that stuff, when those ghastly bills begin to come in! I—I guess I'm just all in, that's all."

"What was your idea about it?" he asked curiously. "Not that you're to worry your head about the bills."

"I wanted to slip off to the City Hall some day. Or I wouldn't even have minded having a minister. Then run away in the car afterward and pick my own place to live. You see, Randy's father has taken a five-year lease on a Park Avenue apartment for us. I wanted to live in the country. Amy's furnished it. I don't like Amy's taste. There won't be a thing—silver, rugs, furniture—that we have chosen. I'll have a great chance for a home of my own, won't I? Whose home do they think it is, anyway?"

She looked up again, and now Pat seemed to have lost his illusion of youth, and to sag somehow.

"It's a queer world," he said at last—"queer. I don't know what it's all about, I'm sure; except that you've got to play the game the best way you can." He picked her up again, laid back the bedclothes, and dropped her into them. He covered her up carefully and stood looking down at her.

"Go to sleep, Nat," he said, "and don't bother about waking up until you feel like it. I'll tell your mother I forbid you to go out again tonight."

"But the Alexanders ——"

"I'll take care of the Alexanders. Just drop your mind clear and go to sleep."

"Gosh, you're good to me," said Natalie drowsily. "I'll never forget ——"

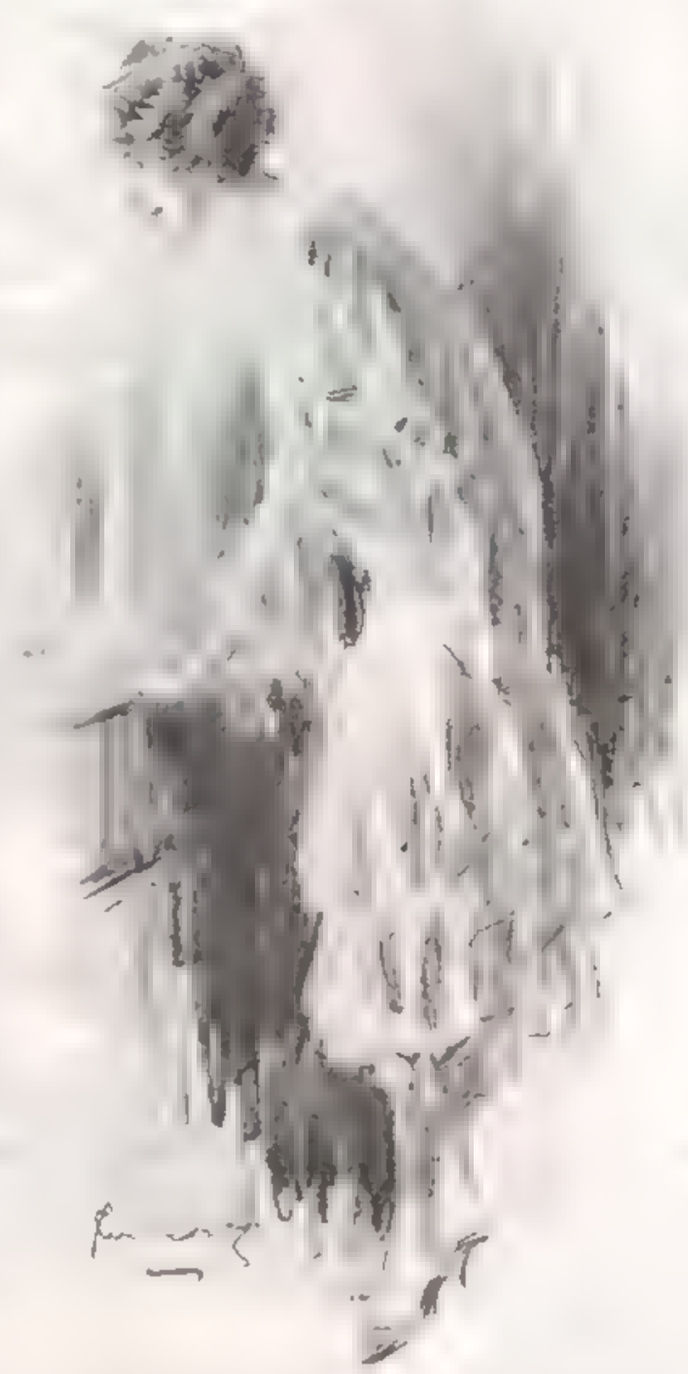
He went suddenly on his knees beside the bed.

"One thing more, kid," he said, putting back her hair gently: "No matter what they do to you, come to me. And no matter what you do to them, I'll back you—no matter." He got up a bit stiffly and dusted off his knees. Natalie held out her hand and he took it hard in his. She leaned over and kissed it sleepily, and he went out and closed the door quietly behind him. Even through the drugged sleep that swept her, she could hear the murmur of voices outside in the hall.

"After all I've done ——" Amy's everlasting litany.

"I don't care what you've done or will do. I forbid anybody to disturb Natalie tonight." Was that voice with the steel Pat's? From far came a sound of hysterical, temperish tears. Then silence and peace.

Flowers, decided Natalie, would be out of her life permanently. There were flowers wherever she turned. Was it a wedding or a funeral? The perfume clogged her nostrils and dulled her head. If she could just get one free breath without sweetness. She waited in a little room at the front of the church. The door was shut, but swarming murmurs and the faint whisper of moving feet seeped in and told their story. The audience for the show -embodied jealousies and envyings, excitements and nerves—all turned out to see a bride. Beside Natalie stood Pat. Not like Pat—solemn and tall in his smart morning coat. He was frightfully togged out. She wished he had worn his old tweed knickers. The place was cluttered with girls—girls in picture hats, girls with floating chiffons and bouquets. Her head buzzed and swam. Her teeth chattered and her knees shook. She felt curiously numb and heavy. She looked up and met a mirror—white satin, gleaming; big, burnt-out eyes, from under priceless lace that bound her forehead. She looked down. What was she holding? Valley lilies and



She Looked Mechanically From the Window. A Man and a Girl Stood Talking

bride's roses. No wonder the little room swam in scent. From the church beyond, soft music. At intervals, an usher's face at the door.

There was one now. He looked inquiringly at Pat, and Pat looked hastily at her and nodded. Why did the usher stare at her, as if she was queer? As if he had never seen her before. After all, it was only Pete Maxfield. She had made faces at him when she was ten. She suddenly became absorbed in that child of ten. Where was she? What had become of her? Pat touched her arm. The music changed—grew louder. What was it? Oh, of course, "Here comes the bride."

"Ready?" asked Pat calmly.

Sally Childers giggled hysterically. Mary Chatfield said sharply, "Shut up, the show's begun."

What show? Oh, yes, of course—she was getting married. Pat was leading her to the door. He took her hand and put it on his arm. She took a few steps with him, and stopped. The aisle before her was a road. It stretched and stretched—where was it going? Far away miles away—it stopped. There was something—an altar, palms, a tall figure in a surplice, two other men. Who were they? One looked absurdly like Randy. But of course it would be—Randy was getting married too. The bridesmaids swarmed around her. They formed in pairs. It was a procession. Pagan rites, odd bits of history, mythology, flotsam from the subconscious, swam in the confusion of her thought. A virgin led to the sacrifice. She stopped.

"Let me go, Pat!" she whispered wildly. "I've got to go." He never paused. He laid his free hand hard over hers, white on his arm. His face worked queerly, but he lifted his head and looked straight on. Nobody would have known he spoke, but Natalie heard. What was he saying? "Have a heart! What an ass I shall look if I go on alone." Not much, but the best he could muster. It struck Natalie as the essence of wit. She giggled softly, and the church stopped its mad dance before her eyes. She could even make out rows and rows of bright hats; here and there a man's head. She straightened and fell into her father's step. What was at the road's end? Not much, when you got there—Randy, looking pale and scared, and frightfully handsome; his best man, hardly any calmer. Presently they were kneeling before the old clergyman. He had baptized her, but he could never remember her name. "Nathalia" he always called her. Would he do it now? She waited, cold with fright. Yes, there it was—"I, Nathalia ——" What should she do? "If I say 'Nathalia,' I won't be legally married," she thought idiotically. The seconds were hours. She must think of something. "I, Natalie ——" she corrected him firmly. Poor old man. It upset him and he lost his place. "I don't care," she thought, as they waited for him to find it. "I've got to be legally married." Of the doomlike promises made for a simpler world, she heard nothing. She answered mechanically, and knew that somebody put a ring on her finger. That somebody kissed her. She supposed it was Randy, but it really didn't matter as long as they let her go. Then she walked with Randy down another aisle—an aisle that ended in a blessed door. She could get out under the awning, stretched from the church, and into the car. Curious faces pressed against the windows. Randy snatched the curtains down before the chauffeur had time to start. A jeering laugh followed them as they slid from the curb.

"Fools!" said Randy furiously. "You'd think nobody ever got married before!"

"If they did, I don't see how," said Natalie. She was folded in satin and lace, and tucked away in the corner. The lilies and roses lay on the car floor. Her face was ghastly—"as white as her veil," thought Randy—and her eyes were closed. His heart ached with her beauty. He put his arm out and gathered her into some sort of comfort. She shivered and smiled. Randy waited, breathless for her next words.

"Kick those things out, will you?" she asked faintly. He started. After all, he had only had a wife a few minutes.

"Wh-what things?" he asked.

"My wedding bouquet or whatever you call it. If I ever look at another flower ——"

Randy stared. Was this really a bride? Was it his bride? Brides—blushing, all sentiment, and things. She was like nothing familiar to him as she lay like a slim

(Continued on Page 78)

Every trucking job is its own Tire problem

Different trucks have different jobs to do. To do its own job well and to make the most money for its owner, every truck needs the *right* type of tire for its duty.

The *right* tire for every truck job is in the Goodyear Truck Tire line. Every Goodyear Truck Tire is designed and built with an experienced eye to the load, the speed, and the traffic and road conditions.

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Where the duty calls for operation at close to passenger car speed, Goodyear Cord Truck and Bus Tires respond with the tractive power of the All-Weather Tread and the body vitality of Goodyear SUPERTWIST Cord.

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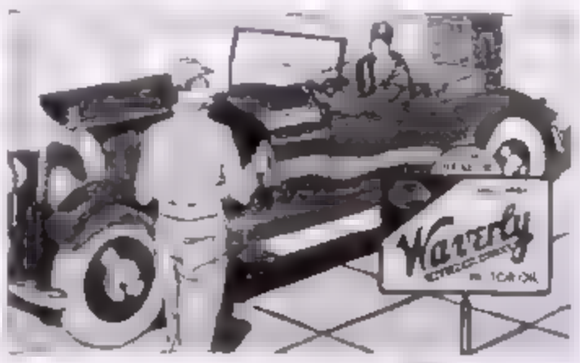

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Waverly "ALL PENNSYLVANIA" MOTOR OIL

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cold child on his arm, her lashes black on her cheeks.

"I—I d-don't think you can," he stammered.

"Can what?" she asked vaguely.

"K-kick out your bridal bouquet. You have to use it again—throw it to the bridesmaids or something—don't you?"

He looked down at her again. Her eyes were open and regarded him curiously.

"I forgot. How'd you learn the technic? Funny." She sighed suddenly and slumped deeper into his arms. How beautiful she was! He held her closer. He bent to kiss her, and found to his amazement that she was fast asleep.

Cars, lining the curbs for blocks. In the house, the eternal smell of flowers, mingled now with rich foods. If anybody gave Natalie anything to eat —— She put her hand on Randy's arm.

"Come on and act like a bridegroom, old dear," she said. "The job's not over yet." It was all a great success. People swarmed around them with congratulations, laughter. There was all the food in the world, and all the drink.

"My darlings!" cried Amy to them through the crowd. Her face was flushed and her eyes glittered. Somebody gave a glass of champagne cup to Natalie. She took a sip and handed it to Randy. She needed what head she had.

"Cut your cake, sweet," commanded Amy. "Look at the darlings." Natalie thought of animals in zoos—only their cages were blessed with bars. She took the big silver knife and obediently thrust it through the huge mass of frosting. The crowd surged around them.

"What shall I do without my darling?" said Amy, her lips trembling appealingly.

"Enough champagne cup, and you'll never know you had a darling," thought Natalie. She wished she dared say it out loud. She wished she dared shout it. The dull buzzing in her head had begun again. The room swam queerly. She turned to Randy.

"Where's the car?" she whispered. Randy had to bend his head to hear.

"On the back drive," he answered swiftly.

"No secrets," called the crowd.

"Meet me there in twenty minutes. Don't let anybody know. I've got to get out."

"Can't be too soon for me," he said.

She looked quickly around. Where was Pat? Out past the great hall she caught sight of the top of his handsome head through the arched doorway of the library. She slipped through the crowd and caught him by the arm.

"I can't stand it any longer, darling," she said. "I'm going to bolt. The car's out back. Nobody will know. Kiss me, brick!"

He caught her in his arms. "Write me—just a line," he said unsteadily.

"You bet. If you won't tell a soul, and I mean soul."

He looked far into her eyes. "That goes," he said briefly. "Poor little goat, it's a rum game, making a Roman holiday of you. I didn't realize. . . . Whatever comes or goes, I'm here. Don't forget."

"I'm not likely to!" She held him a second with tense fingers. Then she reached up and kissed him, gathered her bouquet, and ran to the first turning of the stairs.

"Catch," she called to the mob that swarmed instantly below, and flung the flowers among them. She turned and left them scrambling, fled to her room, and locked the door. She stripped off her veil and dress desperately. Feet—feet unending—in the hall outside. Then determined knocking. Voices—gay, hurt, pleading, peevish. Then the voice of authority—Amy's. She threw a tangled pile of chiffon, silk and lace on her bed, and began to dress again in silence. "We know you're there, Nat. Let us in!" Let them call. If only nobody remembered the door onto her sleeping porch and the way from there to the back hall! She tugged on a little hat and picked up her dressing bag. The other luggage had been sent ahead. Thank heaven nobody but themselves knew where! The clamor at the door increased in fury. Like something trapped, she crept out onto the porch and looked down. Randy's big sports car and the top of Randy's head—nothing more. She slipped out into the back hall. The beating on her door sounded dimly now—like something left behind. She fled down the back stairs, through the wake of the caterer's hurricane in the kitchen, and out to the back porch. In another minute she slipped in beside Randy. He had already started his engine. They slid out into the side drive. They gathered speed. They were gone.

Three hours later, in the gathering June dusk, she laid her hand on Randy's arm. He looked down at her with curiously troubled eyes.

"Could—could we stop now a while?" she asked almost timidly. He drew up instantly at the side of the road and shut off his engine. Timidity was new to Nat.

"We sure can stop," he said. "Feel better, now we're out of the circus? I do." He tried to be casual. He had nothing but instinct to go by, but he was fairly sure that getting married was not usually like this. Natalie pulled off her hat with a sigh, and slumped deeper into the seat. The waves of her lovely short hair glistened in the sunset. Her pallor was touched to color by the rush of the wind. She was beautiful. Almost too beautiful, he thought, to be real. And she was his.

What a night! He could almost reach out and touch the stillness. The uproar of the past weeks faded. Instead of perpetual perfume, the sharp tang of the sea came to his nostrils in faint gusts. The quiet seemed to reach deep inside him. Did Natalie feel it too? He hoped so, as he waited patiently for her to speak. She looked up and met his eyes. She seemed to gather herself—for what he could scarcely guess.

"I—oh, Randy, you're the best scout in the world. It makes it specially rotten," she said at last.

"What?"

"That I—I've got to give you a raw deal."

"Meaning?" He tried to say it calmly, but his heart hammered.

"Meaning, I—I can't—it's all off."

"Off?" he repeated stupidly.

"Off—done—finished. I mean I—I can't go through with it."

"You mean you can't be married?" he asked incredulously.

"I can't. I've tried—I can't—and that's all."

"But you are married," he said practically. "What can you do about it?"

"I'm not—not really," she said desperately. "You'll have to let me go. Oh, just the words—a judge will untie those."

This was his wedding day! Anger, stark and black, shook Randy. His thoughts ran wild. Life was too soft—that a girl should dare—his girl —— Finally he realized that Natalie was still talking.

"Do you mean you don't love me?" he asked. "Isn't it pretty late to find out?"

"I know—it just doesn't make sense," she said wearily. "I was crazy about you. I don't know myself; I seem to be somebody else. I'm so tired, I want to die. I ache—I ache as if I'd been beaten, Randy. You probably think I sound dumb, but that's the way I am—just dumb. I can hardly remember my name. I'm just all shot. I think you're sweet. I loved you so, it hurt. But I don't love anything now. I just can't be married. My father will come and get me. He said so."

"Pat said he'd come and take you away from me?" flamed Randy. "That's a hell of a game!"

"No, of course not. Pat understands about people—that's all."

Randy said nothing. He was trying to think. He realized it was terribly important. But he seemed to be looking on at something. It couldn't be happening to him. But it was. He looked at Nat in her smart

(Continued on Page 81)

Light it then let your pup be furnace man

MANY a seller of automatic heating equipment will point with pride to the service organization he maintains so that he can promise you that the device he is recommending will be kept in operation. Keep firmly in mind, however, that what you want is *performance*—not servicing. The less servicing you will require, the better will you be satisfied.

Before buying any automatic heating plant for any kind of fuel, investigate Bryant Gas Heating. Get the testimony of Bryant owners. Find out directly from them how unimportant "service" really is if the equipment is right in the beginning. Let him explain a Bryant's utter noiselessness, absolute cleanliness, its inability to mar a radio program. Let owners tell you of ten, twelve and fifteen winters of operation without a single repair. And remember—Bryant Gas Heating has behind it a TWENTY-YEAR record of satisfaction to its owners—a guarantee far more significant than the most sweeping of written or printed promises. For the complete details of this heating equipment which you can light and forget, just 'phone your local Bryant office or write to us at Cleveland.

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No space needed for fuel or refuse storage. No tools. No manual or mechanical labor. A single match your winter's kindling. Furnace tending by the calendar—not by the clock. Absolutely even warmth at the temperature you select for day and night. No soot. No smell. No vapors. No noise. No moving parts to wear out, become noisy or require frequent servicing. No delicate adjustments. No radio interference. Lightens housework; postpones redecorating and reupholstering by years. The boiler is a handsome piece of metal furniture which will harmonize unobtrusively with its surroundings in a basement recreation or play room, billiard room or movie studio.

"America's finest medium-priced automobile," say thousands of Oakland owners

HAVE you ever owned an automobile so completely in accord with your conception of a truly fine car that every moment spent at its wheel was a joy . . . a car so thoroughly delightful to drive, so utterly dependable in any situation, that it seemed to be a living thing devoted to serving you? Unfortunately, that is not a common experience. Yet it is one which owners of the Oakland All-American Six are enjoying today. It is this experience which has caused thousands of these enthusiastic owners to call the Oakland *"America's finest medium-priced automobile."*

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The Cabriolet • Body by Fisher

OAKLAND
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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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little suit. He looked at her poor pale little face. And suddenly light broke. He could almost have cried.

"It's the show they put on for us!" he cried. "All this tripe—parties and clothes and presents! Never giving you time to think! It's nearly got me licked! No wonder it licked you!"

"It licked me, all right," sobbed Natalie. "I—I knew you'd understand."

"I understand, but can I put it over?" said Randy to himself. He put out his arm in the dark, but drew it back. "Sure, I understand," he said aloud.

"And you—you'll let me go—you won't try to stop me? I—I'll get a divorce. You can be free." Randy thought faster than he ever thought before.

"I'll let you go," he said matter-of-factly, "if you play the game my way. If you don't, there won't be any game. And if there's any divorce, I'll get it. Desertion. Even feeling the way you do, you can see you're putting me in well, in sort of a suckerish light, can't you?"

"No—yes—I mean I don't mean to. I just can't seem to think."

"All right. I'll do the thinking for both of us. Nobody knows us at Silver Sands, do they?"

"N-no."

"That's the reason we picked it for for a honeymoon, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," said Natalie.

"All right. When we get there, I'll drop off, and you drive to the hotel. The luggage is there. They don't know we've just been married. You take the rooms, tell 'em I've been delayed, and then you forget everything and have a good rest. Sleep for a week if you want to."

"And—and where will you be?"

"Never mind where I'll be. Maybe I need a good rest too. Oh, I won't go home. Nobody'll know a thing. Maybe I'll go to Reno and start the divorce."

"Oh," said Natalie faintly. "And then, what?"

"Then I'll wire you that I can't get away. You pack up and go home, or anywhere you want to. If you have to come to Reno, I'll let you know."

"But," cried Natalie—"but ——"

"Sorry, Nat," he told her firmly, "but you'll have to play it my way or not at all. We're almost there. Can you pull yourself together long enough to get to the hotel and do the explaining?"

"Driving the car will brace me up. It always does. I'm not so sunk as that, anyway. What do you think I am?"

"I'm not sure," said Randy, "but I think I've got just about a Chinaman's chance to find out." He stopped the car a second time. "You'll have to have money." He stretched a hand toward his pocket. Natalie's waning vitality flared for a second:

"I won't have it—not ——"

"Don't be an idiot," he said roughly. "You can't stay in the hotel without money."

"I've got it—money," said Natalie wanly. "Pat gave me five hundred last night. Bills—not a check. Oh, please, Randy!"

"All right," said Randy shortly. "Here's the village. Here's also where I leave you. Slide over and take the wheel."

He opened the door and got out. Natalie slid into his place and began to cry. Randy leaned into the car eagerly.

"Changed your mind?" he asked softly, his face brushing hers. She shrank back and looked at him miserably.

"I—I can't change it—I can't!" she sniffed, and reached for her handkerchief.

"Sure you can't," he agreed cheerfully. "I didn't really think you had. Well, good-by, good luck. We might meet at Reno." He turned away.

"R-Randy!" But Randy was already a faint shade down the elm-vaulted street. She watched him as far as she could. She wondered, as she might have about somebody else, if she had lost her mind as well as her husband. This was her wedding night. Randy was gone. She had sent him away. Her heart ought, she knew, to be broken. Instead, it felt only numb and rather empty. Her head was heavy and her eyes blurred. If she could sleep—sleep But there was something to do first. The hotel. She summoned a last spurt of energy and started the engine.

Randy, watching from deep tree shadows across the way, saw her finally drive up to the hotel entrance. He saw a porter run out, and Natalie follow him into the lobby. He had a pang, as he looked at his new car, shining bravely under one of the far-spaced village lights. Well, he must take a chance on that, like the rest. He turned and went on down the street. He walked steadily, without much idea where he was going. He formed plans and discarded them. Suddenly he stopped and laughed. He realized then that he was hungry and tired, and grew conscious for the first time of his dressing bag, which all this time he had carried.

Lights pricked the dense shadows of tall old trees on his right. He went up a patchwork walk, with dancing silhouettes of leaves on its flat stones, and so across a veranda into the lobby of a little inn, whose proprietor was shutting shop for the night, it being the unseasonable hour of ten. Randy took a pen and wrote firmly, "Carter Randolph," which was part, but not all, of the truth.

Natalie slept. When she opened her eyes and sat up, she looked around her, still in a dream. The bedroom was unknown. Three windows looked straight into the friendly green arms of trees, from whose branches came the tweets and twitterings of birds. Plainly she was not at home! She got up and walked to a window. She felt a vast emptiness. Food. But the thought of food, though welcome, did not satisfy her. Randy! They were going to be married. They were married! What had become of him? The question answered itself in a sudden rush, and she sat limply on the floor. Randy had gone! Worse, Randy, as a husband, had never been! She got up and stood in the middle of the room and thought.

Except a slight weakness from not eating, she felt keen and taut, as in that dim age before the business of getting married began. Her eyes were bright and her head was clear, and the world was empty of everything but loneliness. Randy had gone. What could she do? Obviously, nothing, until she had a bath and dressed. She went through the motions mechanically, thinking, thinking. She must have food, she supposed. She picked up the telephone, and set it down, wondering suddenly what meal to order. She picked up her watch. Half-past one. She went back to the telephone and sent for luncheon. As she ate, she went on thinking. All she wanted was to find Randy. She began to piece together the nightmare. To try to remember what he had said. All that stood out was Reno. Randy would get a divorce. She had deserted him. Where was Reno? Was it large or small, city or village. Too large for an address—just Reno. There was no way to find out if he was there, except to go and see. That was it. She sent for time-tables and began to pack. Then she remembered the car—Randy's new car. The kind he had wanted for ages. The kind he was crazy about. She could never leave it for careless hands. She must drive it to Reno to find Randy. It was nothing. Lots of people drove from coast to coast. When he knew about it, he'd come back to her. If the divorce was started, somebody would have to stop it.

But by the time she had planned all this, night was back again, and there was nothing to do but wait until morning. She went downstairs and had dinner in the quaint old dining room. She didn't want them to think there was anything queer about her. Although they probably did anyway—staying all alone, and sleeping like that. Well, let them think. She didn't care. She didn't care about anything, if she could get

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"And I gotta have 'em WATERPROOF!"

". . . that's why I want these old shoes rebuilt with Dri-Guard! All the fellas have Dri-Guard soles and their feet never get wet, and they never have to wear rubbers and . . ."

"Don't you think you ought to have new shoes to wear to school Jack?

"No, Mom! wait'll you see these old ones *rebuilt!* They look like new when they rebuild them with Dri-Guard! Listen! Butch had his old play shoes rebuilt with Dri-Guard and they looked so good he wore 'em to Sally Jane's party . . . and just to show us, he stuck his feet in the fish pond and they didn't even get a teeny bit wet! Butch says they're like goin' barefoot, 'cause they're so comfortable and 'cause they let air get in, but they don't let the water in! He says they never *will* wear out!

And, Mom! Listen! Just think how nice Daddy's shoes looked this morning!"

"Why, Jack, weren't those *new* shoes Daddy had on?"

"Naw" They were his *old* ones! Daddy had 'em rebuilt with Dri-Guard. See, I told you they looked like new!"

"Well, they certainly did, and you may have your old shoes rebuilt with Dri-Guard right away, because you wear shoes out dreadfully fast and you're forever getting your feet wet!"

"Atta girl, Mom! You're a peach. Anyhow, what's the use of spendin' a lotta money for new shoes on just a kid like me!"

Don't discard those comfortable old shoes. Take them to your neighborhood repairman today. Order Dri-Guard Waterproof Leather Soles and insist on seeing the Dri-Guard trade mark on both soles.

THE HAFFNER BROTHERS CO.
Tanners Since 1837
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WATER PROOF DRI-GUARD LEATHER SOLES

Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Socks
IN THE REALM OF
MODERN ACHIEVEMENT

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Randy back. She went out and wandered in the wide old streets for an hour, making plans. Then she came in and went back to bed. She would be up by daybreak, get out their road maps, and make an early start. She had a dim idea it was a fairly long trip. She opened her eyes at a slanting sun, jumped up, and seized her watch. Ten o'clock! Would she ever get enough sleep? Now it would be noon before she left. Well, she must make the best of it.

She drew a negligee around her and looked mechanically from the window. A man and a girl stood talking at the end of the walk directly in front of the hotel. Their backs were toward her, but as she looked the man swung round. She threw both hands over her heart. The man was Randy. The girl—what difference did it make who the girl was? They seemed to be saying good-by. Already Randy was taking a tentative step toward the street. Natalie snatched at her stockings and thrust her feet into her pumps. She slid into a garment or two and pulled a hat low over her head. The entire operation took three minutes. Her face glistened from a night of cold cream, and was guiltless of make-up. Her hair slithered raggedly from under her hat. She looked like nobody's bride. She rushed out into the hall. There was no time for the elevator. She ran wildly down the stairs, through the lobby, and out onto the porch, down the steps, to the street, with Randy just at the pavement. The girl turned at the sight of his face. It was Marianne, his married sister.

"I was just asking for you," she said casually. She looked curiously at Natalie's gleaming face. "New make-up, isn't it? . . . I told Randy I was sorry to run you to earth, but it serves you right for not telling anybody where you were going on your honeymoon. Bert and I are just motoring through, anyway."

Natalie clasped Randy by the arm. She held him as if she would never let him go, which was how she felt. She answered Marianne absently, with her eyes fastened on his face.

"That's all right," she said politely. "Stay as long as you like. You can have the place. We're through with it. In fact, we're getting out right after luncheon, aren't we, Randy?"

He took a long look into her eyes.

"You bet," he said briefly. Right there in front of the hotel he put his arms around her.

HOMBRE DE AMOR

(Continued from Page 7

He shrugged. "Death," he explained regretfully, "waits no man's pleasure, even that of the *señora Inglesa*. I am engaged upon a burial vault for the rich grandmother of the postmaster, who is about to visit God and wishes to see, before dying, the fine tomb where she is to await Purgatory. The *señora*," he added raptly, "has given me my design! I shall carve an angel over the door of the tomb with the profile of the *señora*, which is more elegant than is usually to be found among angels."

"How do you know," she murmured, flattered anew, although not unaccustomed to supplying artistic inspiration, "that my profile is more elegant than is usually to be found among angels?"

"Because I have seen, me, I have traveled much!"

"In heaven?" inquired the amused lady, having always understood that locale to be the peculiar habitat of angels.

"There, no; but in Sevilla, Madrid, Paris," he replied, as if the terms were practically synonymous. "And nowhere in the holy pictures have I seen a face, of the Madonna or even of the Magdalena, so truly *lozana* as that of the *señora*. Eh, *claro*, had I but the picture of such beauty," he declared fervently, "I should say my prayers to it!"

She laughed outright. "'*Claro*,' as you say, I shall have to give you my photograph, Mañolito, if only to encourage you to say your prayers; which I hear you are somewhat inclined to neglect."

His face clouded a little. "That Junaina has been talking!"

"Yes, that Junaina has been talking. . . . And how long will it be before you come to make my well curb?"

"Who knows?" he sighed. "Tomorrow, next day, perhaps next week. To carve such an angel as I shall carve takes time, and the postmaster pays by the hour. But"—his face brightened—"if the *señora* wishes, I can come even tonight to commence the lessons on the guitar?"

Once at a village window sill she had happened upon the versatile stonemason thrumming his picturesque instrument with a skill—that odd untaught skill he seemed to bring to many accomplishments—which prompted Lady Jocelyn to engage him on impulse for future lessons. Now, however, she hesitated, rather puzzled; why should he imagine lessons on the guitar to be a satisfactory substitute for a well curb? Did the conceited fellow fancy it was his company she desired? She flushed again; they showed at times, these simple natives, a curious shrewdness of intuition.

She had been sleeping lately at the studio because of a distaste which came upon her occasionally for too much society, as a distaste for food comes upon those who habitually dine rather richly. She gave enough of herself to her protégés by day—sketching with one, posing for another, reading poetry with a third. They were usually rather anæmic, soul-hungry young men with Adam's apples, who required a good deal of feminine encouragement. It was notable that the offspring Lady Jocelyn bore to art were never daughters.

An idea occurred to her. "You might bring your guitar to the upper house, Mañolito," she said, "so that my friends may hear you play. Perhaps they will wish to sketch you too. I shall pay you, of course, as for a lesson."

He shook his head. "*No quiero!*" he said, and jogged his burro into action. "I am no musician, but a stonemason!"

She saw that she had somehow offended him; perhaps by the offer to pay for his music—did one pay birds to sing?—and so called after him indulgently: "Very well, then, come here instead, Mañolito. Only come rather late, as I shall not be down till after dinner."

He grinned at her, quite mollified, and passed on, his song bubbling out again irrepressibly. It came back to her from different levels of the road as he disappeared, faint and fainter; an odd banshee music, more faëry than human—"horns of Elfland faintly blowing," thought Lady Jocelyn, who did a good deal of her thinking in quotation marks. She stretched graceful arms and looked into a mirror and felt less bored. She had seen in the stonemason's eyes that she gave him pleasure. It is always pleasant to give pleasure.

Junaina, bringing up her breakfast tray, forgot as usual the tea strainer, but got a kiss for it instead of a scolding. She was so freshly pretty, and clean as all Mallorcans are clean; their spotless little stone *casas* so thick with many coats of whitewash that stairs and shelves look as if carved from solid whitewash. Junaina herself was greatly addicted to the whitewash brush, was to be seen wielding it whenever not otherwise engaged. Her floors and doorstones glistened with attention; the very tiles on the roof came in for weekly scrubbing, in order that the precious rain water be not defiled on its way to the cistern. They take their houses very seriously on Majorca, where a man is poor indeed who does not own the roof over his head. "Houses remain," the peasants say, "when we others are long gone."

Junaina showed such meticulous pride in the minute establishment she tended that once her mistress, in a moment of amiable expansion, had said laughingly, "I shall have to give you this little house some day, when I am ready to leave Majorca!"

She was unprepared for the effect of her pleasantry. Junaina, eyes widening till they looked like rising suns, had fallen upon her knees, crying out: "*Madonna mia!* You will give me a house, for myself, my very own? May all the saints take my *señora* in their keeping!" and caught the hem of her benefactress to her lips; evidently taking the promise quite in earnest. Thereafter her care of the place and of Lady Jocelyn became quite passionately proprietary. . . . Kind words cost little, was one of the latter's maxims, in comparison with their results.

Mañolito, also, looked very clean, despite the usual slight evidences of beard which filled Dawson with natural distrust of all Spaniards. "In my opinion, your leddyship," she had remarked darkly, more than once, "such 'airy sort of persons will bear watching!"

Mañolito's one upper garment clung damply to his body; his head was wet and sleek from a morning dip in the cove below. Lady Jocelyn knew about that daily dip, as about many things, from Junaina. Once, indeed, she had watched him at it through an opera glass, thrilling with a purely æsthetic appreciation of the magnificent proportions of the stonemason's body. If only she dared ask him to pose for her like that! But she did not, though she was a woman who dared much. They had an odd, invincible modesty, these Spanish peasantry; once she had nearly lost Junaina, devoted as the girl was, by wishing to paint her in the altogether.

Junaina did not respond now to the kindness of her mistress with her usual kittenlike appreciation of caresses; she appeared that morning a trifle sullen.

"The *señora* requires me, then, to return tonight?" she asked, having obviously overheard her lady's colloquy with the stonemason. She had been promised the day and evening out with her family.

"Certainly not," said the lady in surprise. "Do I ever expect you to return at night? I am dining up at the other house."

"But if Mañolito comes with his guitar ——"

"What of that, Junaina?"

"It is not suitable that my *señora* receive Mañolito alone," said the girl with finality.

Lady Jocelyn's brows knit a little. Another woman, she thought, would be really vexed with such impertinence; but she had brought it on herself, perhaps, by overindulgence. She knew, too, the rigid proprieties of Junaina's class on Majorca; the girl's father, after a hard day's work at road mending, invariably came to escort her home in the evening, not because the road would be at all unsafe for her alone but because it would be improper. So she merely patted her handmaiden's cheek reassuringly. English ladies, she explained, were quite accustomed to receiving alone. "Besides, it is not as if it were a *señor* coming, child; it is only the stonemason."

Junaina muttered stubbornly: "*Señor* or not, he is a man! There will be talk in the village."

Her mistress smiled. "There is always talk in a village."

But the girl persisted. "And Mañolito is not as ordinary men. He is—dangerous, *señora!* He is an *hombre de amor*."

The phrase interested Lady Jocelyn, who repeated it. "A 'man of love'—what do you mean, Junaina? A bad man, a *malo?*"

The girl shook her head hesitantly. "Eh, no, not a *malo;* it would be un-Christian to call him a *malo!* He has no doubt a

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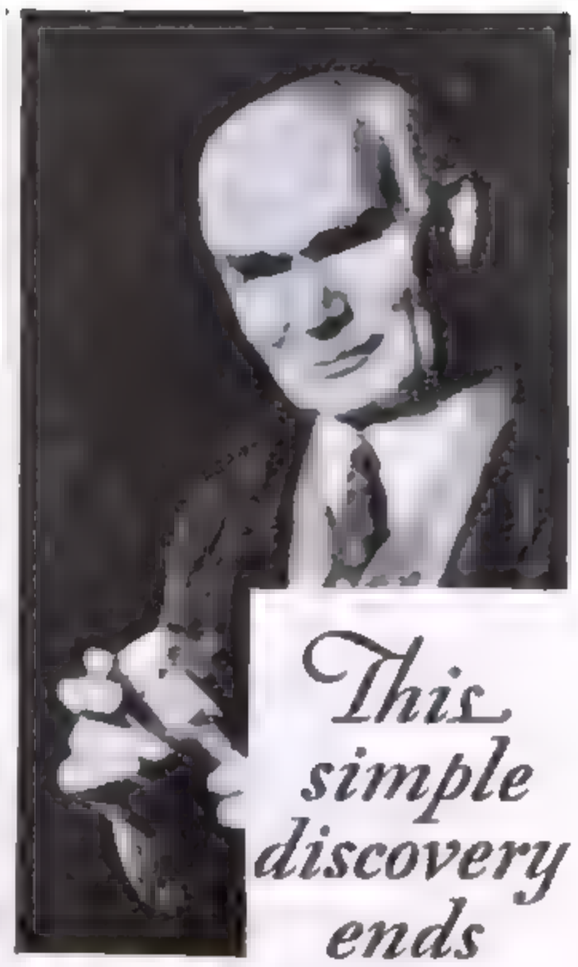

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AAAA								×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	
AAA						×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	
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A				×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×
B	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	
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EEE					×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		×	×	×

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(Continued from Page 83)

good heart—but too much of it, if the *señora* comprehends."

"He is not married?"

"He? Ah, no, what girl would marry an *hombre de amor?*" Junaina tossed her head in scorn. "If you marry a man, it is to have a home, no? And what sort of home would Mañolito provide? A hollow tree; perhaps, a hole in the rocks! And no one woman could keep Mañolito for herself, even there. Besides, there is a bad shadow on those he loves, *señora*," she added earnestly. "They have no luck! First, it was his little *noria* when they were children—my uncle's daughter she was, and too young to marry, the priest said, having each but fifteen years; so they must wait. But while Mañolito was away with the fishing boats, her baby came, too soon, and she died of it, the *pobrecita!* Then there was a widow who had taken him into her home because she had no son, and to whom he was as a son—a very good one, too, since she promised to leave him all her property But she did not love him as a son—ah, no, that soon saw itself! And so he enlisted for a soldier, and did not return until she had gone away, leaving her house standing empty—a good little house," said Junaina with evident regret, "which Mañolito might well have inherited!"

"That affair," suggested Lady Jocelyn thoughtfully, "was perhaps not quite Mañolito's fault."

"It is always a young man's fault," replied the girl with some asperity, "if he puts himself in the way of a widow woman without children! . . . Then there was the daughter of the wine grower on the hill, so proud and beautiful that no man here was good enough for her, and she entered religion. But on the day she was to make her final profession, she saw Mañolito, just returned from being a soldier, staring in at her through a window of the church, all eyes, as at some holy vision; and she felt scruples to go on with her vows, so that they had to take her away to the convent at Palma, where she could no longer watch for him passing in the road, nor listen for the sound of his singing. They say she has lost her beauty now, from weeping; which is just as well, for what need has a cloistered nun of beauty?"

"Dear me!" murmured Lady Jocelyn, rather intrigued by the stonemason's prowess. "The fellow's quite a Don Juan, isn't he?"

"No, *señora*, he is not a don; only, perhaps, the son of a don," explained Junaina; and added, relenting somewhat: "So it may be that Mañolito cannot help himself."

The other understood that the title of *hombre de amor* was no doubt hereditary.

"Nevertheless," she remarked, smiling indulgently, "I think that I shall hardly require protection from this dangerous person, Junaina. You may go as soon as your work is done."

As if, she thought, her amusement tinctured with some annoyance, she, Millicent Jocelyn, were not a match for any philandering rustic!

Her thoughts dwelt upon him with a certain speculative sympathy during dinner; not to be deflected by the assiduous attentions of a pair of protégés who were spending an uneasy if profitable season at her expense. She never had her young men one at a time, but by twos and threes, out of a nice regard for the proprieties. One of these was in love with her; the other intended to be, since he was a youth of some ambition. Each hoped to be her escort later down to the studio house, for an intimate pre-bedtime hour in the depths of the *bomba*, discussing Life, while the fragrant crackle of olive twigs illuminated discreetly a face that was still one of the most photographed in England. There was always a good deal of jealousy current among devotees of Lady Jocelyn, who divided her favors quite impartially. If one, for example, greatly daring, permitted himself a kiss in the palm of the hand, the other was presently allowed to tie her shoe lace; which meant, if he looked sharp about it, the opportunity to implant a more or less impassioned salute upon a silken instep. Lady Jocelyn had charming feet, and was rather fond of having them so saluted; it made one feel exotic, as if living in a Russian novel.

Tonight, however, she declined quite finally the escort of either, and departed early, with her lantern; leaving the two dismayed, eying each other questioningly, mutual animosities forgotten in a mutual anxiety—was she beginning another protégé?

Mañolito was already in possession of the studio house when she arrived; it is bad manners to lock house doors on Majorca. He did not interrupt the verse he was singing on her arrival, though she saw his eyes widen with appreciation; she always dressed for evening in full *décolletage*, no matter how artistically primitive her environment, feeling that dinner is one hour of the day which should be forever England.

But he was not alone. Junaina, seeing her duty plain before her, had returned, reenforced by her father, the road mender; and the three were seated in the kitchen *bomba*, the girl's indefatigable hands busy at lace making, the road mender with his hat on—for was he not a man, and Mallorcan?—smoking a peculiarly vicious pipe. For herself a chair had been arranged in the *entrada* beyond, since it would be unseemly for a *señora* to sit in the company of her servitors. From time to time Mañolito brought the guitar in to her, to instruct her in its manipulation, scrupulously careful never to touch her fingers with his own during the process. Lady Jocelyn was a little disappointed in her evening; but there would, she thought, be other evenings.

There were several; each chaperoned by Junaina and her father. Lady Jocelyn came shortly to disregard the presence of these self-appointed guardians much as she was in the habit of ignoring Dame Grundy herself, once having ensconced that exigeant person at her fireside. Mañolito also ignored the others' presence, so that in the intervals of his music there occurred long silences in the kitchen; it is only civilized persons who fear silences.

The guitar lessons had been early abandoned in favor of that curious type of singing, new to Lady Jocelyn, known as *cante jondo*, or deep song; Oriental as an Arab flute, ancient as Romany or perhaps India The verses, or *coplas*, sung in Castilian which she understood, seemed quite as important as the music, oddly subtle of meaning and frequently poetic; not at all the makeshift banalities of popular Anglo-Saxon balladry, with their eternal ringing of changes on "love" and "dove" and "blew" and "trew" and "yew." They, too, were traditional, it appeared—"words heard in olden time, by fires long since burnt out, beneath the flame-gilt branches of forests which have sailed away as ships."

Moor, gypsy, ancient Phœnician—she wondered sometimes what manner of Oriental this might be who sat in her kitchen chimney as if half asleep, his somber eyes, with that spark of topaz fire in them which painters never get, smoldering on her until she felt the strange throbbing of his voice in her own throat, and could not look away from him, and did not try. What if she chose to let herself go a little, there with nobody to see—nobody, at least, who mattered? She could drop the fellow when she tired of it. After all this was Art, primitive though the art might be; and was not the purpose of all art, she thought vaguely, clinging to the familiar hold of a maxim, to make one let oneself go?

She decided to add *coplas* to her collection of things native. But *coplas*, it appeared, were not things to be learned; one simply knew them, Mañolito explained; or if one did not know a *copla* to suit his purpose, one invented it.

"Both words and music?" she asked, with some interest.

But naturally; what was one without the other? "Myself, I invent very good *coplas*," he added modestly. "Once, over there"—he nodded toward the mainland—"I was offered much money to stay for a year, making *coplas* at a theater."

"And did you stay?"

He shrugged. "Ah, *señora*, why should a man wish to stay away from his island for a whole year? Besides, I am no *cantador*, me! I am a stonemason," he said proudly; dismissing the artistic professions as somewhat beneath manly consideration. It was a point of view not entirely uncivilized.

"And yet," said Lady Jocelyn, "you have gone away from your island rather often, I hear?"

He nodded, gloomily. "*Verdad*, it is true! Too often. Because of women," he explained simply.

She recalled them very well—the child who had died of the shame he put upon her; the widow who had not regarded herself quite as his mother; the girl in the convent who had lost her beauty from weeping.

"And 'over there,' Mañolito," she asked curiously, "there were not women?"

He sighed, with an air of resignation. *Ay de Dios*, yes! Were there not always women? A man was never safe from them. "Except in marriage," he added, with a certain emphasis.

"Not always then, perhaps," murmured the lady.

"But I," he said, leaning forward, his voice rising in sudden earnestness till it could be heard in the kitchen beyond, "I should be safe! *Madonna mia*, do you think that if I had myself a fine little house, such as this, and a wife to sit always in it, and a new *niño* each year in the cradle, and a goat on the pastures, and perhaps a fat hog penned beside the door—do you think I would care if the world were made of beautiful women? Eh, *Dios*, not Mañolito! Me, I should snap my fingers at them!" and he did so with a dramatic exaggeration of indifference which brought from the kitchen two quite audible sniffs. Obviously Junaina and her father remained unimpressed; there seemed little love lost between the stonemason and the road mender's family.

Lady Jocelyn, again with that queer little thrill along the spine which she supposed might be called a "kick," wondered whether the fellow could possibly be daring to hint at marriage with herself. It seemed fantastic; but she knew the odd, innocent democracy of these peasants, who recognized a difference between themselves and the *señor* class, yet seemed to regard it as unimportant. Theirs was a world apart, an archaic civilization independent of and quite indifferent to the customs of "over there." Many of the peasant folk, as often happens among hard-working and simple-living peoples, had become wealthier than the nobles whose property they tended; and, having a passion for the land, were even buying in old seigniorial estates as they came upon the market; which meant that soon or late the children of the two classes would be intermarrying. She remembered, also, Junaina's hint that Mañolito was not a don but the son of a don, and so could not help himself. Some accident of birth was evident in many ways—the proud lift of the head, the fineness of feet and hands with their sensitive, spatulate artist's fingers, his odd untaught flair for beauty. Doubtless some pretty peasant girl had caught the fancy of a passing gentleman—one of those painters, perhaps, who always find their way to forgotten islands; and Mañolito appeared to have inherited other tastes than an instinct for sculpture and song.

"I suppose," thought Lady Jocelyn regretfully, "that I shall have rid myself of the poor fellow before long!" But not yet—not quite yet. Meanwhile, she was always careful to pay him his *duro* for the evening, which kept things upon a proper basis; like tipping a *gigolo* for dancing with one. It somewhat chagrined her that Mañolito accepted the money without demur; once even asked for more, since he had outstayed his hour.

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his singing was quite religious in tone—*saetas*, or "arrows of song," addressed heavenward, rather on the order of negro spirituals.

"There is a rose," he would warble, tenderly as if it were a serenade, "which blooms at the gate of heaven; it is the Doña Maria, the most fair!" Or, to a brisk dance rhythm: *Muchas quieren San Francisco*—who is a very popular ascetic at Spanish festivals.

But presently he gave over celebrating his religious preferences in favor of more secular sentiments, to which Lady Jocelyn listened with growing interest; also with growing self-consciousness, rather regretting the presence of other ears, for as he felt out his audience the tenor of Mañolito's *coplas* grew bolder. There was a night when he sang, fixing her with his curiously intent and yet absent gaze.

"You ask me why I always weep?
I cry until my eyes run dry,
Because I sow, but cannot reap."

And finished after an interlude of guitar accompaniment:

"I love—and no one knows
I love so well.
The deepest loves are those
One cannot tell."

This began to be a little too personal for comfort; but Lady Jocelyn's embarrassment received an interruption. *"Na, na,"* expostulated a gruff voice from the *bomba*. "You have changed the *estilo* there to suit yourself, man! It is wicked to change what has come unchanged from father to son! The *toná*, yes; but the *estilo*, never! Listen how it goes"—and the road mender, clearing his throat, began to tap an intricate rhythm with his pipestem upon the rung of a chair.

But before he could sing himself, Junaïna broke in surprisingly with a clear little scornful verse of her own, in time to the tapping rhythm:

"There's a saying in my town,
Those who love us make us weep.
If the saying's true
Your love is deep."

"Ole! Ole!" approved the road mender heartily. "There you have it!"

It was the beginning of an odd sort of song duel between the two, of which Lady Jocelyn was the astonished audience; she had not suspected her handmaiden of such accomplishments. Mañolito, executing another tempo upon the guitar, hummed negligently:

"Every man's a devil,
So the women say;
And expect the devil
To carry them away!"

To which insinuation Junaïna instantly retorted, in the same tempo:

"Come to me at night
When no moon's in sight—
For a face like yours
Loses in the light."

Subterranean chucklings from the *bomba* indicated that the road mender was amused.

Mañolito, ignoring the interruption, fixed his gaze upon Lady Jocelyn and manipulated his guitar. Then, changing tempo and manner entirely, he sang:

"As the moth
I yearn to the flame,
And in the fire of your eyes
Seek my death.
It is a great thing
That in the fire of your eyes
One dies gladly."

His antagonist was ready for him, stick tapping out her chosen rhythm:

"When you kiss me tenderly
You dismay me,
For your kisses promise me
You will soon betray me."

This time Mañolito forgot to ignore the girl, and turned upon her, thrumming his strings sarcastically in the manner of one serenading at a *reja:*

"Heaven is in your eyes, my love,
Paradise within your smile,
A garden in your rosy face,
And in your breast—a crocodile."

The stick ceased to tap. "That finishes her!" thought Lady Jocelyn with some satisfaction; not altogether pleased by her volunteer guardian's spirited efforts in her behalf. The air seemed charged with undercurrents, and Lady Jocelyn disliked undercurrents; they made things uncomfortable.

But Junaïna was not yet finished. After a little pause, and without the staccato accompaniment of the stick, she had her final word; singing quietly and with deep significance one of those strange *malagueñas* which are said in Spain to be wept rather than sung:

"From the cart that bears the dead,
Passing close to me,
One raised a hand from out the bier—
I saw that it was she."

Lady Jocelyn started, reminded most unpleasantly of the girl who had died because of Mañolito. Had Junaïna meant so to remind them? Glancing at the stonecutter, she saw that his eyes were full of tears, like a child's.

With the tact of long social experience, she hastily changed the *copla* recital into a dancing lesson. Lady Jocelyn was rather good at native dancing and ambitious to perfect herself. So, while Mañolito obligingly became an orchestra, Junaïna instructed her mistress in certain intricacies of the bolero, which has not yet been abandoned on the islands in favor of the "charles-tone" and the "fox-trot" so popular elsewhere in Spain. At intervals the road mender, who proved surprisingly nimble of foot, rose to supplement his daughter's instructions. Lady Jocelyn could not but wonder what fashionable London, and particularly the late Sir Lionel, would think to see her sharing the pleasures of the dance with her little maidservant and a laborer somewhat redolent of garlic and the day's toil. Truly, these far Hesperides had a climate of their own, an atmosphere of other-whereness which made strange things possible!

Even stranger things proved possible. Mañolito, having observed her skill at the dance, arrived on his burro one morning, dressed—although it was a week day—in the Sunday suit of purplish cloth beloved of Spaniards, with hat to match, and bright red leather shoes, and an orange handkerchief around his neck in place of collar; and invited Lady Jocelyn to go with him to a fiesta.

The festival was in honor of a certain popular Madonna of the Coco across the island, where there would be, he said, a good bolero. "But none of those big-footed girls of Lloseta dance well enough to be my partner," he explained, as if the explanation were all-sufficing.

"And you are asking me—*me*," said Lady Jocelyn, rather startled, "to accompany you in that capacity? On donkey back, perhaps?"

"No, *señora!* In your new automobile, which I shall drive," replied Mañolito hopefully; it happened to be the finest car on an island which is the place where all good motors go to when they die. "Ah, do not fear, *señora!* You will dance a very good bolero, with me to guide you," he reassured her, seeing the shock of surprise in her face. "And if you do not wish to come with me alone, no doubt the girl Junaïna could accompany you; she who follows you about everywhere like your tame watchdog!" Mañolito had evidently not forgiven his enemy her prowess in the late song duel.

A temptation came to Millicent Jocelyn; foolish, a little mad perhaps, yet why not for once in life be foolish and a little mad? No English went to the fiestas here; they were not sufficiently interesting—a dusty field full of cheap-john booths for the sale of ginger nuts, and penny whistles, and glass jewelry displayed like fancy grapes in sawdust; a Flying Dutchman where servant girls and farm lads pranced about naïvely on careering pigs and giraffes, looking rather seasick; an endless parade of peasantry marching up and down, up and down, girls on one side, young men on the other, staring and giggling—that was all. But a day of fiesta with Mañolito?—it offered possibilities.

"Very well," she said suddenly, "I will go!"—and noted his expression, gratified, but not at all surprised. Wishing to gratify him further, she added, "And it will not be necessary to take my 'tame watchdog,' Junaïna. She will be glad of the opportunity to spend a day with her family."

He hesitated. "The *señora* comprehends that it may be late when we come away from the fiesta—quite late in the night, and dark?"

"Even so!" she smiled, rather touched by this unexpected regard for the proprieties. "I think that I can trust you to protect me from the dangers of the road, even at night; can I not?"

"*Si, señora!*" He thrust out his chest magnificently. "Where Mañolito is, there are not dangers!"

They went together to the fair, Millicent resisting the temptation to wear a *rebosilla*, but hatless and as inconspicuous as possible in just such a simple dress as any peasant girl might wear to a fiesta. Nevertheless, when she essayed a prancing giraffe, with Mañolito gravely mounted upon a zebra beside her, or when she entered the dusty circle made by those who stood to watch the dancing, people stopped in their tracks to gaze and whisper; and she and her partner were soon dancing alone. Mañolito posed and strutted happily; for was he not a man, and Mallorcan, making the fiesta in company of an *extranjera?* And in the bolero he cut so elegant a leg, and circled around her with an effect so similar to that of a turkey cock trailing his wing before a favored hen, that Lady Jocelyn found herself quite self-conscious. However, accustomed enough to being stared at by admiring eyes, she smiled kindly at her humble audience and was gracious to it; fortunately unable to understand remarks which passed in the Mallorcan dialect. For island widow women, going a little gray at the temples, are not often seen abroad in the company of young men, much less publicly dancing with them. People politely pelted her, however, with sweetmeats when she finished her bolero, even with pennies; for, respectable or not, she was a guest, and so must be made to feel at home.

She had planned a little *fête champêtre* with Mañolito, out of a picnic basket prepared for two; but in this she had counted without her host. Mañolito knew his manners; he accepted what his *señora* chose to offer and retired with it to some distance, like a well-behaved dog who prefers to do justice to his bone in private. Lady Jocelyn picnicked in solitary state, aware of sounds in the near distance which somewhat piqued her—giggling of girls' voices, combined with the deeper tones of Mañolito; also unmistakable aural evidence of primitive male nature relishing its food. Perhaps it was just as well that her escort had chosen to eat apart.

He consented, however, to share with her a bottle of that pale straw-colored manzanilla which is to Spanish taste preëminently the wine of festival; and presently his fine manners relaxed. He began, in the interests of relaxation, to remove things—his neckerchief, his coat, his vest. Lady Jocelyn wondered with some alarm what he might be going to remove next. There was also the long drive home to face, through darkness palely silvered with an Easter moon. It was one of her tests of the true nature of her protégés—how they behaved in Balearic moonlight, to an accompaniment of nightingales. She was conscious of some inner excitement, mingled with trepidation. Fortunately, he had the car to handle.

(Continued on Page 89)

*The author wishes to give credit for some of these translations to Prof. Irving Brown, of Columbia University.

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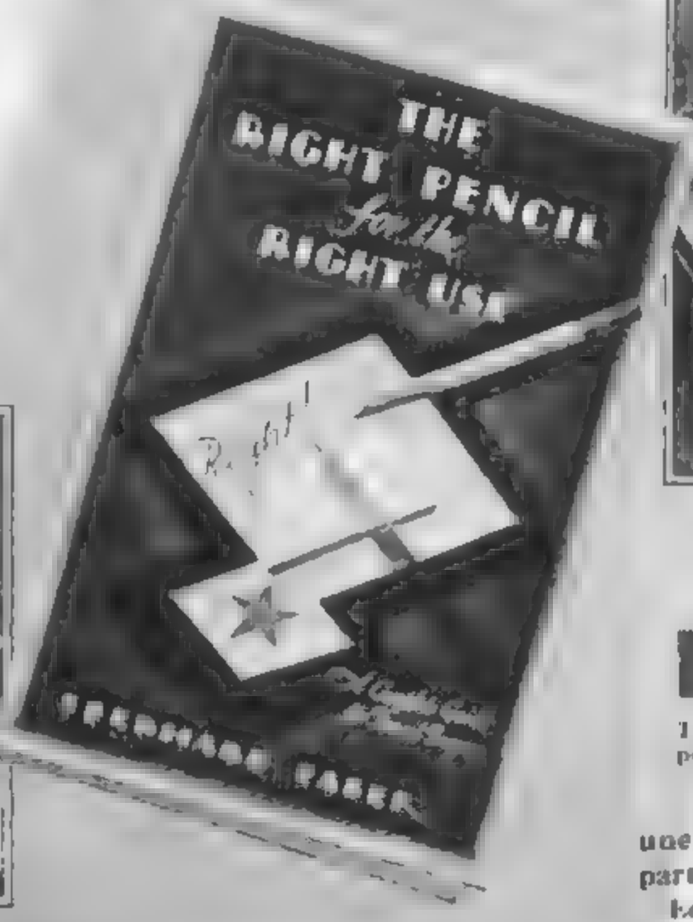

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(Continued from Page 86)

Through one of the accidents which will occur in artistic households, no matter how well regulated, the gasoline gave out amid the romantic environs of Valdemosa, sacred to the loves of Madame Sand and her moribund young Chopin. Mañolito, who had never heard of this classic scandal, remarked unromantically enough that if the *señora* would give him sufficient money, he could walk to the village of Valdemosa for more gasoline.

"And leave me here alone in the dark? I should be terrified!" protested Lady Jocelyn.

He eyed her in surprise; she had not seemed to him a woman easily terrified. What was there to fear? he asked soothingly; they had no bad people on Majorca; people who wished to be bad went elsewhere, out of consideration for the police who were their friends. However, if she preferred, they might wait until someone passed from whom they could borrow gasoline; the evening was yet young.

"Yes," thought Millicent Jocelyn, shivering a little, not with cold, "and you are young, and I—I am rather young myself tonight!"

But aloud she said, "Hush! Isn't that a nightingale commencing?"

The first liquid note rose from a jasmine thicket close at hand; mounting higher, faster, in airy rippling arabesques of sound which might have been the original of *canto jondo;* and Mañolito, listening, suddenly threw back his head and answered it in kind, his own soft-throated warbling as natural as the nightingale's, transcending need of rhythm or form or meaning. The bird paused a moment and began again, and again the man answered. Here was a song duel worthy of his mettle.

Lady Jocelyn watched fascinated the pulsing of that muscular bronzed throat, seized with an overwhelming desire to touch it, to lay for an instant her hand against it and feel the sound as it came. She did so. Mañolito turned his eyes upon her and faintly smiled, so that she saw the white glint of his teeth.

A moment later, quite without warning, he had her in his arms and was pressing his mouth down upon hers, closer and closer; not fiercely but irresistibly, as if it were the natural climax of his song. The nightingale also became silent, having a mate in the jasmine thicket.

Millicent Jocelyn had been kissed before, unaware and otherwise; but always in the capacity of innocent bystander. She had never experienced the slightest difficulty in emerging from such a situation in calm command of her faculties. Now she had, to her dismay, some difficulty in emerging from it at all. Her hands, which went out instinctively to push him from her, found themselves, instead, clutching at him; her lips which should have closed against his in a firm, impregnable line of indignant defense, played traitor. For an uncounted moment Lady Jocelyn and the young stonemason became merely man and woman, sharing together the primordial significance of April nights. Then she managed to withdraw herself.

"How dare you?" she demanded suitably, from force of habit. "How—how dare you, sir?"

He looked at her questioningly. "But," he said with obvious innocence, "was it not what the *señora* wished?"

There was no doubt about her anger, then. Voice and hands shaking with it, she berated him roundly for insolence, ingratitude, utter lack of respect. "You whom I had trusted to protect me; you—you ——"

And in the midst of her tirade, he took both shaking hands in his and patted them, as if they were the hands of an overwrought child.

"*No se moleste,*" he murmured soothingly. "Let the *señora* not so distress herself. What is a kiss? *Nada*, nothing! See, it is already forgotten! Your lips were trembling. Am I a man who can see the lips of a woman tremble, and do nothing? As for respect—*ay de Dios*, I but saluted the full flower of womanhood with such a reverence as I would have shown my sainted mother in heaven"—which was not perhaps quite accurate; nor was it probable that Mañolito's mother, judging by past performance, had attained to any high degree of sainthood.

The soft answer had its effect, however; Lady Jocelyn having failed to realize that she was being saluted filially.

"Very well, Mañolito!" she remarked, her dignity icily restored. "As you say, it is already forgotten. What better could one expect of such crass ignorance? And now, if you please, you will go and get that gasoline."

He asked solicitously, "The *señora* is no longer afraid to have me go?"

"Not half so afraid as to have you stay!" murmured Lady Jocelyn, in one of her rare moments of complete candor. But she spoke in English, which he did not understand.

Some moments later a passing automobile supplied her needs, and she drove herself home in haste to Son Torres, looking neither to right nor left. She did not sleep that night at the studio, lest Mañolito be moved by filial solicitude to come and inquire for her safety.

In fact, she did not sleep at all. Once or twice in life Millicent Jocelyn had happened accidentally upon stark reality, which no discreet euphemisms or artistic drapery of the truth could mitigate. She was face to face with it now; shuddering, quivering with the encounter. For the first time in her life she knew the meaning of the word "want." She wanted Mañolito; not as a protégé, with sentimental undercurrents; not as one of the sons she bore so gracefully to Art; but as a man, her man. Very well, then; that fact faced, the problem remained of how to have him. For Lady Jocelyn was not a person accustomed to deny herself.

For another type of woman, continentally reared, perhaps, or of more modernistic tendencies, the problem would not have existed. Here in this remote place, with its curious atmosphere of detachment, of *laissez faire*, almost anything might be managed—the protégés dismissed, the hortatory Dawson and her minions sent away on well-earned vacations; which left only natives to consider. Junaina, for example; who already suspected—what? Lady Jocelyn squirmed. There was something in the look of Junaina lately—anxious, watchfully sympathetic—which often made her employer squirm. It was as if they were no longer quite mistress and maid, but almost fellow women.

Sir Lionel, however, had been right in declaring there was no real harm in his Milly—only vanity. And vanity is a thing which cannot live without the tribute of respect. Let others scorch their wings, if they must, in the pure flame of her single passion for Beauty; the flame remained unsullied by that upon which it fed.

Nor did she care, oddly enough, to add Mañolito to the number of these burnt offerings; she wanted him as he was, not hurt or shamed or overwise—a faun, a nature creature, the very spirit of this ancient outland whose youth appeared to be preserved eternally in the crystal of its enveloping seas.

The only thing, then, was obviously to marry Mañolito. Having reached this gasping conclusion, every tradition in her cried: Impossible! Marry an ignorant peasant, of uncertain parentage, whose sole knowledge of the world had been gained in the humblest of capacities? . . . But, she answered herself, unquestionably an artist, possessor of untold possibilities. She, who had made so many lesser careers possible—was it right for her to deny Mañolito his?

Men, she knew, often did the thing she contemplated—married themselves mates out of another class, educated, refined them into suitable companions. True, as years went, Mañolito was perhaps a little young for her dignity, but Mediterranean races mature early; he had been already a man at fifteen. She winced a little at this memory, and allowed her thoughts to hurry past it.

Doubtless, she admitted with new humility, there were people who would mock at her for a fool, class her with those silly aging females who sometimes marry their paid dancing companions—*maquereaux*, as the French ironically term the complaisant young fish so caught. But Mañolito could not be mistaken for a "mackerel"; his talents precluded that! With her wealth and influence and experience she could make of so pliant and malleable a nature what she willed. The stonemason would be transmuted into a sculptor, or a composer, a musician of note. They would live on the Continent, of course, where people accept such relations more naturally than in England; she, a woman still beautiful and beloved, with her young and gifted husband, Don Manuel de—what? In Deyá where nicknames are inherited from generation to generation, like the names of houses, so that she herself was known there only as the "*señora* of Son Torres," she knew no other title for her lover than "*hombre de amor.*" But that would serve—Don Manuel de Amor, then, of an ancient Mallorcan family, since all Mallorcan families are ancient, with estates in the Balearics.

It occurred to her—itself an indication of how things were going with Millicent Jocelyn—to wonder whether her faun, her nature creature, would be entirely content, thus trimmed and clipped and remodeled to the requirements of civilization. But when they tired of civilization they might return to his beloved island—always for the month of April, when freesias are in fragrance and nightingales sing even by day, as if night were not long enough to contain their ecstasies. Here—imagination began to get away with her—their children would be born; small English *hombres de amor* and baby Millicents, growing brown-gold with the sun, and strong as their father from swimming beside him in the ardent sea.

Her hurrying thoughts paused abruptly. Never before in a career spent delicately sampling the emotions, and finding them wanting, had Lady Jocelyn sampled even abstractly the emotion of maternity. To risk her fragile loveliness and endanger her excellent health for the sake of children she might not at all enjoy when she came to know them, was no part of her scheme of life. Yet here she was, at an age when one might be supposed to have safely graduated from such disturbing possibilities, deliberately courting them in fancy.

"Ah, Mañolito, my 'man of love!'" she whispered into her pillow. "What—what is happening to me?"

In the morning, of course, wiser counsels prevailed, and she sent dignified word by Junaina to the stonemason that she would require no more lessons on the guitar. On the third day of his banishment, Mañolito arrived to make her well curb, and Lady Jocelyn went down to him.

His manner was quite as usual, respectfully admiring, but neither apologetic nor yet bold with the memory of what had occurred between them. Apparently, as he had assured her, the kiss was *nada*, a mere nothing, already forgotten in the press of events more important. Because the day was warm and the stones he was using heavy, he had removed this time not only his coat and neckerchief but his shirt also, and worked in one garment only, feet quite bare, the sweat glistening upon the swelling muscles of his torso. His hair, damp as usual from the morning swim, fitted close to his head like a cap of sleek black satin, and his dark unshaven cheeks had a bloom on them like the flush of ripe apricots. . . . Lady Jocelyn got for protection a canvas and some paints, and began to sketch him as he worked.

He had brought, quite of his own volition, a few finely toned old tiles which he intended to introduce here and there into the well head for color. It was not at all the sort of well curb Lady Jocelyn had ordered of him, but she saw at once that it was the sort of well curb she should have

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ordered. A delicious sense of submission came over her. In such things—perhaps in many things—this man whom she had regarded as her inferior could show himself her superior, her master.

At the noon hour he desisted from his labors, as she perforce from hers, and retired to the far end of the studio garden to eat. She sent out to him under the olive trees a plate of the dainty luncheon Junaina had prepared for herself. The girl protested, frowning: "The *señora* is too kind! Mañolito will have brought his *merienda*; he is not accustomed to the fare of *señors!*" Nevertheless, she went reluctantly.

Watching out of window, Lady Jocelyn saw Mañolito hastily throw his coat over the nakedness of his torso at the girl's approach, an instinctive act of delicacy which she appreciated—so might any gentleman, caught in the negligee of shirt sleeves, don his coat at the approach of a woman. But he declined the plate of luncheon, preferring his own, wrapped in newspaper: a small Greek amphora of wine, with one of the coarse peasant rolls of bread, called *panecillos*, embracing a chunk of very greasy sausage and a plentiful supply of garlic. The Englishwoman shuddered; her child of nature would need some preliminary lessons in the niceties of the table.

The meal dispatched, he turned his back upon the world and curled himself up for sleep like a comfortable dog. Siestas are long in Majorca. After an hour or so of it, Lady Jocelyn could restrain herself no longer, and went out to him. He did not hear her coming, which was the reason no doubt that he failed to don his shirt on her approach, as for Junaina's. She stood a moment gazing down at him, tempted as once before to lay the frail whiteness of her hand on those bulging sinews, to touch with newly sensitized finger tips the vigorous black hair that curled upon the dome of his chest. She resisted, though the effort left her quite weak in the knees.

"Mañolito," she said abruptly, "you were speaking the other night—as if you wished to be married."

He opened his eyes upon her in his usual candid homage of appreciation, but without rising.

"Eh, *señora*, what man does not wish for the final experience of marriage?" He sighed a little. "I have loved often, and married never! I build houses for other men, and never for myself! Marriage, however, is not for me, I think."

"Why not?" she said, still abruptly, to conceal an inner trepidation at her own daring.

He shrugged eloquently. "I look, do you see, too high, *señora;* I who am nothing and have nothing! Not even"—he sighed again—"a reputation. You have heard, perhaps, that I have no reputation?"

"It seems to me," said Lady Jocelyn with a glint of humor as desperate as it was rare, "that you have a good deal of reputation, Mañolito! Almost too much."

But he did not smile with her. "*Verdad*, it is true. That is why no woman I want for wife is willing to marry me. Who can rely on Mañolito? people say; he who has not even a house to live in! And I think that people are right. A man might manage better without a reputation than without a house," he added, apparently unaware of cynicism. "His wife would be sure at least of the roof over her head. . . . Look, *señora!* A living I can always earn; I am strong and clever; I can do anything. But whenever I have enough money to buy a house—*pfut*, it spends itself! Money is like that. But if one had some land, like other people, with a *casa* already on it, an olive tree or two, an onion field—such a fine little property as this—*claro*, that is not something which spends itself!"

A rare tenderness of pity came to Millicent Jocelyn for this simple man, this unmistakable son of genius whose height of worldly ambition was to own his bit of soil "like other people," his hearth, his anchor in the shifting drift of life. For once she tasted the true sweetness of the power to give.

"If a woman loved you," she said, hardly hearing her voice because of the singing of the heart in her ears, "neither your reputation nor the lack of it would matter to her. And if she had already a roof over her head to share with you, just 'such a fine little property as this' ——" Her smile trembled into silence, waiting.

"Eh, if ——" He sat up and stared at her. Suddenly he cried out like a joyful child, "*Señora!* You have seen, then; you have understood?"

"Yes," she said shakenly, "I have seen, I have understood everything."

But had she? What was this he seemed to be saying, as he covered her hand, unrebuked, with grateful kisses?

"Most kind *señora*, most generous of all *señoras!* It is true, then, that you will be going soon away? And you will keep your promise to Junaina about the house? I told them so in the village! 'What is one house,' I said, 'to a rich *Ingresa* who has two? It is not as if, at her age, she would expect sons to inherit them. Besides, she is a widow woman. And they tire soon of anything—the English. Already this one has ceased to paint.' . . . But the parents of Junaina would not believe; they said you would never keep such a promise—actually to give away a good house like this! They did not understand how great is your affection for Junaina—nor for me," he added the soft insinuation. "Now they can no longer ask where I should put a wife and *niños* if I had them! What better place could they want than this? . . . I may tell the parents of Junaina," he demanded joyfully, "that you will be going away quite soon?"

Dazed, bewildered, she could not sense for a moment what had happened. She, Millicent Jocelyn, ignored, put aside in favor of a little native maidservant? It was incredible! The shock made her feel physically ill. The one instinct left her was to make very sure that he himself did not realize what had occurred. She could only nod, very pale—nod and nod helplessly to his every suggestion.

At last she summoned voice to say: "But Junaina—she seemed to hate you! Does she—know?"

"*Si, si, señora!*" He smiled. "She knows! How could she help but know? Since she did not wish to listen to me at the *reja*—once you saw me there, do you remember, with my guitar?—I have sung to her here, in your house, where she could not fail to listen—under the very nose of her father, too, who could do nothing—nothing! It is true that she hates me now a little, remembering." He sighed quite deeply for the *novia* of his childhood. "But she notices me, *señora!* And she is jealous—even of yourself. There is nothing to make love like a little jealousy. I think she intended to have gone with me to the fiesta at Lloseta—though of that I am not sure. Junaina," he explained with pride, "is not one to be wooed easily!"

Lady Jocelyn winced. "Was that," she asked almost inaudibly, "why you invited me to go with you to the fiesta—so that I might take Junaina?"

He nodded. "In the large automobile there would have been room for all—but perhaps the *señora* did not think; or perhaps," he added simply, "the *señora* wished me for herself that evening."

Despite this reminder, she humbled herself for a final question: "Then you haven't really made love yet to the girl? You haven't—kissed her?" "As you kissed me?" her sick thought finished.

Mañolito drew himself up. "I, kiss Junaina? Have I not said that she is a pure and modest girl? No, *señora!* There are very many whom one may kiss, but Junaina—ah, she is not as those! That is why I have long desired her for my wife."

The lady fled. . . .

Later, when she could better command herself, she had things out with the perfidious girl who, under pretense of guarding her mistress from danger, had deliberately stolen away the man her mistress loved;

(Continued on Page 92)

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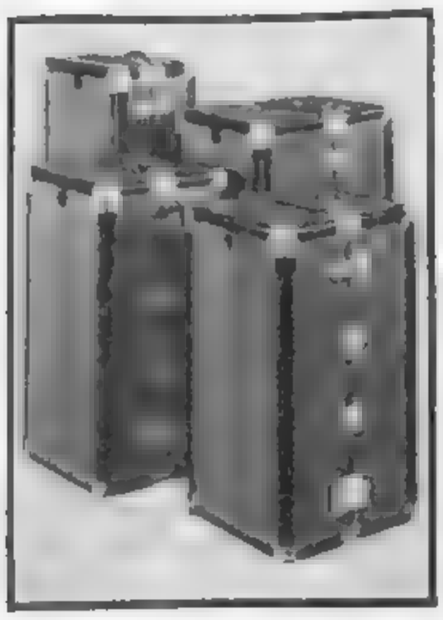

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(Continued from Page 90)

or so it seemed to Lady Jocelyn, in her shamed distress. Junaïna, then, had changed her mind about the *hombre de amor?* she inquired, coldly mocking: she believed after all that he was the sort of husband to make a woman happy?

The girl hung her head. No, she had not changed her mind, she said; everyone knew that Mañolito was not the sort of husband to make any woman happy. Nevertheless, since the *señora* had made it possible by providing a home, her parents agreed it was her duty to marry Mañolito.

"Your duty!" repeated the lady in bitter sarcasm. "Why your duty, if I may ask?"

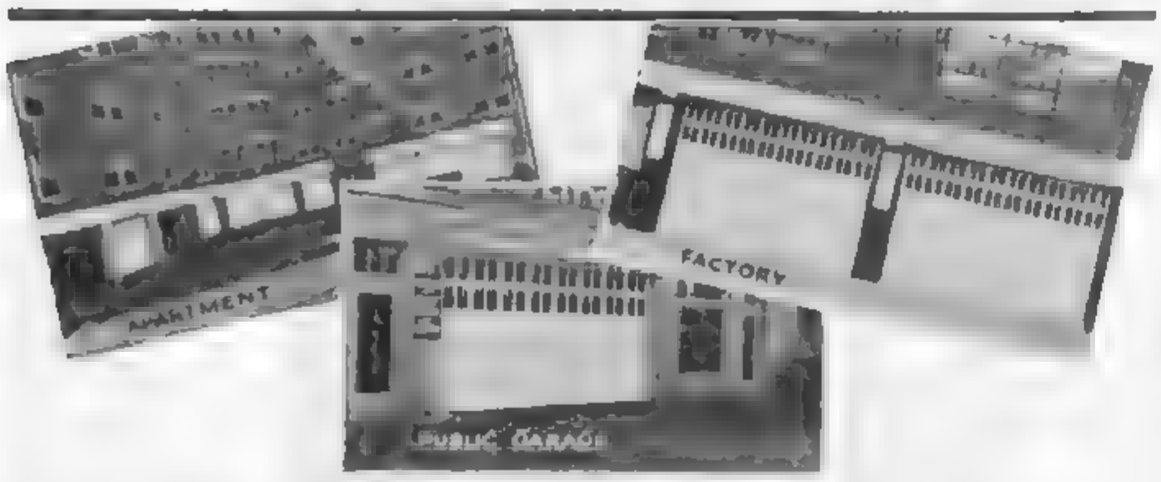
Then Junaïna lifted her Luini-madonna eyes to the other's, gentle with understanding, eloquent with that dogged, grateful affection the least worthy of masters rarely fail to arouse in Spanish hearts.

"Because of my *señora*," she explained. "Because it is better that Mañolito bring unhappiness to such as me than that he cast any further shame on the name of the *señora* who is our guest."

The lady of Son Torres, they tell one in the Deyá neighborhood, tired of things even sooner than other *Ingresas*, since the fine towered mansion which was to serve as her temple to art has long stood empty, with the bit of newspaper fastened to a shutter which means on Majorca that a dwelling is for sale.

Not so the little *casa* below, which is by no means empty. True, Junaïna is sometimes lonely there, despite her new *niño* each year in the cradle; since no *hombre de amor* can be expected to change his nature merely because he becomes a husband. However, there is at least something to bring a man always home again—the olives to gather, the hog to kill, new tiles to be laid for the winter's rain supply—one's house, in fact; which remains, as the peasants say, when we others are long gone.

The "OVERHEAD DOOR"



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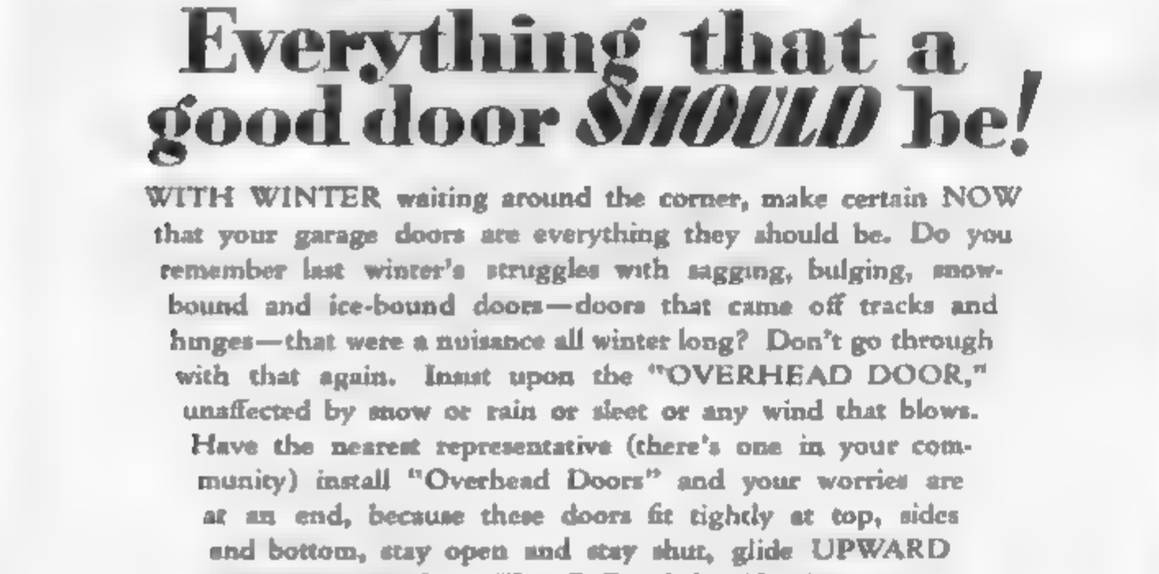

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UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 17)

Party is concerned, that is not the fact. The important constructive planks and the definite promises are well studied out in advance. In 1922 in company with a number of advisers, I prepared practically the entire Democratic platform during the month of August. I followed the platform planks in the preparation of my messages to the legislature.

Perennial Platform Planks

It is difficult to deny that the platform of the successful party represents the decision of the people themselves upon these questions. Of course, there are many voters who pay no attention to the platforms. They vote either the Democratic ticket or the Republican ticket year in and year out because they are convinced of the ultimate rectitude of the party they belong to. On the other hand, a large number of independent voters study the party platforms and naturally expect, in the event of success, that the platform will be lived up to just as accurately as a man would live up to his promise.

In a big state like New York it is exceedingly difficult to satisfy all groups and all sections of the state, and that makes platform drafting a difficult undertaking. If you apply the principle of what does the most good for the greatest number, which is a thoroughly Democratic precept, the road to successful platform drafting is made easier.

One fair criticism can be made of both party platforms. They contain too much destructive criticism and too little of definite promise. Sometimes a comparison of the party platforms will show that whole sections have been lifted from the year before and the same general promises made. The Republican Party for years has used the stock phrase which runs as follows: "The Republican Party has ever been solicitous of the welfare of working men, women and children." Once when I showed that plank to a prominent Republican legislator opposing some of the factory bills, he smiled and remarked to me, "Well, the workingman had his day last November. We were all shaking hands with him and saying nice things about him. What do you want—have him on top all the time? Give somebody else a chance."

It is a matter of fact that definite promises in the platforms of both political parties have been deliberately ignored or compromised with. The ultimate effect of that attitude on the part of the parties, plus the very apparent neglect of so many of our voters to pay any attention to party platforms, will lead us in time to a contest between individuals rather than between parties, if, in fact, we have not already arrived at that. If party government is to be successful, the rank and file of the people themselves have a responsibility to pay some personal attention to party promises, the party declaration of political principles, and the party's reputation for making good its promises.

The party is essential to our form of government. Not all the men nominated have previous political records that permit the voters to study them as individuals. It is a fact that in state elections few people have personal acquaintance with many of the elected officials. They must take them on the faith of the party they represent. It is interesting, at times, to put even men in public life to the test of asking them for whom they voted for some prominent office as short a time as five years ago. If public men interested in government do not remember for whom they voted, what about the private citizens who, aside from performing their duty on election day, take little or no interest in the government of the state? For a number of years, in New York State, we were electing minor officials, and not one in a thousand people could tell whom he voted for at the last general election for some of these special offices.

At a joint meeting of the Men's City Club and the Women's City Club, of New York, when I was urging the short ballot, I made the statement that I could stand on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in the city of New York and stop the first thousand people who passed me and ask for whom they had voted for state engineer and surveyor, and I hazarded the guess that not one of the thousand could tell. That remark impressed the audience, because I could see from the way they were looking at one another that I did not need to go to Broadway and Forty-second Street to find the thousand. I could find them in the audience before me.

Preparation of the platform is essentially the duty of the leaders of the party, as it is usually drawn before the candidate is named. I frequently had the advantage of sitting in prior to nominations and assisting in the preparation of the platform.

The Governor's Handiwork

The preparation of the governor's message is an entirely different matter. For years the party leaders assisted in the preparation of the governor's message. I prepared all my own messages and showed them to nobody until they were in print. The only people familiar with them were my immediate advisers and the secretaries and stenographers who assisted me, and they were under instructions to talk about them to no one. I owe it to the leaders of my party, both in and out of the legislature, to say that they made no attempt to have anything to say about any of my messages and followed my policies in everything that I suggested.

Every definite promise made in the Democratic platform in all the years that I was a candidate found its way into the constructive recommendations which I sent to the legislature by message. At the close of my term the bulk of these found their way on to the statute books, and the people of the state enjoyed the reforms in government that came as a result of carrying out these promises.

It has always been my belief that the term of the governor of New York should be extended from two years to four, and I have always believed even more strongly that he should be elected in a year when there is no national election.

It was impossible, during the campaign of 1920, to debate the issues confronting the state—the executive budget, the rehabilitation of the hospitals, reorganization of the government, permanent relief for housing, and many other less important, but, nevertheless, pressing problems of the state. They were all disregarded and entirely pushed aside. No mention of them was made during the long campaign, and the chief things discussed by Nathan Miller, the Republican candidate for governor, were Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the threat on the part of some of the interior states of the Union to force through the canalization of the St. Lawrence River. The governor of the state of New York had absolutely nothing to do with the former and could only express his opinion of the latter.

The upheaval caused by this campaign can best be understood by the returns from the city of New York. What is called the gas-house district—the home of Tammany leader Murphy himself—was carried by President Harding. Out of the sixty-two assembly districts in the city of New York, President Harding carried sixty-one. He failed only in the district I came from. He carried every county in the state of New York and rolled up a plurality of more than one million, eighty-eight thousand votes, and nobody remembers anything that was said during the whole campaign except Article X and the League of Nations. Subtle propaganda was spread throughout the country—and was effective in every home which had sent a boy to the war—that under Article X American boys were to be used—as one Republican orator put it—for gun fodder to settle the disputes of foreign nations and preserve the peace of the world.

Swimming Up Niagara

In spite of the Republican landslide, I came within 75,000 votes of being elected. William Church Osborn sent me a telegram saying, "Even in defeat you came nearer to swimming up Niagara Falls than any man I have ever seen." Although he had opposed me in the primaries in 1918, he was greatly interested in the 1920 campaign and accompanied me around the state, speaking in all the principal cities.

Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas also accompanied me on this trip, and when I knew he was to be my running mate on the national ticket, I telegraphed him, reminding him of our pleasant association in 1920:

"When we campaigned together through the state of New York in 1920 I little thought at that time that I would have the great honor bestowed upon me by the convention, and I little thought that when we would campaign together again, it would be for the presidency and vice presidency of the United States."

After the 1920 election I went to French Lick Springs for a vacation and while there became acquainted with the late Fred Upham, then treasurer of the Republican National Committee, and George F. Getz, his personal friend and business associate. George Getz owns the only private zoo which I will acknowledge to have been superior to mine in Albany. In the course of a conversation at the Southern Indiana resort, they spoke to me about the United States Trucking Corporation, in New York City. It was made up in large part of a number of old-time friends whom I had known back in the old days of my own trucking ventures. They offered me the position of chairman of the board of directors of the company with a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year.

Upon my return to Albany I closed up the affairs of the state, and after consulting with my close personal friends and advisers I reached the decision that I would become a trucking boss again. Accordingly, on the second day of January, 1921, I appeared at the office of the company at Canal and Thompson streets and took up its active management. Practically the only man in the company with whom I did not have a previous acquaintance, although I knew of him, was the president, James J. Riordan. Ever since he has been one of my friends and is now president of the County Trust Company of New York, of which I am a director.

Back in Public Service

When I went to the trucking company it was losing money at the rate of sixty thousand dollars a year, due to natural causes largely growing out of the slump in business in 1921 and 1922. I made a close study of its operations and in the fall of 1921 brought about its complete reorganization, decentralizing its control and holding the vice president in charge of each branch responsible for its operation in every detail. The company was brought to a paying basis, where it has remained ever since, although I have no further interest in it.

For the first time in my life since I sold newspapers, the years 1921 and 1922 found me in business. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. It was exciting, took all of my time, and gave me Sundays and evenings with my family as free as it was possible for me to be from the political cares I had carried around with me ever since I entered active public life.

When we returned from Albany we refurnished the old house in Oliver Street. Of course it wasn't as comfortable as the Executive Mansion, but it meant much to me because of all its old associations. I was back among my neighbors and oldest friends. The house itself was large enough to accommodate itself to our needs. I spent the summers of 1921 and 1922 at Seagate, Coney Island, where I could indulge in my favorite summer sport of swimming.

President Wilson appointed me a member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners when I left office, and in my spare moments from the trucking business I found myself discussing problems of Indian tribes, wards of the Government on reservations throughout the United States.

When I was leaving Governor Miller on January first after his inauguration, I told him that if at any time he thought I could be of assistance I hoped he would feel free to call upon me. In April of 1921 he took me at my word, called me on the telephone and asked me to accept appointment as a member of the Port of New York Authority, set up that year by a treaty between the states of New York and New Jersey.

This commission dealt with a subject with which I had considerable acquaintance. Although I was in a line of business which might be adversely affected by the adoption of a unified plan for freight distribution incidental to port development, I accepted an appointment on the commission, feeling that I owed it to the state not to decline any opportunity given me to serve it.

It was my firm intention, publicly expressed, when I left Albany, not to return there unless on some public business. Not having lost interest in the matters begun under my administration, it was only natural that the New York State Association should ask me to attend the joint hearing of the legislative committee appointed to consider constitutional amendments for the reorganization of the government. I journeyed to Albany, hoping that I might be successful in persuading the legislature to pass for the second time the amendment consolidating the state departments, which had passed once in 1920, and for the first time the amendment creating an executive budget. Constitutional amendments in New York must pass two legislatures with a different senate.

The legislative leaders made my appearance before them a sort of field day. They enjoyed heckling me as a private citizen appearing before them without the power of the governorship.

This hearing was part of a running fight to put over these amendments, and I was satisfied to answer questions at the hearing in the senate chamber, because it was apparent, from the tone of the questions, that if the amendment was defeated it would be because of political antagonism to it, and not because the proposal was unsound in any respect. The attitude of the legislature was well expressed by one of the Republican leaders who met me in the corridor of the capitol on the day of the hearing and said, "Al, you attend to the horses and trucks and we will run the government."

Undoubtedly the largest hurdle I had to overcome was the unalterable opposition to these amendments of the Speaker of the assembly, H. Edmund Machold. He disregarded the advice of his own leaders in the assembly and also the counsel of the most distinguished leaders of his party, permitted the consolidation proposal to go down to defeat, and would not permit the executive budget or the four-year term to be voted on at all.

It was well known that this attitude of the Speaker had the full sympathy of the governor. At a private gathering just prior to the legislative session, Governor Miller had declared that there was no necessity for a constitutional amendment to reorganize the government. He declared it could be done just as well by statute. The whole fight that we were making to secure constitutional amendments had for its purpose the permanency of the change and the prevention of the creation of new departments of government in the same haphazard fashion as it had been done up to that time.

Notwithstanding Governor Miller's belief that he could reorganize the government without a constitutional amendment, the sum total of his achievements was the consolidation of the taxing agencies of the state and a reorganization of the Labor Department, which was undertaken for political purposes and not for genuine consolidation. All the rest of the scattered activities of the state government remained as they had been for years. In fact, there were actually two new commissions created—to dispense the soldiers' bonus and to censor motion pictures.

Business and Wise Government

I made another appearance before a joint session of legislative committees in 1922, when I addressed them, as a member of the Port of New York Authority, in favor of the comprehensive plan for port development which that body had drawn up.

During my brief two years in the business world, while I was chairman of the board of directors of the United States Trucking Corporation, I was a director of the Morris Plan and a member of the board of directors of Pattison & Bowns, wholesale coal dealers. I was also a director in the National Surety Company. As I sat around the table with the other directors in these companies, listening to business problems and attempting to find a solution for them, I was impressed with how much government is like business if a man is minded to put business principles into government. My experience in the governorship, in the legislature and with the Port Authority was of benefit to me in the solution of business problems, and the business-like attitude of the men I was associated with during those two years was likewise helpful to me in the adoption of business principles to be applied to government.

During the first eighteen months that I was in the trucking business I had no idea that I would ever return to Albany. It was

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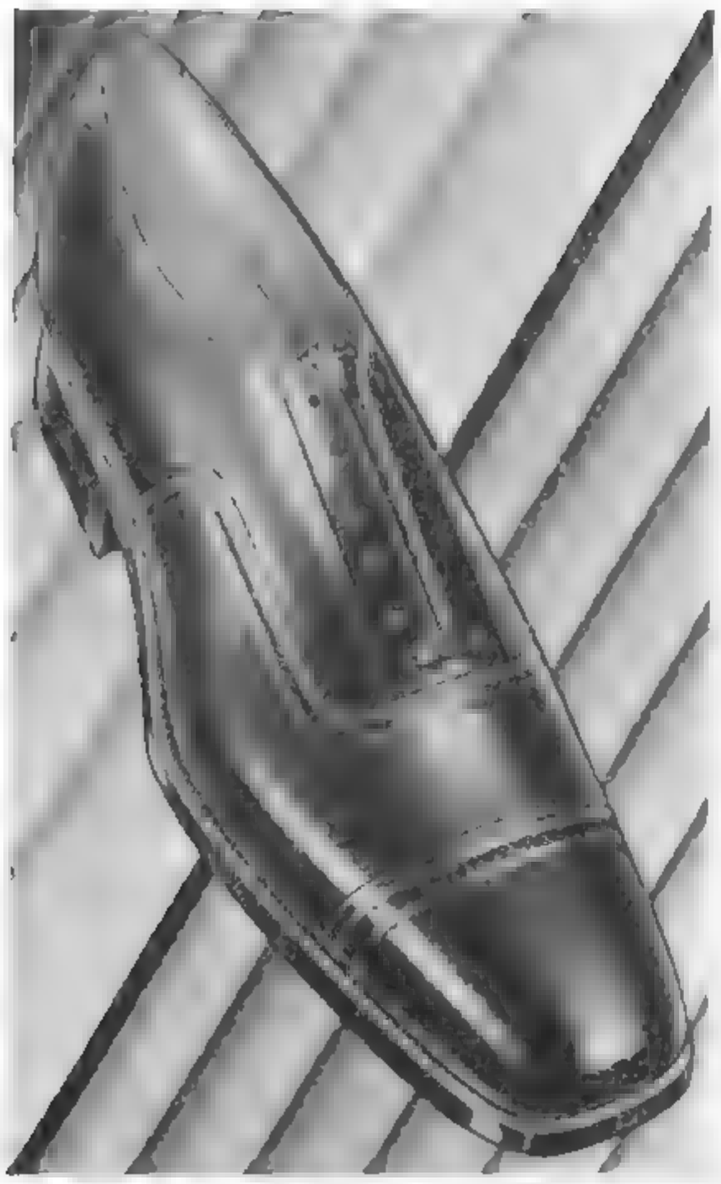

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definitely fixed in my mind that my political career, so far as public officeholding was concerned, had come to an end.

In the late spring and the early summer of 1922, leaders from all over the state began gathering at the office of the United States Trucking Corporation, then located in the Cunard Building at 25 Broadway. They brought stories of an organized movement to bring about the nomination of William Randolph Hearst for governor. Mayor Hylan—reëlected for a second term—was his chief spokesman in New York City and was very anxious to bring about Hearst's nomination.

In control of the patronage of Greater New York, Hylan was regarded by the upstate leaders as a formidable figure in the state convention. Upstate feared the nomination of Hearst and came to me in an effort to have me lead the forces against him in the convention.

They were all unanimous that the fight would not be effective unless I was willing to become a candidate myself. This I was reluctant to do. Having had a long and stormy political career, I was content to stay in business. The children were growing up and I felt I could make better provision for them by remaining in business than by going back into public office. I discouraged all suggestions until Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, called upon me one day with the plain statement that unless I consented to head the opposition, a full Hearst delegation would be elected from Erie County.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the present governor, urged me to accept the nomination and in an open letter he called upon me to become a candidate.

Feeling that I could no longer stem the tide of pressure, I answered him and said that if a majority of the delegates to the State Convention desired me to accept the nomination, "I am entirely willing to accept this honor from their hands and battle for them with all the energy and vigor that I possess."

That seemed to settle the question of the nomination for governor, but the Hearst forces still had their eye on the senatorship.

In the late summer of 1922 I suffered from an attack of neuritis and for several weeks I was unable to walk. With a great deal of difficulty I got to Syracuse and was housed in a suite of rooms on the eighth floor of the Onondaga Hotel. I was unable to leave the rooms throughout the period of the convention.

Peace After the Battle

Every conceivable form of pressure was put on me through personal friends to consent to the nomination of William Randolph Hearst for United States senator. This, of course, I could not do, and I frankly served notice on the leaders that if his nomination was brought about I would have to decline the nomination for governor. In view of our past relations, in view of his bitter attack upon me as well as upon the Democratic Party for years gone by, I was unable to reconcile myself to the Democratic Party putting both of us on the same ticket.

Tom Foley was there, and he would bring me bulletins now and again from the meeting rooms of the leaders. Once, when I was alone for a minute, he put his head in at the door and said "Stick." That meant that he knew I was right, and, being so, would win out. When the Hearst strength was tested in the convention, his lieutenants soon grasped the fact that he was in no position to secure the nomination.

Suddenly the Hearst forces capitulated, on a telegram received from him, and the word passed through the hotel lobby—in any convention always swayed by hundreds of rumors—that Mayor Hylan and all his aides had departed for New York on the afternoon train.

There remained nothing then but the actual ratification of my nomination by the convention, and then the usual afterthought came to the leaders. Every four years a United States senator must be nominated, and this was the year. There had been so much excitement centering about my own nomination that no discussion was held concerning the senatorship until the Hearst menace was out of the way. Then Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City, was suggested, because he was known to be agreeable to the city administration. There is always a tendency to cement peace after a political battle, because a united front toward the enemy is essential.

In attempting to visualize the duties of the governor of New York the social side of it is known to comparatively few people out of the eleven million who make up the state. In the course of a year thousands of people from all over the country visit Albany and while in the capitol express a desire to shake hands with the governor. It is difficult, if not impossible, to deny them that small privilege as visitors from other states. After the interview with the newspapermen, which occurs every morning at eleven o'clock, the governor goes to the outer executive chamber while the line forms in front of him to shake hands and in some instances to speak to him.

A Help to the Honeymoon

Sometimes other states and foreign countries appoint committees to visit the governor to discuss with him various phases of the government of the state. Courtesy to neighboring states and foreign countries requires that the governor at least meet the delegates although he may be compelled to turn them over afterward to the head of the proper department. A delegation from Japan came to Albany to study our educational system. None of the delegates could speak English, and so, by the time every one of the delegates said something to me and the interpreter interpreted it, and I answered back to the interpreter, and he, in turn, interpreted for the representatives, one whole hour was taken in the exchange of cordial greetings, whereupon the Commissioner of Education took up seriously the task of giving them the information which was the object of their visit.

Likewise foreign countries came to study the road-building processes and program of the state. Other committees come to Albany to talk about the operation of the Erie Canal. Agricultural societies, boards of trade, women's clubs which come to Albany for their annual meetings, all call on the governor.

Young couples visiting Albany on their honeymoon always find their way up to the governor's office, and at this critical moment in the young man's life he is anxious to show the young girl that not only has he entrée to the capitol but he proposes to introduce her to the governor. No governor could be found guilty of dampening the ardor of that young man at that particular time. I found myself devoting a good part of a week to congratulating young couples on their honeymoons and in many instances autographing photographs for them.

During the Easter holidays and at Christmastime many school children journey en masse under the direction of their teachers to the capitol, where they get a practical lesson in government. They are lectured to in the state museum, in the halls of the legislature, and in the executive department. As one school-teacher said to me in the inner office one day, "These children have seen everything in Albany except the thing they want to see most."

I said, "What's that?"

She replied, "That's you."

In the summertime, when one would imagine that the governor would have leisure time, he is going through one of the busiest seasons of the year. There is no deputy governor. The lieutenant governor rarely appears in Albany after the adjournment of the legislature. All through my governorship the lieutenant governor lived in an entirely different part of the state, and he usually went home to attend to his business.

(Continued on Page 96)

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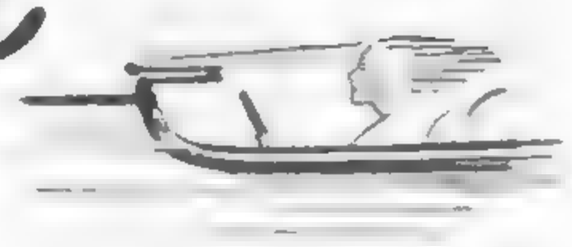

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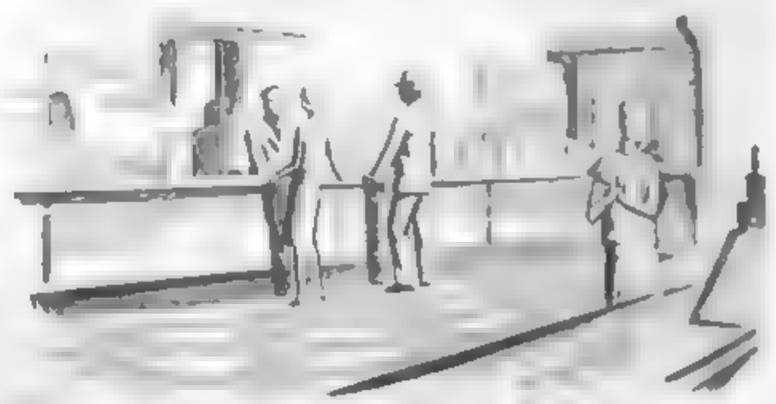

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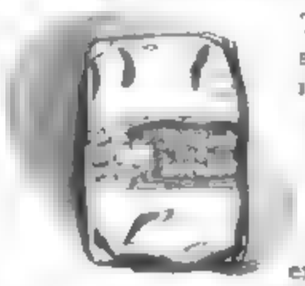

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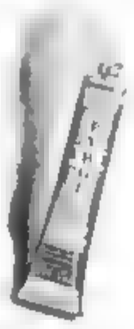

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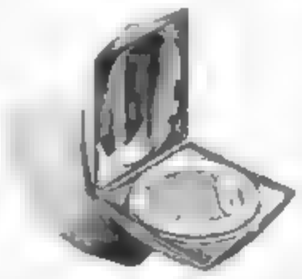
Norida Vanities



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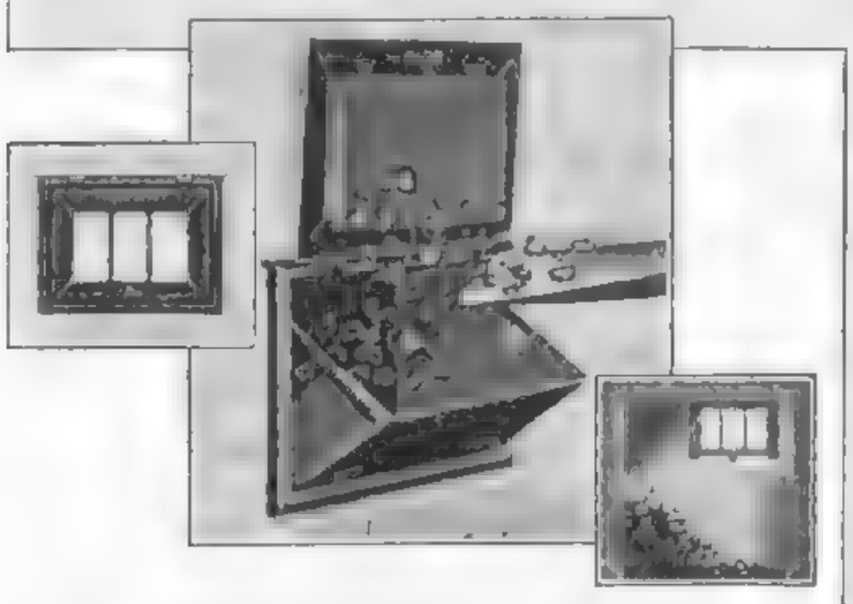

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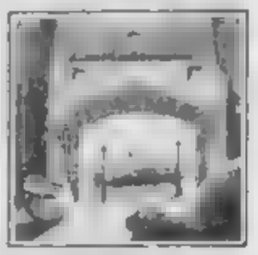

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(Continued from Page 94

There is nobody except the governor to whom you can refer people who desire to talk to the head of the government. In a great many instances they talked about subjects not related to any department of the government. Then again there are countless thousands of people who never hear of anybody else in connection with the government of their state except the governor himself, and when they have anything to talk about or any business to transact, they start at the head.

As a result, the daytime of the governor is completely taken up with matters that really have nothing to do with the routine business of running the executive department. The natural result of that is night work. In my eight years as governor I probably did as much real work at night in the Executive Mansion when there was nobody around as I did in the executive department.

One of the largest single drains upon the time of the governor is his necessary attention to extradition proceedings. Every fugitive from justice in every state of the Union apprehended within the state of New York can be returned under arrest to his own state only after the governor signs three sets of papers. Similarly, fugitives from justice from our own state can be extradited only after the governor signs a similar number of papers.

When residents of the state of New York are wanted for crimes in other states and they make a request for a hearing before the governor before he signs the order to extradite, it is difficult, if not impossible, to deny it to them. Much time is taken up in listening to arguments by counsel of both sides as to whether or not the extradition papers should be signed. In extradition proceedings the governor is both judge and jury. He passes, in the first instance, upon the law, and then upon the facts. It must be determined whether the prisoner was in the state on or about the time the crime was committed, whether he is the man named in the papers, and then the facts must be studied. In some of the cases there are indications of grave miscarriages of justice. One example was the case of a man charged with assault in Paterson, New Jersey, at a time and hour when it was definitely proved that he was in the city of Albany.

When the Price is High

Many extradition proceedings are for nonsupport, where a disagreement has arisen between man and wife. The power of extradition in the hands of the governor can be used to effect a reconciliation. Sometimes the grievances of these parties are largely imaginary and, when brought before the governor, it is possible to patch up their differences, save the necessity of extradition and give them a new start in life in a happy frame of mind. A common form of extradition growing out of family disagreements is kidnaping. I remember a recent case where the child was in the custody of the father in the state of California and the mother was a resident of New York City. She went out to California to see the child and found it in an institution where, according to the evidence laid before me, it was not receiving the proper care and attention.

The look on the child's face, when I suggested that she go back to California to her father, was sufficient to lead me to the belief that the mother was the proper one to have custody of the child, and I made an arbitrary decision and dismissed the request for extradition, leaving the child in New York with its mother.

Nothing in this world comes easy. The governorship gives a man great distinction, great honor, great glory, great happiness for himself and his family, but he has to pay. And at no time during his term of office does he pay harder than when confronted by the unfortunate parents, wives and children of the young men who find their way into the state's prisons or are condemned to death for capital crime. While, theoretically, this burden is supposed to fall upon the governor's counsel, the fact of the matter is that the largest part of it falls directly upon the governor himself, unless he wants to be hard-hearted and cold-blooded about it and refuse to see the people. That I was never able to do.

Consequently, I gave a great deal of my time to talking to the relatives of the men in our state prisons. The power of pardon under our constitution is plenary, and it rests with the governor alone and can be exercised by him upon any terms or conditions he sees fit to impose.

Nothing is so distressing as the attention the governor is compelled to give to applications for executive clemency when the prisoner is to be put to death. It is impossible for a man to escape the thought that no power in the world except himself can prevent a human being from going over the brink of eternity after the Court of Appeals has sustained the verdict of the lower courts I had very many unhappy nights when executions took place in Sing Sing prison.

Statutory Murder

The governor is constantly haunted by the terrible question that if anything should develop after the execution to indicate that the prisoner was not guilty, how much of the responsibility would he be compelled to carry personally for the ending of that man's life? I studied and worked very hard, sometimes into the small hours of the morning, on the record and papers, facts and arguments in capital cases.

When dealing with parents, the most difficult situation arises out of what is called statutory murder. In New York State that means murder which has been committed while another felony is in progress. Under our law, it is not necessary that the defendant take any part in the actual murder. If he takes part in the other felony and murder results from it, he is guilty of murder in the first degree under the law, and the judges invariably charge the jury that the verdict must be either murder in the first degree or not guilty.

I have particularly in mind the trying time I had with four men who were put to death for the murder of a ticket taker on the Subway at Intervale Avenue Station in the Bronx. Two of the four men never saw the deceased, but they took part in the felony of highway robbery and were judged guilty of murder in the first degree and their conviction was unanimously affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The mother of one of the young men was never able to understand how her son could be convicted of the murder of a man he never saw.

In their despair the relatives of the condemned appeal to everybody to speak a word to the governor for them. In the Bronx murder case the lawyers resorted to writs of habeas corpus and battled every inch of the way right up to the night of the execution.

For fear of accident, it has been customary for the governor to be in touch with the prison on the night of an execution. By custom it occurs at eleven o'clock on Thursday night of the week which the Court of Appeals fixed for the execution. In order that I might know exactly to whom I was talking on the telephone, I had a code with the Superintendent of Prisons, who was always at Sing Sing prison on the Thursday night when anybody was to be put to death. In the code I used two names from the cast of the play The Shaughraun, and when the superintendent called me on the phone from Ossining, he would say "Harvey Duff," and I answered back "Corry Kinchella." I then knew that I was talking to the Superintendent of Prisons and he knew that he was talking to the governor. Intriguing, sharp individuals might easily impersonate the Superintendent of Prisons, if for no other purpose than to delay the execution.

At a time like that there is a certain amount of hysteria, and people who are not of well-balanced mind are affected by it.

One night when a prisoner was to be electrocuted at eleven o'clock at Sing Sing prison, a man walked into the West Fifty-seventh Street police station and asked to see the police captain and informed him that he was guilty of the murder for which this man was about to be put to death, and asked the captain to stay the execution. The man was respectable in appearance and gave no indication of an unbalanced mental condition. The captain of the police actually called the Sing Sing prison, only to find that the man had already been executed. The story leaked out and an Albany newspaper blazed forth the next morning with a headline: Innocent Man Electrocuted at Sing Sing.

When the newspaper was shown to me, I was incensed beyond power of expression to think that a newspaper, without any further investigation or knowledge of the facts, would put out that particular headline. The case was one of a young man who had committed murder in Rochester. He made no defense and his mother had admitted to me that he committed the crime. The man who brought the false information to the station house was the next day committed to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital and found to be insane.

While the governor is in this disturbed state of mind, clever lawyers can add to his state of confusion by statements so well put and so plausible upon their face as to start doubt in his mind. I had a very clear example of this in a hearing in the case of a young man who shot another man to death in a clubhouse on Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York City. The doubt in the testimony raised by the attorney hinged around the fact that it would be a physical impossibility for the defendant to be back in the room where the murder occurred so shortly after he was seen at another place. I made a memorandum of all the facts, and the following week-end, when in New York, accompanied by my secretary and two detectives from Police Headquarters, I went to the premises myself and reenacted the contradiction of the evidence and made a personal survey in order to satisfy myself that the testimony as given by the policeman was such as to be entirely possible. It contradicted the assertions made on behalf of the defendant.

When a Man Needs a Friend

Probably the hardest time a governor has had in recent years came to me in the period of two weeks before and on the night of the execution of Mrs. Snyder. I doubt if I ever felt for anybody as I did for her mother. Her helplessness in the whole situation was so apparent that anybody with a heart at all would have to feel for her, but the crime was such an atrocious one, the evidence so overwhelming and the decision of the Court of Appeals being unanimous, nothing was left except to leave Mrs. Snyder to her fate unless, because of sentiment, the governor was prepared to set aside the laws of the state.

The volume of correspondence on both sides of the Snyder case that poured in to the executive chamber was amazing. Not only did the people write to me but they wrote to all the members of my family. A great part of the hysteria was, no doubt, promoted by the sensational press. So tense was the situation that for an hour before the execution and until it was all over I sat at an open telephone wire between Sing Sing prison and the place where I was in New York City on that night.

More people were executed during my time as governor than in the term of any other governor in the state's history. This is in part due to the eight years I was in office and also to the wave of crime following after the war.

I gave public hearings on every capital case, and in only one instance did I find a man about to go to the electric chair for whom nobody spoke a word, whom nobody seemed to know. The cases come directly to the governor from the Court of Appeals with the notice of the week of execution.

In every instance a request for a hearing was made except in this one. I went over this case with the same amount of care that I devoted to all the cases where hearing was requested and given. I summoned my own counsel, a judge of the Court of Claims, and several other men to the inner executive chamber. I argued the case with them, and finally commuted the sentence of the man because I became convinced that he should have been found guilty of a lesser degree of homicide. I was urged to my position by the repeated statements of the district attorney that the woman with whom he was living was not his wife and there was no reason why he should have, on the impulse of the moment, killed a man whom he found with her. The fact, nevertheless, was that this man and woman had lived together for sixteen years, during all of which time he made ample provision for her support. I came to the conclusion that she was in his eyes his wife, and that the repeated statement of the district attorney had had an effect upon the jury. I became convinced that had it not been for that repeated assertion the verdict in this case would probably have been second-degree murder.

The Power to Pardon

It is hard to have an attitude on the question of capital punishment and have it sensibly. Most people who have one have it sentimentally. I would like some indication whether anything less than death in capital cases provides a sufficient deterrent against the commission of the crime of murder in the first degree. It might be well for the state to try it, but before doing it the constitution should be amended so as to take away from the governor the power of pardon in capital cases and provide that no person convicted of murder in the first degree will ever get out of prison, except by decree of the court based upon newly discovered evidence tending to establish innocence of the crime.

Nobody can prove that capital punishment has not proved a deterrent. The only way to prove it is to find out whether there would be more deliberate murders committed when the deterrent is less than death. All our murder cases in recent years have been committed when the murderer was engaged in another felony. The only deliberately planned murder of all of them was the Mrs. Snyder case.

Years ago there were a great many deliberate murders. The murder of Harry Cornish, the murder of Mrs. Fleming, the murder of Mrs. Harris, and the Rosenthal murder were all prompted by and executed for profit to the participants.

The great question is, if the deterrent is less than death, will it encourage that form of murder? Nobody can answer that question without giving it a trial. My reason for suggesting that the pardoning power be taken away from the governor if capital punishment is abolished grows out of the experience that no prisoner dies in prison. Twenty or twenty-five years being a generation, the prisoner is old, the crime is forgotten, and if nobody else does it, the prison authorities themselves will begin to urge the governor to let the prisoner out. Therefore the person who sits down to plan a murder in cold blood can at least cling to the straw that while there is life there is hope, that as long as he is not going to be electrocuted for the crime, he has a chance to get out some day or other unless the constitution is amended.

The power of pardon is so great that it carries a corresponding responsibility. The fact of the matter is that few men are actually released from prison by pardon from the governor. The public mind is more or less confused on the question of executive clemency, because all pardons are regarded as alike in all circumstances. This is not the fact.

Pardons are issued for various reasons and differ in their effects. Taking the year 1927 as a typical year during my governorship, I pardoned only five prisoners in that year, when the pardon meant their actual release from prison. In three of the five cases the pardon was extended because of the physical condition of the prisoners. They were suffering from advanced tuberculosis, and, unless pardoned, would, in all human probability, have died in prison. A fourth man I released from the Suffolk County jail in order that he might attend the funeral of his wife. He had but eight days more of his sentence to serve. The fifth one was on the recommendation of the district attorney and the sheriff of Onondaga County, who certified to me that the prisoner aided the state in preventing a jail delivery after several of the prisoners of the jail had overcome the keepers by throwing red pepper in their eyes.

A good many pardons are issued to permit aliens, convicted before they became citizens, to attain citizenship. In many cases these are minor crimes, and the judges in the courts of naturalization made a rule and regulation that they would recognize the applicant's right to citizenship after conviction of a crime, provided he had a pardon from the governor.

Another form of pardon is issued to prevent deportation. In many instances these are young men living in this country with their parents. All these pardons, however, are predicated on the further consideration that the conduct of the applicant while in prison was good and that he gave promise of reform. This particular form of pardon requires very little of the governor's time personally, as the facts about conduct are all prepared by the prison authorities and the information about his family is supplied from the same source. Both these forms of pardon are extended only after the full sentence has been served.

Another form of pardon removes disability after the prisoner has completed his sentence and paid his debt to society in full for his transgression of the law. A license will not be issued to a man to practice the business of chauffeur after having committed a crime. The pardon of the governor removes such a disability. In some instances the men had been convicted only once and after their release from prison had given a good account of themselves.

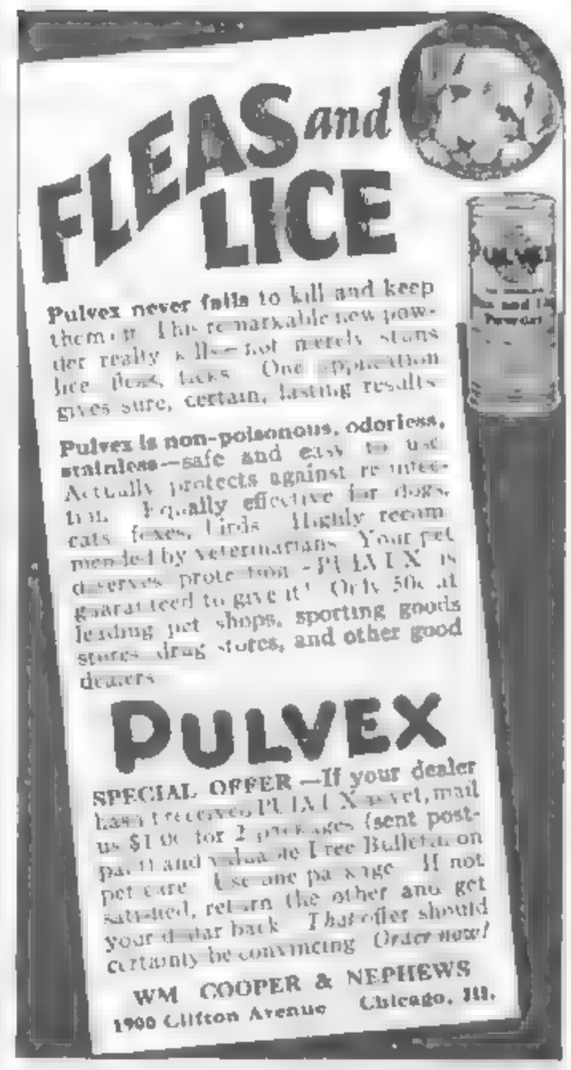
Out on Parole

Another form of pardon is for the purpose of restoring citizenship and giving to the pardoned man the right to exercise his franchise. In these instances the state requires that he furnish references as to his good character and good conduct for a reasonable time after he has completed his prison term.

The governor has not only the power of pardon but he has the power of commutation. That is to say, he can take off as much time from the given sentence of any man in the state institutions as, in his judgment, he thinks best. There is no fixed or definite rule with regard to commutations. They are extended by the governor for numerous reasons. In many cases commutation of sentence is directly recommended by the judge who sentenced the man and the district attorney who prosecuted him. These officials are moved to their request by knowledge which comes to them after the trial.

Frequently commutations are issued by the governor because of the physical condition of the prisoners. I remember commuting the sentence of a man in Sing Sing who was suffering from advanced heart trouble. While changing his clothes to leave the prison the excitement of the commutation brought about his death.

Practically all of these commutations were given to men sentenced under the indeterminate-sentence law, and the governor only commutes the minimum sentence to time served. The maximum sentence imposed by the court still remains. That means that the prisoner is out on parole and reports monthly to the Board of Parole. Unless he gives a satisfactory account of himself, he can, under the law, be brought back to prison under the direction of the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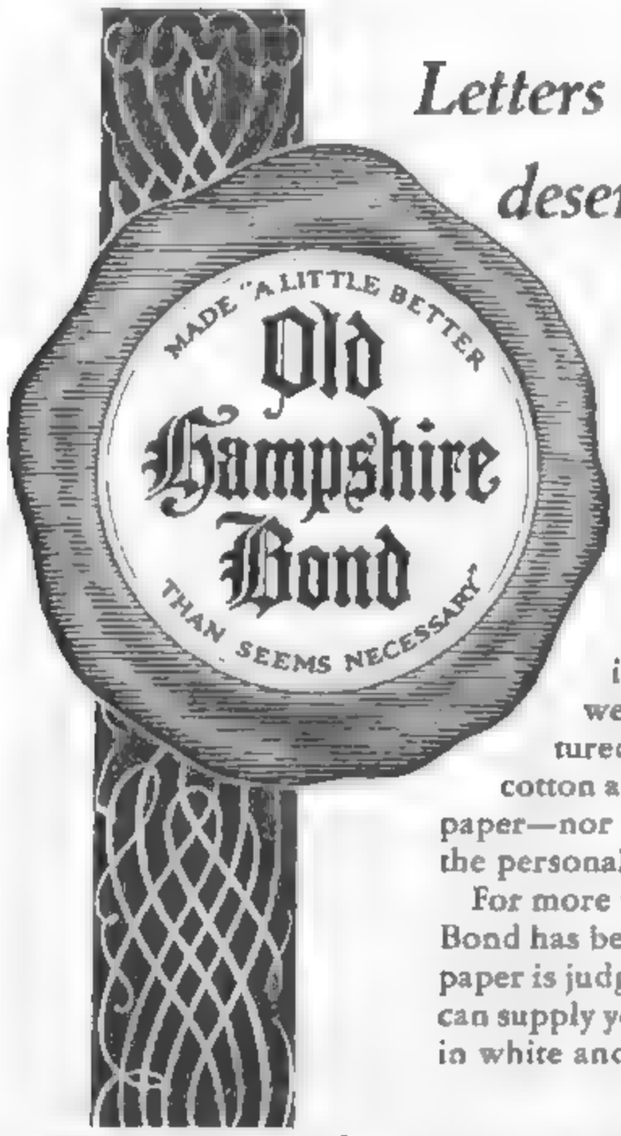

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Board of Parole and made to serve any part of his maximum sentence they may see fit to impose. Commutation of sentence is also extended to men in order that they may be sent home to their own countries.

Pardon and commutation are matters which rest with the governor and his own conscience. There can be no hard and fast rule governing them. The interest of the state must, of course, be the governor's first consideration. The governor is the spokesman for society. What is best to do in a given case must be dictated to the governor by his own conscience.

I pardoned a number of political prisoners and I frankly said in pardoning them that I did not agree with their political views, but I pardoned them in spite of my disagreement with them. In the case of James J. Larkin, convicted of criminal anarchy, one of the judges of the Court of Appeals, sustaining the conviction of the lower court, stated that, "The sentence may have been too heavy for the offense." Larkin's prison record was of the best, and many highly respected citizens, including the assistant district attorney who prosecuted him petitioned me for his pardon.

Executive clemency is a human thing. There are no two cases alike. I commuted the sentence of a man who was blind. He was an accidental murderer. He killed a woman with whom he had been living when he was well past middle age. His conduct toward society prior to the commission of that crime was beyond reproach. I was never able to see why the state, in his case, demanded the full penalty of the law. His impaired physical condition came upon him while he was awaiting the decision of the court of last resort and was the direct result of an attempt to take his own life. Once I had to pardon a man because of the attempts that were made on his life by the other inmates of the prison.

Our Theory of Punishment

My long experience with applications for pardons and commutations of sentence led me quite naturally to the belief that there is a fundamental weakness in our whole method of dealing with criminals. So many district attorneys have certified to me that new facts develop after trial; so many judges have written to me saying that they afterward regretted the severity of the sentence, even to the point of admitting that when it was imposed it was in response to what seemed to be public clamor in their particular locality to put down crime, that I came to the definite conclusion that the modern state, with advanced ideas along other lines, might well take a step forward and change its method of dealing with criminals.

It is not so many years ago in the life of the state when the whole theory was punishment of the individual. We then found people being put to death for what we regard today as minor offenses. We look back on the days of the ducking stool, the stocks and the thumbscrews as being part of the barbarity of an age that is past. Material progress in worldly things and in government in the last half century strongly suggests that we take advantage of modern psychiatry and modern social service, modern ideas and concepts in our handling of prisoners.

In the rush and bustle of our criminal courts, particularly in our large cities, it is physically impossible for a judge or a district attorney to make the proper study of an individual. Not what he did and what sentence the law allows the judge to impose for that act, but all the contributing factors, the things that led him to the crime, the things that drove him to it, in some instances, should be before the court. It is because so much of this is found out afterward that judges and district attorneys constantly petition the governor to commute sentences. Time and again I have had a judge write to me stating that he had sentenced a man, but that he himself felt that the sentence was a little bit heavy. "There was a great hue and cry in our neighborhood because of the crime wave and I did it to scare off the others." A sentence coming from the courts that afterward has to be interfered with by the governor cannot be said to have been well considered.

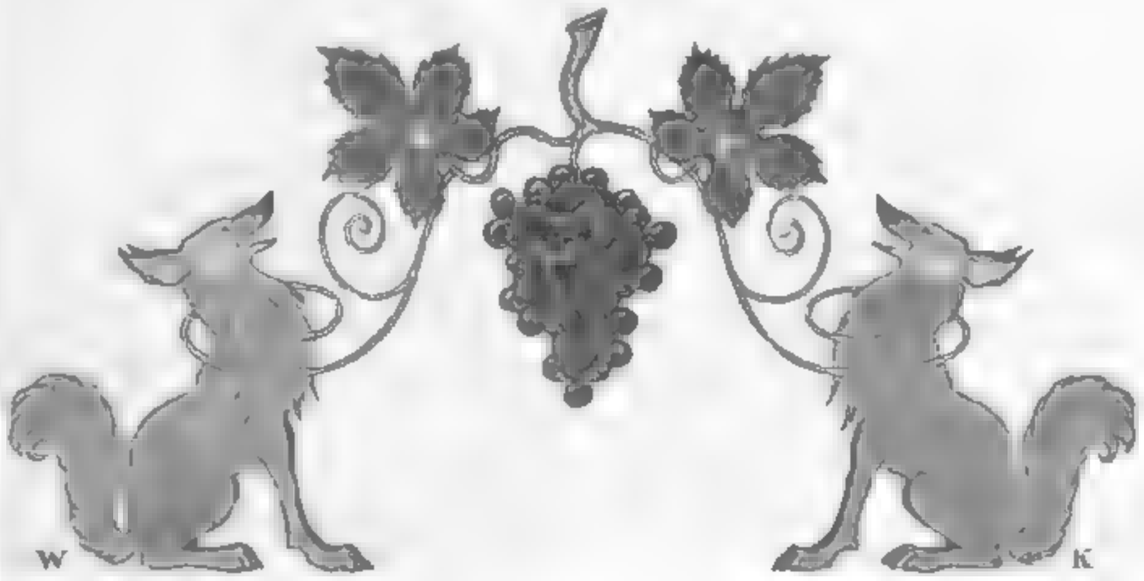
A Board of Scientists

Many of the young men committed to prison, if all the facts about their physical and mental condition were properly before the court, might have been sent to an institution for mental defectives. My study of many of the cases showed young boys with criminal intent starting off early in life by going to the juvenile society, the reformatory, the state penitentiary, and finally prison. Such punishment had no effect upon that prisoner. The state should also take into consideration the enormous cost of putting a man through all these institutions, the cost to business, and the expense of judges and courts, in trying and finding him guilty, and of transporting the prisoner around the state. Probably a little more scientific treatment after his first offense might have saved that man to the state and might have saved society from the crimes he finally committed. I regard it as not only a humane move on the part of the state but as a good business move also.

In other words, due to the pressure of business I am afraid that in the large centers of population our criminal courts become mechanical. After conviction of a felony a prisoner should become the property of the people of the state. Why not let the state, through a competent board of doctors, psychiatrists and students of criminology, make the proper disposition of him? It would make for even-handed justice on the part of the state. Prior to the consolidation of the courts of special sessions in New York, a legislative committee of which I was a member found a man sentenced to one term in one borough of the city and another man sentenced to an entirely different term in another borough for exactly the same offense, with all the circumstances as alike as they could possibly be.

Sensible, sound, even-handed judgment based upon expert knowledge is possible by the creation of a board to make disposition of the prisoner after conviction. That it can be done by numerous judges sitting in various parts of the state, with widely varying ideas on the subject, is not reasonable.

(Continued on Page 100)



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So the very principle of oil heating offered you today in all Petro Oil Burners has been proved for two decades. This principle simplifies oil heating by making air do the work of expensive gears, belts and shafts. Not only does air do it better, more quietly and efficiently, but air costs nothing and never wears out.

* * *

The Petro installations in the 52-story Metropolitan Life Insurance Building in New York City and in the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco are illustrative of the engineering skill and the scope of this organization.

The overwhelming success with these more difficult problems resulted in the development of a simple, quiet residence model. Today, building smaller burners for homes has become the major part of its business

* * *

Now Petro takes another step forward. A degree of efficiency has been reached that is remarkable. Oil heating costs are materially reduced. So much so that the cost of operation can be discussed openly and freely for the first time! It can even be estimated in advance, as well.

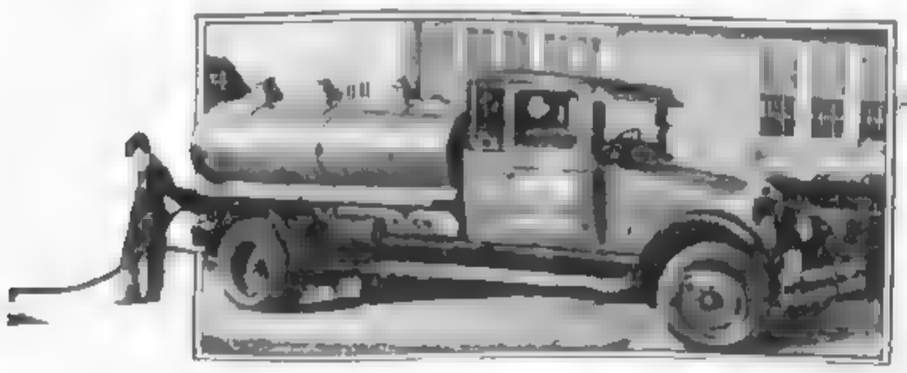
By means of an ingenious chart, you can know today within a few dollars what it will cost you to heat *your* house this winter with a Petro Oil Burner. You can compare this with what it has cost you to heat it with coal. You be the judge! This holds true regardless of where you live or the type of house you may have

* * *

Now that all the luxury of Petro Oil Heat may be had so easily, there is scant excuse for going on with hand-firing methods. Especially since Petro Oil Heat is absolutely guaranteed by your local Petro dealer. In practically every city Petro is represented by a well-known heating engineer or one of the more prominent heating concerns. Write today for a free copy of our "Oil Cost Chart". Let it settle the oil heating problem for you

W. C. McTarnahan, President
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.

Who has spent a lifetime developing oil burners to the point where absolute satisfaction could be guaranteed by the local dealer making the installation. This enables you to actually experience the comfort and convenience of Petro Oil Heat in your own home, without risk.



"If it isn't efficient it isn't a PETRO"

Here Petro divides its responsibility with no one

The Petroleum Heat & Power Co. is one of the largest distributors of fuel oil for heating. Thus it builds good oil burners to operate on low priced fuel oil and sells low priced fuel oil for use in good oil burners in Boston, Providence, Stamford, Metropolitan New York, Baltimore and Washington. This broad experience has given Petro a distinct advantage in building oil burners of unusual merit. The same burners that Petro uses in this complete oil heating service may be depended upon wherever they are sold.

PETRO

Reg U S Pat Off

DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL OIL BURNERS
Made by the Petroleum Heat & Power Co.
"Makers of Oil Burners since 1903"
General Sales Offices: STAMFORD, CONN.

FACTORIES:	*BRANCHES:*		*SUBSIDIARIES:*
Stamford Conn.	New York	Boston	Boston Harbor Oil Co.
Chicago Ill	Baltimore	Providence	East Coast Fuel Oil Co
San Francisco, Cal.	Washington	Stamford	Foss System Co. of Cal.

Petroleum Heat & Power Co.,
Stamford, Conn. S. E. P 8-31

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your "Oil Cost Chart" by return mail.

Name

Street address

City State

OPPORTUNITY. A definite policy of expansion presents a magnificent opportunity to outstanding men or organizations to share with Petro its success in oil heating.

(Continued from Page 98

The function of such a board as I suggest will be to dispose of the prisoner after the verdict of guilty has been rendered by the jury. The judge would then simply preside over the trial and give the jury the law, and see that the prisoner gets a fair trial.

To the average man and woman the apprehension and conviction of the criminal are the beginning and end of their interest in him. Because of that the state has been exceedingly lax in what I believe it should do to fit the man for useful occupation after he has paid his penalty.

For instance, at Sing Sing prison the state is supposed to teach a man to make a pair of shoes by machinery. Not that the state needs the shoes so much as it needs to train that man for gainful occupation. The fact of the matter is that the shoemaking machinery at Sing Sing is so obsolete that if the man wanted to be a shoemaker after he came out of prison he couldn't do it

Industries in our prisons have not been modernized. I attempted it during my term and had valuable assistance from Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, a prominent citizen in New York interested in prison reform, who personally financed a thorough and constructive investigation. The whole question is one of properly financing the industries of the prison to get them started. This the legislature seems to be unwilling to do, for the very simple reason that there is no public interest in it. No reform in government which costs money is possible until public interest is aroused to a point where it makes a demand for it.

Modernization of the workshops in the prisons must be accompanied by a reform in the general construction of the prisons themselves. The dungeons of a hundred years ago do not suit today.

There is no reason in the world why society, after depriving a man of his liberty for an offense against it, should break down his health, rendering him useless after he serves his term, and probably driving him to further crime, if not in a spirit of revolt, at least through what he believes has become the only way he is able to maintain himself.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Governor Smith. The seventh will appear next week

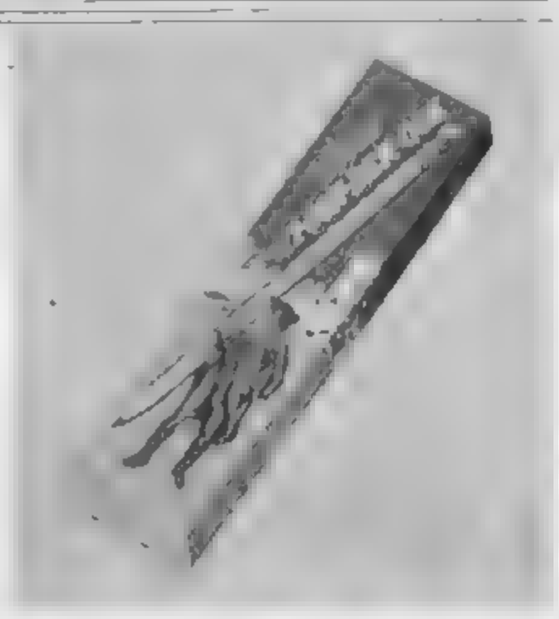
"You're lucky, lad. When I was a boy, starting school, we never had pencils like this one."

DIXON

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary 5c *pencil.* It sets new standards for pencil performance. Pencil Dept. 8-J, Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

Look for this Fort Ti-con-der-oga—Ethan Allen display at your dealer's. It contains No. 2 (soft) Ti-con-der-oga Pencils.



You'll find it convenient to buy Ti-con-der-ogas by the dozen—in this distinctive box. Ask for it today, at your dealer's.

5¢ each — 60¢ a dozen

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"Now, *how* did I answer that same question before?"

When a question must be handled repeatedly, why not work out a perfect answer and repeat it?

People write in to you about the thing you sell.

One group of prospects asks one question. Another raises a fairly common objection. An old customer makes a complaint that you have heard before.

To all these there is an answer that when simply and fully stated is complete and satisfactory.

But how much time is wasted answering each separately; answering each in different words—dictating — striking out — re-phrasing — referring back to old correspondence!

Why not use a little of this time and energy to reduce all these worried, incomplete messages to one printed story that is complete? Perhaps a picture is needed here. Maybe a diagram will assist there. The use of a little color may explain something that words cannot completely describe.

No matter how hard your story is to tell, good printing can tell it.

A camera, an artist, good printing and good paper, a few words well written, and the thing that is hard to say becomes well and convincingly said.

Away from the static of telephones and typewriters you can line up your arguments as they should be — forcibly, rationally, and in the correct order; all ready for a good printer to step in and marshal them into type.

Those things you find it so difficult to explain, those processes that you are called on again and again to describe, those little technical facts that make the difference between what you sell and what others sell — all become clear under the magic of printers' ink and good printing paper.

Read over the carbon copies of a single week's dictation in your office. You may find that you have been saying over and over again, with varying effectiveness, things that could be thoroughly thought out once — and then printed.

Your letter-files of last month's dictation are likely to give you the material for a series of sales-building printed mailings.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

DAVIS TAILOR MADE CLOTHES
Today's Way
Today's executives take the air-line route
The trend is direct . . from city to city
from manufacturer to buyer . . from maker
to user.
That is why Davis Clothes appeal to busi-
ness men. They come direct from the maker
to the wearer . . from Tailorcrest to you—
made especially for you
A well trained Davis man calls at your con-
venience. You make your choice of fabrics,
color pattern style and price. Your measure-
ments are taken and, in a six-day working
schedule, a perfectly fitting, individually tai-
lored garment—superior in style design, finish
and durability—is delivered to you
Thousands of executives wear Davis Clothes
They wear them because they come direct to
them and for them at a big saving . . . and
because satisfaction is definitely and inevasively
guaranteed
Certified
Custom
Tailoring
Tailorcrest
DAVIS
CLOTHES
The P. H. Davis Tailoring Co.
Tailorcrest
Cincinnati, O.

The Poets' Corner

Who Goes With Open Hands

WHO goes with open hands to take
The world into his keeping,
Must rend and crush and bruise and break,
With bitterness and weeping,
And yet remain unsatisfied,
And curious, and lonely;
Who seeks possessions far and wide
Finds disenchantment only.
But whose gives himself with grace,
And never dreams of payment,
Shall find his home in every place,
And never lack king's raiment.

—*Helene Mullins.*

Punished

WHEN I was walking out
Deep in dew,
I overheard my heart
Speaking of you.

I thought all my memories
Of you were dead,
Till I chanced to hear
Some things it said.

I am better mannered now
Than I was then;
I shan't go eavesdropping
Ever again.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Quest

WHAT are those hills so strange that stand
Where I knew none before?
Are they the slopes of Fairyland
Above the fields of yore?

How long, how long we thought of it
As fabulous and far;
And is it now before me, lit
By light of no known star?

It may be so; I shall not ask
Of any man the way;
Those hills are far beyond our task,
And, sought for, fade away.

It is enough that in the change
Of light from sun to moon
I have one moment seen that range
That will float homewards soon.

Homewards to where those towers stand,
And where the mountains rise,
That do not rest in any land,
And know none of our skies.

That is the home I travel towards,
Though well this truth is conned,
That if I ever find its swards
My quest will lie beyond.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

"No, Betsy dear, the Bon Ami Chick will never grow up—nor ever scratch!"

Bon Ami

THE MAGIC WAY TO BATHROOM CLEANLINESS

BATHROOMS—what a seemingly endless task to keep them clean! But there *is* a simple way. Just bring Bon Ami *Powder* or Bon Ami *Cake* to the rescue.

This soft, scratchless cleanser and polisher absorbs . . . blots up . . . all the dirt, all the smudgy stains and impurities—doesn't scour or scrape them off. That's why there's never a streak or a scratch on the Bon Ami cleaned surface. And the task is so easy, so quick and so pleasant—almost before you know the whole bathroom shines with cleanliness.

Bon Ami is a "good friend," indeed, as its name tells you, to bathtubs, basins and tiling, enameled cabinets, glass shelves, windows, mirrors, floors of tile, marble and Congoleum—and dozens of other things *throughout the house.*

Made in two forms, a soft, snowy-white *Powder* and a handy, compact *Cake.* Neither form reddens or roughens the hands. Why not keep Bon Ami in your bathroom, as well as on your kitchen shelf?

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Powder and Cake

EVERY HOME NEEDS BOTH

A Fairy Book for the Children

THE adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and their beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this captivating book.

Name _____

Address _____ Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"My dear," *said* Napoleon, "I just dropped in for a bottle between battles"

"Nap, darling, do sit down and take a load off your feet," cooed the Mrs. "You must be all tired out after that horrid battle."

"Napoleon is never weary!" thundered the general. "You know that's my motto. With worlds to conquer there's no time to dilly-dally and delay."

"But you will take a bottle of carbonated beverage, dear?"

"Ah, now you're tempting me beyond my strength," smiled Napoleon, as he reached for the convenient tray. "You know I get the inspiration for my best wars from these beverages. They're fairly bubbling with energy, and there's no headache or hangover.

"Well, my dear, if the maid has my other uniform pressed, I must be running along. I have a dandy war planned for tomorrow. The moving picture boys will be crazy about it . . . Over the river!"

"Skip the gutter, Nap. Write when you can, even if it's just a picture postcard. And remember there are always bottled carbonated beverages in the ice box."

Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Bottled beverages Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

A good coat of tan . . is a promise of strong bones— sound teeth

If children could live in the sunshine *all the year round,* they'd all be healthy and vigorous. A month at the beach, as every mother knows, does wonders for a youngster.

Science has only recently discovered one reason *why* sunlight is so beneficial. It is because the direct rays of the sun have been found to be a source of the famous Vitamin D. . . . In some form or other, children *must* have this important vitamin—for without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to make strong bones and sound teeth are not utilized by the body.

Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt

Extensive research has proved conclusively that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building sturdy bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

Cocomalt, as you know, is a delicious *balanced* food drink that children really love. And it brings them not only the actual sunlight vitamin but mineral salts (lime and phosphorus) as well.

Indeed, Cocomalt increases the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) by over 50%—and adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk. Cocomalt combines, in correct proportions, nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

Children drink it because they like it

And all this in a delicious drink—with a delightful chocolate flavor—that children love and will take without coaxing. Indeed, mothers find that Cocomalt is one sure way of making children take the daily required glasses of milk they need so much.

It's good cold. It's good hot. It's good for breakfast, dinner and supper—and between meals, too. It's good for your children all the year round. Without question, Cocomalt should be a part of every child's diet. Give it to them regularly and

see what dividends it will pay in health and strength and vigor. You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, New Jersey
Please send me your free booklet M-7 "Children of the Sun."
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____
*State*_____

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice — *Finest Flavor*

THIS is the right time to start drinking California Sunkist Orange Juice—*regularly*. Put it on the family breakfast program and give young and old a flying start for the day's work at school, at home, at the office—or shopping. For never before have small Sunkist Oranges been so plentiful; and they cost less, of course. But, though small, they are just as juicy, sweet and luscious as any of the large ones you ever ate. While these Oranges serve all purposes—salads, slicing, segmenting—they are particularly ideal for juice .... It's a great step forward to open the day with Sunkist Orange Juice; and, an equally important one, to enjoy another energizing glass at 11 o'clock, and a third about 3:30 or 4. Let the children have an Orange for the school lunch and one when they return home. Think what the vitamins and mineral salts mean to child health! .... By drinking Orange Juice regularly you will follow the advice of the greatest minds in Medical Science. You thus minimize the effect of too much good and necessary, but acid-forming foods, definitely aid digestion and enable yourself to dine with more freedom than you usually allow yourself ... Now—when small Sunkist Oranges are abundant and low in cost, put the value of consistent Orange Juice drinking to the test. Prove how you can avoid fatigue, free yourself from logginess, headache, indigestion and other mild maladies that are sufficiently upsetting to destroy power to concentrate, to dull mentality, to eventually reduce earning capacity .... These conditions are caused by Acidosis, the prevalent malady due to our unbalanced American diet. Oranges, like lemons, *are alkaline in reaction* in the body (the opposite of acid) and are among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. You will be greatly interested—and helped—by the free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which has won the endorsement of eminent diet authorities. Send to the address given in the adjoining column for your copy .... California Sunkist Oranges are fresh in your market every day in the year. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the tissue wrapper. © 1929 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor electrically powered; simple to operate; only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass or metal bowl. $14.95, delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95.

Dealers Using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. *Prospective Buyer:* Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information and terms to the address below. Please state business.

ADDRESS—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,
DEPT. 108, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA